00094547

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 05 October, 2018

LOVE
THE FULFILLING OF
THE LAW.

Ballantyne Press
BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

LOVE

THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW

EXTRACTS FROM THE WRITINGS AND MSS.

OF THE LATE

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY HIS DAUGHTER

A. C. MACLEOD

Mm. i. 48.

94547

LONDON
CHARLES BURNET & CO.
9 BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND
1887

EOD
231
Mac/Lov
94547

ref 231.74

00094547

Dedicated

TO

THE CONGREGATION

OF THE

BARONY CHURCH, GLASGOW,

TO WHOM HE MINISTERED

FROM 1851 TO 1872.

PREFACE.

WHEN I was asked to publish extracts from my father's writings, it seemed to me that it would add to the interest and usefulness of the book if I included such passages from MS. notes for sermons, as were most characteristic of his teaching.

This I have done, giving them, with one or two verbal corrections, as they were written; not as they would have been published if he had himself prepared them, nor as they were spoken by him, but at least with their simplicity left untouched.

To obviate the abruptness which sometimes characterises books of "extracts," where the reader is carried from one subject to another, and no continuity of idea is preserved, I have endeavoured to group the various passages under appropriate headings, and as far as possible to make these consecutive in thought. In this endeavour my thanks

are specially due to Professor Flint, D.D., LL.D., to A. B. M'Grigor, LL.D., and to the Rev. Donald MacLeod, D.D., without whose counsel and practical aid, my task could not have been accomplished.

A. C. MACLEOD.

20 COATES GARDENS, EDINBURGH,
August 1887.

CONTENTS.

I.—THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

	PAGE
REVELATION AND BELIEF	3
RESPONSIBILITY FOR PERSONAL BELIEF	7
REVELATION—REASON—TRUTH	11
DREAMS AND REALITIES	17
LIFE WITH AND WITHOUT GOD	21
THE INCARNATION OF CHRIST; AND THE REVELATION THROUGH CHRIST	27
THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST	35
CHRIST THE WAY TO THE FATHER	43
THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST	51
SHARING CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS	59
CHRISTIAN DEVOTEDNESS AND JOY IN CHRIST	65
LIVING TO SELF—ISOLATION—THE LOSS OF JUDAS	71
LIVING TO GOD	87
FELLOW-LABOURERS WITH GOD—CHRISTIAN CHARACTER	101
CHRISTIAN LOVE	111
RICH MAN AND LAZARUS	135
"THE WORLD"—ASCETIC VIEWS OF LIFE	145
THE CHURCH—ITS UNITY AND PURPOSE	157
TRUE CHRISTIANS THE BEST EVIDENCE OF CHRISTIANITY	167
THE CHRISTIAN AS A MEMBER OF SOCIETY	173
THE CHRISTIAN CONGREGATION AND CHRISTIAN MISSIONS	195
PRAYER	209
THOUGHTS ON DEATH	217

II.—NOTES OF TRAVEL, LIFE AND CHARACTER.

PAGE

THE HOME SCHOOL 223

LOVE AND MARRIAGE 235

HIGHLAND SCENERY 249

NOTES OF TRAVEL 265

OLD OFFICERS 293

AN OLD SEAPORT 299

A HIGHLAND MANSE 311

A WORD FOR POOR JACK 319

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

MR. JOSEPH WALKER 327

T. T. FITZROY, ESQ. 335

AUNT MARY 351

I.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

So long as I have a good conscience towards God, and have His sun to shine on me, and can hear the birds singing, I can walk across the earth with a joyful and free heart. Let them call me "broad." I desire to be broad as the charity of Almighty God, who maketh His sun to shine on the evil and the good. But while I long for that breadth of charity, I desire to be narrow—narrow as God's righteousness, which as a sharp sword can separate between eternal right and eternal wrong.

REVELATION AND BELIEF.

God is surely revealing Himself to all His creatures. I cannot think that there is even a Bushman, with whose spirit the living God is not dealing. Though they may not hear it, the voice of God is speaking; yet they may hear it, and so hear it as to know the living and true God.

What precise relation does revelation from without bear to revelation from within—the book to the conscience? Is anything a revelation to me which is not actually a revealing, or in other words, which is not recognised as true by me? Can I believe any spiritual truth in the book except in so far as I see it to be true in conscience and reason? Is my faith in the outward revelation not in exact proportion to my inward perception of the truth uttered in the letter? Wherein lies the difference between assenting to the Principia of Newton because written by a great mathematician and not because I see them to be true, and my assenting to the Bible because written by inspired men and not because I see how truly they spoke? Whether do I honour Newton more by examining, sifting, and seeing for myself the truth of his propositions, or by merely taking them on his word? Can any revelation coming from without, be so strong as a revelation from spirit to spirit? Could any amount of outward authority be morally sufficient to make

me hate a friend, or do any action I felt to be morally wrong? It might correct me as to facts which depend entirely upon testimony and not upon spiritual truth.

Most men shrink from untruthfulness in expressing their convictions, and many boast of their honesty in uttering their beliefs, whatever these may be. But let it be remembered that hypocrisy is but one form of untruthfulness. For while the outer man may be true in his words to the convictions of the inner man, the inner man may be untrue in his thoughts to the truth itself. And the real test of truthfulness lies in the sincerity with which we desire to be found *by* the truth, turning our minds, like mirrors, to receive its beams. To say that provided a man is fully persuaded in his own mind of a thing being true it is therefore true, and that God cares not what a man believes, provided only he does believe something, would be to annihilate all difference between truth and falsehood, and to confuse truth and error. Such an idea is too monstrous to be entertained. I may be wrong in my view of God's will, and you who differ from me may be right. Fallible myself, I may not dare to sit upon the throne of judgment and condemn you personally. But most certainly, whoever is right or wrong, there is a right and a wrong; whoever of us possesses the true or false, there is a true or false; whoever of us may have found it, found it may be; whoever has not found it, cannot find true peace with God, nor possess the light and life of Jesus Christ. I may deny my responsibility to my brother man for my faith, because he is neither my maker nor my judge; but

I may not therefore deny my responsibility to God for it, for He is both my Maker and my Judge. God alone can tell what amount of truth it is within my power and capacity to obtain and receive, and consequently how seldom I have acted up to my opportunities; still it must hold true that the means of obtaining and possessing truth in a certain measure are afforded to each man; and that up to this measure, whatever it be, each man is responsible to God.

While, however, it is of every importance that a man should believe what is true, it must be distinctly emphasised, that he should be convinced of it in his own mind. This seems so plain that many people may not perhaps see how it is possible to come to a different conclusion. Yet nothing is more common in everyday life than to take things for granted, to save ourselves the trouble of testing their truth. There are many men, for instance, who have no more ground for their religious faith than that others—*i.e.* the Church, bishops, or councils—have come to that conclusion fifty or five hundred years ago; who ask another called a priest, or a thousand others called a church, "What do you say? only tell me, and I assent blindfold to it, because you must be right." This is to put our own minds to death, to extinguish the reason as useless, to murder the honest conscience as the voice of the devil, to annihilate the will and to become passive machines. "How delightful," cries an indolent man, "to be freed from the difficulties, doubts, and pains of inquiry, and to be infallibly directed as to what is true, reposing upon the bosom of the Church." And so, beginning perhaps by believing nothing in spite of evidence, he ends by admitting everything without it.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR PERSONAL BELIEF.

To admit my responsibility for my actions and to deny my responsibility for my belief is to admit the less and deny the greater; it is to admit the responsibility for the movement of the body, but not for the life from which the movements come. All action implies belief; the movements of my soul towards God and man are but effects of my belief as to what is true and right. The saying, "Give me action, and never mind the faith," is right, if it means nothing more than that deeds are a better evidence of the good in men than empty professions and mere words. But if it means that there can be a right life in God's sight without right and true views of God and duty, in other words without belief—then it is an absurdity. For a man to say that if he is only fully persuaded in his own mind it matters not of what he is persuaded, is simple folly.

The most solemn talent which God has given us is personal responsibility. The most solemn burthen He has imposed upon us is that of choosing the good and true, and of rejecting the bad and false; so that no one can choose for us, or believe for us, and consequently no one can answer for us at the great day of account. This is called the right of private judgment, but it is rather the

duty of individual conviction. In laying this burthen upon us, God is not imposing an unnecessary yoke; He is not laying upon man more than he can bear. He is only recognising him to be what He made him to be, a moral and responsible being, not a machine.

It is for man's good to accept this responsibility. It is his dignity and peace, and only when he accepts it is that fellowship with God possible by which he not only knows what His mind and will is, but approves of it, delights in it, and adores it as good and beautiful.

A man may not accept of this high calling; he may not wish to have this union with God, which alone is true religion, and he will then feel his responsibility no longer a privilege but a pain. He may shrink from the mental habits, the earnest prayers, the personal dealings with the living God to which he is called, and in his secret heart may wish to get quit of the burthen of responsibility altogether. In such circumstances he may become an infidel and believe nothing, as if nothing could be surely known. Or he may find great relief, in seeing with the eyes of a guide, impressed with the idea that it betokens deep humility and profound faith to assent to all the guide says, to exclaim "How beautiful!" when the guide says so, and because he says so. But surely it were more worthy of a being to whom God has given the sense of the beautiful to uncover his own eyes, to gaze upon the scene, to admire and adore its beauty for himself. For what if he should find that the guide to whom he trusted was blindfolded all the while himself, and was relying only on the word of others?

By extinguishing the reason, I grant that unity may be gained and gloried in, but it is at the expense of life. It is the unity not of living but of dead men, not of the Church but of the churchyard, not of living souls but of dead corpses, and the moment they are quickened into spiritual light and life, all such unity is gone.

Suppose an angel from heaven were by our side, and were always ready to tell us what it was right to believe and what it was right to do, would that, I ask, be the position God wishes us to be in? Does He not wish us to occupy a far higher, a far worthier place than this, and not merely to hear the words of truth, but to see the truth itself, to possess it in our spirits—not only to have the outward rule, but the inward principle?

I will go further than this. Suppose that we were present when Christ Himself was teaching, and listening to one of His sermons or following Him as disciples. According to this supposition we would be freed from all perplexity as to the teaching of the Church, or any other teaching but His own. We would then have to do with no Church, no Bible, with no one but the living Leader Himself. Now I ask, in what condition of mind would the Lord wish us to listen and assent to Him? Would He, do you think, have been pleased with the man who said, "I know Thou art speaking what is true and right, not that I perceive such words to be true, or see any excellency in them. Nor do I mean to inquire into them or look at them with my conscience, or pray for light or grace to apprehend them, or so to receive them that they may become a part of my own being. All I know is, Thou workest miracles, Thou hast authority to teach, and I am satisfied." Is this the kind of faith

Christ sought? Verily it is not such a faith, which is as the seed lying on the heart, and received into it through the overwhelming invincible power of truth. I need not search for proofs of this. It is as certain as that Christ was dealing with human spirits, wills, and consciences. He sought a hearty love of the truth, not because He said it, but because what He said was true.

REVELATION—REASON—TRUTH.

In the first private conversation with an individual recorded in the New Testament, immediately after Christ had entered upon His public ministry, His desire for individual conviction in His followers was fully shown. Nicodemus said, "I know Thou art a teacher come from God." What was the value of this declaration? It amounted to this, "I believe what you say to be true." Why? Was it because he perceived the truth, and felt its power in his conscience, and saw its excellency in his spirit? No; but because Christ worked miracles. But while the miracles might indeed prove that Christ was sent of God and spoke from God, and had authority to teach; yet such miracles could not make Nicodemus see the truth, the excellency, the glory of what He taught. They might assure him that God in His power and majesty and truth was present in the person of Christ Jesus; but they never could open his mind to appreciate what Jesus said, and in spite of the miracles he might, like many thousands, have remained dead to the power of true goodness and ignorant of true religion.

Accordingly Christ replies to Nicodemus, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God!" This kingdom of God was the kingdom of truth. "I am a King," said Christ; "to this end was I born, that I should bear witness unto the truth." The

kingdom of God is righteousness, and so our Lord tells him he must be born of the Spirit; he must have a spiritual taste before truth can be sweet to him, a spiritual understanding before truth can be seen by him. He must have in short that state of being which the Spirit can alone give, before he could receive, love, possess, or in one word *believe*, because seeing as true, the blessed truths contained in His subsequent discourse.

If individual conviction was thus necessary for those even who were taught by the Lord and His apostles, how much more necessary must it be for those who are taught by man? Nay, it is necessary in studying the Bible itself. It is not enough to say that what this book says is true, because it is God's book, or that an assertion is to be believed because it is in such a verse and chapter. We must rise higher than this and possess the truth in our own spirit. As long as it lies outside of our heart, we are liable to be tossed about by every wind of doctrine. We are at the mercy of mere authority. The Priest may lead a man one way to-day and the Presbyterian may lead him another way to-morrow. One book may unsettle the opinion, which was adopted only because it was in another, and so truth goes up and down as it is balanced by a great or a small authority. But when it is once seen by and possessed in our own spirits, when a man is once persuaded of it in his own mind, then no power in the universe can remove it.

No one can love by commandment. No reward for

loving can make anybody love. No punishment for not loving can awaken love. We must feel the object to be attractive, so that we cannot choose but love it. Now no church on earth can do this for us. Should all the angels and archangels of heaven come to us and say, "God is Love, and worthy of all love," they could not thereby make us love. We must perceive His love with our own hearts or not at all. How then is this to be accomplished? I reply, by the teaching of God's own Spirit, received into the soul. I do not, God forbid, undervalue the blessed Word of Truth. That Word is the Sword of the Spirit. To undervalue the written Word is to undervalue the record of what Christ has done and said; it is to undervalue the recorded expression of God's dealings with His Church in every age; it is to undervalue the record of His promises and commandments. But the Word must be understood, and must be loved and brought home to my heart, and become my light and my guide; and this is done through the personal teaching of God's Spirit. Is there anything here to make me despond? Has it indeed come to this, that it is an easier thing for a man to accept the teaching of Fathers, Priests, Bishops, and of Councils, than of God's own blessed Word? Has it come to this, that the letter God addressed to ourselves, a man and one of His own creatures, is to be snatched from our hands by a brother man, and that we are to know just what he chooses to give us, with the meaning which he chooses to assign? Is it come to this, that we are to have peace and comfort in being taught by men; but to lose all peace, all comfort, all hope of being led into saving truth, when we go to our own God for the promised teacher

and His own infallible and ever-present Spirit? This were indeed a sin against the God of love and truth!

Perhaps it may be asked, Are we not to take into account the teaching of the Church? If by the Church is meant clergymen, we have an evidence in our own experience of the advantage of a standing ministry. But surely ministers cannot claim more than the apostles, and they protested against any one calling them masters, saying they had no master but Christ. They commended truth to every man's conscience, and the office of a minister or of the Church is to help men to see the truth by explaining it. Therefore every earnest and sincere man will be thankful for all the aid afforded to him, by all the means of grace; but I again repeat that they are but means of advancing that good which can be derived only from personal intercourse with the living and true God. It is a dreadful idolatry to place the Church on the same level with Jesus Christ, and to claim for it the obedience, the reverence, the sacrifices, the love which is due to Him alone.

I have such profound faith in truth revealed *to* us, as to rejoice that it shall be tried by what God has revealed *in* us. I would tremble for any truth that could be maintained by nothing more than by the authority of the letter, by an "it is written." Jesus used this argument; but it was to the devil, who had no spiritual eye to see. So may we address his disciples, and leave them to think of it. Yes, and it answers to what is written in

the soul, conscience, hopes, sorrows, joys, and expectations of humanity. I almost adore the Bible. The more I read it—without any thoughts of questions of inspiration, but simply as a record of fact, of precept and principle, of judgment and of mercy, of God's acts and "ways" (*i.e.* the principles of His acts) all culminating in Christ, as a revelation of what God is to man, and what man was created to be to God—the more my whole moral being responds to it, as being a revelation of God. The authority of the Bible is to me supreme, because it "commands" my reason and conscience. I feel it is from God. It was once otherwise with me. It is so no more; and the older I get, the more my spirit says "amen" to it.

I feel a great difference between looking at revealed truth, not as it dovetails into a system of theology, but as it appears in the light of God, as revealed in Christ. A divine instinct seems to assure me "this is true," "it is like God," "it is in harmony with all I know of Him."

Christians, of all men, should cherish the profoundest reverence for fact and truth wherever found, and that apart from all the real or supposed consequences affecting themselves. We all remember the famous words of Bacon, "Certainly it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the pivot of truth." And who can enjoy this heaven as Christians can? We all remember too, that solemnly touching scene, the death of Socrates, the God-fearing Socrates, as I may call him, recorded in the "Phædo," when he begs his friends to prefer the truth

even to the hope of immortality, which he himself then cherished more than ever. "Think little," he said, "about Socrates, but a great deal about truth." Shall we have less faith in truth for its own sake?

To possess a new truth is to share more abundantly the intellectual and spiritual richness of God; and to see that to be false which we before looked upon as true, is to agree more fully with Him. Why should we of all men fear truth lest it should destroy our former convictions? If these convictions are false, how thankful should we be to be delivered from them! If they are true, why fear their destruction? As regards Christian truth, it is surely involved in the very idea of it, that Jesus can be known as no other person can, that what God has revealed is such, that our spirit and conscience can see it as light and possess it as life, with a certainty that cannot be shaken by the authority even of an angel from heaven!

I do not say that all this can convince others any more than blind men will necessarily be convinced of the excellence of light by the assertions of those that see it. But we ourselves may be convinced, not so much by any intellectual process, as by a moral one; we may so possess divine truth, or rather be so possessed by it, as to enjoy the pleasure of standing on that vantage-ground of truth (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene), and see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests in the vale below. But let this prospect be beheld with pity and not with swelling pride.

DREAMS AND REALITIES.

Only in very early years do we believe in the stability and permanence of all existing things. We never thought then of decay. Our life had been too short to know the meaning of change. The outward world, the hills, the valleys, and the fields, looked just the same to us as when our eyes first saw them. The old people who every year became more feeble, seemed to us unchangeable. Their kind looks and tender greetings were ever the same. The very graves in the churchyard had to our minds served their purpose, and were never more to be opened, at least for any one we knew and loved. They were as devoid of terror to us as to the birds who built their nests and sang above them. Perhaps it is this memory of the life which childhood so intensely realised, which makes those early years seem a very sunshine, and which makes us fondly imagine that indeed "heaven lies around us in our infancy."

The scepticism of early years is to doubt decay, the scepticism of later years is to doubt permanence. For we have seen the things which we thought most living, most enduring, parts of our very being, slip from our grasp and vanish like the sunbeam which flickers for a moment upon our pathway through some passing clouds. Nothing

seems the same to us now, except the mountains and the ocean, the blue sky overhead, and the stars which gem its midnight!

For my part, I wonder how those who have a realising sense of the perishable nature of this world and of all that belongs to it, who only realise this and nothing more, do not become insane. There is something so inexpressibly bitter, there is such a cruel mockery to one's heart in this withering of every object upon which it is set. There is something so appalling in the feeling, as we gaze from a lofty mountain upon the far extended plain, the distant sea, the great city with its teeming thousands, our own home with its many treasures; when we look to the sky overhead, and hear the deep repose of nature, the very beating of our own hearts—and then know as a sober truth, a fact most certain, that sooner or later all this shall pass; that sooner or later the earth and its works shall be burnt up; yet that ere this takes place the eye which now sees them shall be sightless, and the heart which throbs at the majestic spectacle shall be dead as a stone!

But is there nothing real? Is all a dream? No! Blessed be God, there are realities, enduring and eternal, which can never deceive us nor pass away. Yet, alas! to many dreams are realities, while realities are dreams.

There are men who dream of being of great importance, merely because they are so in their own eyes or in the eyes of some circle, whether small or large, of which they may happen to be the centres. They are of importance only because of their family, their wealth, or their in-

fluence in the village, city, parish, or county in which they may happen to live. Now if this constitutes our only or chief importance, what a dream it is! Think of the millions in our country who never heard of our name, nor of the name of the place in which we reside! Think of the hundreds of millions in the world who never heard even of the name of our country! Let us think, moreover, how very soon not one person on earth will know that we ever existed; when all this busy life of ours, which fills up our days and years, which seem so many and so long, will have passed away from the known to the unknown, like a song which leaves an echo but for a moment, or a leaf which flutters for a while in the breeze and sunshine, and then falls into the stream and is swept into the shoreless, fathomless sea! Alas! what foolish dreamers are we, if these be our only thoughts about ourselves! Let us awake from them to a true sense of our awful and real importance as beings created and redeemed by Christ, to love and serve God now and for ever!

How unlike is the labour of a man asleep, to that of the earnest, wise and persevering effort of a man awake? And thus it is that men morally asleep to the grand and abiding realities of existence, may yet, in a sense, labour all the days of their life. Who so busy as they are! Their hands or heads are never idle. They labour to be rich, and increase the means of their earthly enjoyments; they labour to be amused, "to kill time," and to be kept in a round of excitement; they labour as master and servant, merchant or mechanic, in politics or trade—all are busy. But what is the object of all this ceaseless activity?

What means this intense life?—this hurrying to and fro with the speed of the whirlwind over the earth?—those anxious looks and knit brows, and this severe economy of time? What great work is doing, what great ends are sought, to accomplish which, time seems to be so short, and all existing means so inadequate?

At the eleventh hour of their earthly life, ere the midnight darkness comes, when no man can work, we may ask them with truth, "Why stand ye all the day idle?" Do we wonder then, that as years pass away, and old age comes, it should seem to so many to be as the baseless fabric of a vision, which leaves not even a wrack behind! Let us awake to a sense of the reality, the infinite importance of the work actually given us to do, and for which God holds us responsible—the one mighty work of knowing, loving and serving God through Jesus Christ our Lord, and, by the power of the Holy Ghost, "work while it is day."

LIFE WITH AND WITHOUT GOD.

The other day, when wandering along a rocky shore of our northern coast, I gazed into one of those clear pools of water which the retiring ocean had left in a hollow of the granite precipice that ramparted the sea. It was a little world of lovely forms and beauteous creations. It had its tiny forests of sea-weed, every leaf of which was fashioned with exquisite art. And live creatures were there of various shapes, some fixed to the rocks, some moving over its surface, some with shelly coverings, some growing and expanding themselves like flowers, and others almost invisible, hovering to and fro in the crystal water—each and all a miracle of wonder in their history and structure. How could I else but feel that God was there personally present, beholding and governing—and that His power and goodness were honoured in this little world? And as I lifted my eye to the picture overhead, reflected from the surface of the tiny sea, and gazed upon the dome of clouds and infinite depth of blue, with the glorious sun filling all visible space with his light and beauty; and as I gazed around upon the ocean, which was sounding at my feet, here gleaming in silver sheen, or broken by scattered islands, margined by winding bays, and bearing on its bosom far away, many ships, the homes of men and freighted with the merchandise of nations; as I turned from this wide

stretch of sea, and saw, inland and beside me, a magnificent picture of towering peaks, with wooded steeps, and green uplands and unploughed valleys, echoing the scream of the eagle and the roar of the cataract, while immediately around me Spring was unbending her subtle smiles, and filling the air with the melodies of woodland birds, —oh! how the spirit felt that God was glorified as at creation's dawn by all this and in all this magnificent world. What else could I say, but with David, "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works, in wisdom hast Thou made them all. The earth is full of Thy riches, and so is this great and wide sea!" And if there was any spot which was not filled with God's glory, according to His purpose, I did not discover it in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. I could not on that day or any other perceive a spot, or blemish, a wrinkle, on the fair brow of this creation of God. I could see no Cain mark stamped by crime on the world without. One spot only within the circumference of the sweeping horizon did I discover wanting in God's glory—only one—and that was in my own soul, and in the spirits of my fellow men!

I feel more and more the simplicity and grandeur and truth of Luther's idea of faith—to be an out and out child; to be nothing, that God may be all, not only for us, but in us; and perhaps more than Luther would admit to choose this—and to choose it not only once for all (a mighty choice) but always, and in all things—what strength and peace! I know the lesson, but it seems to me that I have never learned it. And heaven

would be heaven were it nothing more than its being the finishing of our education by the perfect utterance of "Our Father."

Without the Father, without God, there is no peace at the heart of humanity. I have seen a child wandering in the streets with one cry in its heart and on its lips, "My mother." So have I seen all men weary and heavy-laden, desponding and broken-hearted, dissatisfied and in want; hungry, blind, and groping in the dark for something they had not; sick at heart, although indulging every passion; confessing "we have it not, we enjoy it not," when all they had laboured for was theirs at last; in youth saying, "there is something we have not—it will come in manhood;" in manhood searching for it still in the dim far-off horizon of old age; in old age hungering for it beyond the tomb. What is all this but the want of God, although they know it not; what is all this but the inarticulate prayer, "Shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us?" Yes, this is what ye seek, when yet ye know not what ye seek. This, this, is the one satisfaction of your being—God. A Father's heart alone will satisfy your orphan hearts.

To go to God, to know Him; to see His glory, obey Him, love Him, rejoice in Him; to say with a believing happy heart, Our Father, this is Heaven. Neither saints nor angels know better, although they know it best. This is not to believe God, for the devils believe and tremble; but it is to be to God as a son, and to

recognise Him as a Father. It matters not what we go to unless we go to Him. For the going to Him, the resting in Him, the being to Him as a son, this is the very essence of religion.

The soul of man when it seeks God may triumph over outward circumstances, and make that which would crush him become a step on which to stand and elevate him nearer heaven. So have I known poor men who were so rich that kings might envy them; blind men who saw a light which was even as the light of life, in which God dwelt; deaf men who heard harmonies, such as angels hear; and bowed down and decrepit and ungainly forms that were surely destined to become grand and beautiful as God's own kings.

Not to multiply remarkable instances of the power of faith, let me select one. A poor boy lay dying. The night I saw him was cold and gloomy without, the house within was small and poor. On that bed he had lain for months without a murmur, suffering severe bodily pain. Around him were signs of blood as if he lay wounded on a battle-field. From that pale face, lighted up only by blue eyes serene and quiet, I heard these words the night his spirit met his Saviour, and they were worthy of the greatest warrior, "I am strong in Him." Yes, child, stronger than all the fleets and armies of Europe.

The power of love to God should not seem strange to

us. There are lights from His glory which, like an aurora, brighten the cold and darkness of this earthly life. When love exists even in its lowest form of deep attachment to one person, when self mingles with it more than is suspected, and in many cases of devotion appears to be all in all, even then, how does the person possessed of this affection, or passion if you choose to call it, feel all things else reflected in it, so that riches and rank, or whatever can please the eye or ear, and gratify the taste, all is yet quite subordinate to this one master feeling of the soul. This love is the very light of life; while it burns all else is light, when it grows dim all else is shadowed. Existence is life and death, joy or sorrow, just as this love is possessed or not. Let it die, and what is pleasure or happiness to him? what in many cases is life?

And I ask if it can be that the whole universe, with all that is seen and enjoyed in it, becomes to the creature light or darkness, for a year, for a day even, just as love reigns in another creature's heart, how can we think it strange or mystical that that same universe might be hell or heaven to us, just as we possessed the high and holy love of the Creator and of all who are like Him? And if, moreover, a person, before isolated and lonely, has felt himself become in a sense a new creature, and experienced the expansion of his whole being in the consciousness of possessing a new and strong creature affection, why think it strange and mysterious that it should be a glory unspeakable to become alive to the consciousness of such love as the love of God?

How different is peace from happiness! Happiness is the result of harmony between our wants as creatures, and the world without. Peace is the harmony between us as spiritual beings and the Father of our spirits. The one varies with the circumstances on which it for the moment relies; the other is as unchangeable as the God on whom it eternally rests. We may thus possess real happiness and real peace; yet either may exist without the other. Nay, mere happiness may be destroyed by God in order that the higher blessing of peace may be possessed, but never will He take away peace to give happiness! Happiness without peace is temporal, but peace along with happiness is eternal.

THE INCARNATION OF CHRIST: AND THE REVELATION THROUGH CHRIST.

The Bible does not represent God as coming for the first time to man in Jesus Christ, but as having been ever near to man and in man. God dwells in man made after His own image. The Incarnation, or the fact that God the Son thus takes human nature into eternal union with His own, is the complete realisation of all previous manifestation of Himself. I therefore recognise every conception of a far-off God, removed from the world and substituting for Himself general laws; a God ignorant of, or indifferent to individuals, who has revealed Himself at any epoch but not now, to any persons but not to us, or who may reveal Himself at a future time but not at present, to be a perversion of all He has done or will do.

There is a sense in which it may be said that no person who ever lived can be of such importance to us as ourselves; no time can be of such importance to us as the present; no interests can be of such importance to us as our own. And thus our cry is, 'Show *us* the Father; tell us what God is to *us*.' The moral gain is therefore great when we are persuaded that He is ever near, nearer than we can comprehend, so near that in Him we live and move and have our being. The gain is great when we believe that fellowship with Him is possible; that we can pray to Him and praise Him, rejoice in Him and

love Him; when we believe that He can search and know the heart, rule and reign over the spirit; that He can speak to man, and breathe the breath of His spiritual life into his inmost soul; that man can consciously and truly say, "My Father, Father of my spirit," and say this as a response to a love which enters into and rejoices in that spirit. For thus believing we realise God dwelling in us, and we in Him.

The nearness of the Living God, when it is realised by us, prepares us to accept and rejoice in the Incarnation of the Eternal Son. For if God has made man after His own image, if man's nature is a reflection of the Divine, if the idea of God coming into the closest fellowship with man has been realised, however dimly, then a union of human nature with the Divine nature, such as the Incarnation supposes, is not a new thing in idea, but new and more perfect only in form. It is the completion of God's manifestation in the flesh; the gathering up into one point all the rays of light which were always from God shining in humanity, and fixing them for ever in the glorious harmony of one Person, combining the perfection of the creature and the Creator.

But this bright and most glorious manifestation of God in the flesh, this union between the Divine and human natures in the person of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, while in harmony with the intimate relationship ever subsisting between God and man, and the expression of a Divine love which has always existed, never could have been discovered by man of himself.

The purpose of the Incarnation was to reveal this

union in its best and truest form. It was not to change the infinite and unchangeable God, but to change man, to reconcile man to God, and by so doing to make it possible for God to pardon him, bless him, and rejoice in him as a new creature. Its purpose is, by a revelation of the love of God, to induce man to believe that the eternal life of love to God is given him in Jesus Christ; to believe in Christ as the Saviour who in His own person and life showed what true salvation is; and to have confidence or faith in Him as being able to reproduce it in us. Its purpose is to unite man to God, in holy fellowship of the same kind as that which for ever subsisted between the Son and the Father; and thus to reorganise man according to the original idea of man in union with God.

In Christ's Person there seems to be a double teaching —what God is to man, and what man is to God.

Jesus as the Eternal Son of God knew the Father from eternity. What a glorious assurance it is, that whatever knowledge Jesus as a man possessed was in perfect harmony with all He knew as the Divine Son of God. There was one man on earth whose knowledge of God was perfect, whose knowledge was such that He and God were one in loving fellowship. To me this is a most strengthening and assuring thought, and it is one which becomes more precious still, when I know further that the very object of His existence was to bring me into the same loving fellowship.

In every act and word of His life Jesus was a revela-

tion of God—a reply to the question, "Shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us." "He that seeth Me," said our Lord, "seeth the Father also." He revealed the character of God as a Father of love, revealing, not creating the relationship. He loved all who were loved by God, and consequently loved all men, and felt towards them those feelings of pity and compassion, of goodwill to benefit them, which the Father of all had. He looked into human hearts with the Father's eye of perfect knowledge, holiness, and love. He came as a Son from the Father—one with Him in His character, in His moral judgments upon wrong, in His tenderness and longing to bring man back. He came among us, not as among those to whom He was estranged, but as among those who were estranged from Him. He came to those who were His own, although they heard Him not—His own as no children could be to the most loving earthly parent, however alienated they might be from Him—and He revealed the Father's perfect righteousness and love, the Father's hatred of iniquity, and His longing to deliver us from this great horror of evil. He revealed this by His life; He revealed it by His death, which was the climax of His love, of all He suffered through man's sin, of all He endured to save us from our sins, and to restore us to the Father. This revelation was the only full and perfect revelation ever given to man of the Fatherhood of God. And although all love on earth, whether in parent or friend, every blessing, all that gladdens the eye or ear, are bright and beautiful beams from the celestial sun of love; yet in the face of Jesus Christ alone do we behold the full glory of God as a Person and Father. So that no man really knows

God as the Father but He to whom the Son as a Son reveals Him.

Our Heavenly Father loving us, desires that we should love Him. But has any life of Sonship existed which has in every respect been worthy of such a Fatherhood; has our Father discovered one of whom He could say, "This one at least knows and understands Me, and is toward Me all that My heart desires?" Yes, there was One and One only of whom God could say, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Jesus Christ the Son of Man, and He alone, since Adam walked in love, was what our God desired man to be. This He ever was, and never ceased to be from His childhood, when busy about His Father's business, until with His last breath He expressed unchanged confidence in God, and cried, "Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit."

That there has been one man and one man only who was a perfect Son, is a fact which may well fill us with awe. Among the countless millions of mere men there has not been one who did that which is so beautiful, and which would be such a natural and unswerving instinct to an Immortal—there was not one who loved God, who is love itself, and who never could do anything but what is loving. Why are we not filled with crushing fear as we contemplate a universe full of unloving hearts? On the other hand, why are we not filled with joy and hope when we find one, and that one our Lord, and brother, who was a true Son? For in that one living love there is a pledge that love exists in humanity.

The need of the world was to know itself, to know the possibilities, the capacities, the happiness, the perfection of human nature as designed by God; and this Jesus Christ embodied and expressed.

There are features in the life and character of Christ which present a striking contrast to the greatness to which the world had been accustomed to do homage. There was not only the total absence of all ambitious striving to rise above men, to seek applause and glory, to attract the attention of the world, but the constant setting of Himself to be less than the least. If we dare to characterise *His* Spirit by the name of ambition, it was the ambition to seek and save the lost, to be the friend and deliverer of publicans and sinners, to minister to others and be the servant of all. Hence there was no ostentation or parade, no attempt to attract attention, no desire to advance in a race in which others were to be trampled down or left behind. There was a perfect quiet, the deep enduring peace of a man who is not thinking of himself but of others, who is living not to be seen of men, or to be praised by them, but living towards God, and solely to make others do the same.

The perfect peace of Jesus Christ is different from anything which is elsewhere presented in humanity. The great deep in perfect calm, when it mirrors the glories of the midnight sky, when every ripple is hushed, and its unfathomable waters rest in silence upon the earth—or the sky, which looks down upon that earth with its many eyes of peace and love—these are but shadows of the repose of Jesus. So impressed have we been by the

Gospel narrative that we can never lose this idea of peace, of gentleness, of tenderness and love. Nor can we ever forget that His last legacy was out of this treasure which His soul, rich in God, possessed during His whole life, and that to His followers He said, "Peace, *My* peace I leave with you."

Whence was this peace of Christ derived? We sometimes associate a certain calmness and self-possession with stoical indifference. But in Jesus every feeling was strong, every nerve of His heart and spirit was acutely sensible to all that was around Him. No man ever felt as He did, or realised life in all its sunshine, and, alas! in all its darkness, with the same intensity. It was not therefore in indifference that He found repose. We sometimes see what looks like peace attained by selfish indolence, by shunning every effort, every manly exertion, by avoiding or escaping the stern combat of life with its duties, trials, and temptations. But this was not an element in Christ's peace. His life was one of steady purpose and plan, of constant action and suffering. To Him alone of all men life was real and earnest. He saw men as they were, and measured with perfect accuracy human character and action, and hated the evil in man as none could do but One, who like Him desired the good with a yearning of unutterable love. With all the energy of His mind and spirit and heart He was awake to the moral turmoil and devilry around Him, and that, too, in those He came to seek and to save; yet with this intense realisation of life and this, to us incomprehensible, sympathy with man, and all that affected His well-being, He had perfect peace. How was this? It was because there was in Him a perfect harmony in

all His powers, and through the regulating spirit of faith and love to God such a balance in all His feelings, passions, and desires, that He ever enjoyed the rest and repose of perfect moral order. Christ's peace was like the silence of the starry sky. But that silence is the result of order, and not of the absence of power. There is no want of power, but inconceivable force and the elements of universal disorder and destruction in those myriad worlds which continually move through space. It is power regulated by law, by the will of God, and so there is the music of the spheres which the intellect hears with rapt and reverent admiration. In like manner the perfect peace of Jesus, the music of His soul, was not from the absence of power and force in His intellect or spirit, but from its regulation by the law of perfect love.

Elements of character which in other minds often seem antagonistic were in Jesus so beautifully adjusted as to make but one harmonious whole. Notice, for example, the beautiful reconciliation of the individual with the universal. Although as a human being He had His personal endowments, yet we cannot trace in Jesus anything like what we call peculiarity of *temperament.* Being a true man, He had no peculiarity as a man, but His character was so balanced that He represents humanity, while He was Jesus the Son of Mary, the Carpenter of Nazareth. Even while He was so manly, and had a will that bore Him on triumphantly in the face of all difficulty and opposition until He reached the Throne of God, yet we cannot say that even this was His characteristic. So remarkable is this that it has been suggested with much truth by a great preacher and thinker that if the worship of the Virgin was devised to satisfy the craving of the heart for tenderness, gentleness, and mildness, the true way to meet this is to exhibit the character of Jesus, which in itself combined all that is excellent in human nature, in the meek and gentle sympathy which is characteristic of woman as well as in the force of strong will that is characteristic of man.

Jesus Christ recognised every claim upon Him, and

entered into every relationship as a member of the family, as a son, neighbour, and friend. As a Jew He became obedient to all the laws and customs of the nation. In all this we see the individual Jesus, the Carpenter for twenty years or more, working at His trade in perfect quiet; a Son loving His mother to the last and providing a home for her; a friend joining in all the innocent festivities of Cana; a subject paying taxes, and a religious Jew being baptized of John, and attending all the feasts. And yet, He was always something more than the Son of Mary, or than the man whose brothers and sisters in the flesh were with Him. For He declared that whoever did the will of God, the same was His brother and sister and mother. He was the Jew, but who ever thinks of Him as the Jew? Does not the inhabitant of every nation feel how Jesus was one with him as well as one with the Jews? Does not every one find in Him the Friend and the Brother, who knows and understands him best. Thus did Jesus reconcile what might seem to be incongruous—the individual with the universal—the claims of the family and the nation to which He belonged with the claims of the world He came to save.

Independence and resignation were blended in a marvellous manner in the character and life of Christ. Now these two qualities may and often do coexist in some characters, but seldom if ever in equal balance. To be self-reliant and independent, to have confidence in the power given us, and at the same time not to fret or be impatient, but to be meek and resigned when crossed and thwarted—when do we see these powers in harmony? Where is the man of energy and action who is able to endure in meek resignation? And are those

who endure meekly persons of force of character and manly powerful action? It was so, at all events, in the character of Christ. He combined perfect self-reliance with perfect resignation, energy in action with quiet and peaceful endurance of suffering. When resigned He was most conscious of inward strength, and because He had the strength He was able to be resigned. When He acted with power, we see how meekly He could endure the suffering it entailed. When He endured with quiet submission, we see what power He had to act. When I say that Jesus was self-reliant, I do not mean that we can discover any traces of the pride that induces some men to refuse human aid and sympathy. Jesus accepted both. He was ministered to in temporal things by His friends. He clasped John to His bosom. He delighted in human sympathy. Yet He never relied on such aid. He was our Lord and Master. He gave rather than received, and when He received it was because this gave pleasure to the giver. In Gethsemane and the Cross He was alone; and if this self-reliance did not cast Him loose from what others could bestow upon Him, neither did it shut Him up from bestowing good on others. It was not a self-reliance exclusive, unsympathising, self-worshipping, self-absorbed, and self-satisfied. But because He was self-reliant, and had life in Himself, He gave Himself to others. Nothing was foreign to His sympathy. He took in every human interest. He was grieved for sinners, and wept with mourners, and did not break the bruised reed. In one word, what made Him independent of men was His love fixed in God, and this again made Him come down to men to promote their welfare. And thus

His life, with all its independent power, all its inward resources of strength and joy, was yet a constant resignation, a giving up of self in self-sacrifice for the world.

Jesus Christ was ever doing good, and ever suffering. His life was one of action. He went about doing good, and it was His meat and drink to do the will of His Father in heaven. Yet strange to say all the while He suffered! He was eminently the Man of Sorrows. How could this have been? Will not the actions of a good man save him from suffering? Will not the suffering hinder or prevent the action? Both united in Jesus, for both sprung from the common root, *perfect love.* This love was the strength of action. His holy love brought out unholy hate in others. The love gave the capacity to suffer from the moral spectacle of sin in those He came to save. But how beautifully is all this harmonised in Christ's life—constant doing, yet constant suffering, and all with unmeasured patience and perfect peace—never rebelling, never repenting the course He had adopted, but ever committing Himself to God—trusting God, and doing good, and willing to be made perfect by suffering.

Jesus Christ was the Man of Sorrows. From whence then came His joy? It came from what He was towards God and Man. He loved, and love alone is joy. For love is that inward harmony of soul which is its very music. Love makes every power and faculty sing its

true note in harmony with the mind of God, and life becomes a holy hymn of thanksgiving and praise. And so there was never a single discord in the spirit of Christ. In the very prayer in Gethsemane, "Father, not My will, but Thine be done," there was more joy of soul than was on earth besides. The hatred of man could not hinder Christ from having the joy of loving sinners, and dying for them. And not only did our Lord possess the happiness of loving, but His love was also returned by many. What joy was therefore His, to see the light in His own heart kindle a corresponding light in the heart of others, a light which nothing can ever extinguish, but which will shine when sun and stars shall pass away! What joy was His, to see the glory of God reflected in His own life, reflected in the souls of others also! The first burst of light amidst the chaos of the early world, could not be compared with those first beams of everlasting good and joy in men, translated from darkness into His own kingdom of light and glory. Jesus possessed God in love! What a possession was this fellowship with God; this oneness in spirit with God; this sharing the light of God, the infinite source of all perfection, the inexhaustible fountain of all blessedness and joy!

To give Himself for others, to be a medium and source of blessing, to be able to reveal the excellence of God, to establish upon earth His grand and glorious kingdom, to witness unto death before principalities and powers His love of God, His confidence in God, His admiration of Him, His delight in His will, His subjection to His authority, His absorbing sense of His righteousness, justice, mercy, and truth—to glorify Him thus, by any sacrifice or any act that was possible, to let His own

happiness crumble into ruins if only His peace and joy in God and His own faith would thereby be revealed—all this was joy unspeakable to Jesus; His life expressed the prayer, "Glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify Thee."

The law which Christ magnified and made honourable, the Divine principle which was the life of His life, was that God's holy and righteous will ought to be done whatever be the consequences, and however great the suffering is which is occasioned by the doing of it. And Jesus Christ obeyed this law by all He did as it was never done before, as it never could be done by any other being, with a similar completeness. He laid Himself at God's feet, not as before *Power*, but *Will*—a holy Will—and said with joy, Thy Will be done. There was therefore no refusing, no murmuring against the cross of poverty, or of labour, or of being unknown. There would have been the same acquiescence, had any other outward form of life been assigned to Him. The same spirit was manifested in the outward conditions of His earthly life. He did not seek to escape from the necessity of being the constant associate of the ignorant, the bigoted, the mean, the prejudiced, and of all that was uncongenial to His tastes, His feelings, and thoughts. He did not seek to leave the circle at Nazareth, but glorified God in it by His daily "Amen" of meekness, patience and goodness, the question of *pleasant* or unpleasant never being entertained as an element to guide Him, but only what was God's will. The cross of circumstances He took up daily. And this He continued to do

as His days grew darker, the battle more awful, the wounds more frequent and severe, on and on until it bore Him through Gethsemane and Calvary. He said, "I do God's will, and if in doing it I must see this hell and pass through it, and must carry the burthen of all—*Amen.* Let envy, hate, unbelief, cruelty, falsehood, murder do their worst, let enemies belie Me, let friends betray Me and deny Me, let all that earth and hell can do, be done, and all that a man can endure be borne, I shall do God's will unto death!" Thus God has given us every possible proof that there is that in the universe which is above all circumstance, and is fixed and eternal as God Himself, for His will is justice, goodness, truth, righteousness, love; and the doing of His will is the reign of the kingdom of God.

CHRIST THE WAY TO THE FATHER.

When Christ says "*I am the Way*," He seems to me to point out very clearly how it is possible for us to come to God as a Father. In so far as we behold Christ, seeing with the eye of our spiritual understanding what He saw in God, felt towards God, what a life in God He possesses, and the full character of His absorbing filial love, we shall be able also to see that there can be no way to God as a Father but in such Sonship as was found in Christ, that what He Himself was, was "the truth;" not in what He said merely, but in what He was; and that He occupied that relationship to God which was the true and right one. He was "the life," inasmuch as Sonship toward God, and having the spirit of Sonship, is the life of the soul. He who hath the Son, the spirit of the Son toward the Father, hath life; therefore no one can come to the Father except in coming as the Son did.

Our Lord did not only teach us how to come to the Father, He enables us also to come in His "way," which is "truth" and "life." For Jesus did not live on earth a solitary and separate individual, like a gorgeous monument, rising amidst universal ruins, itself perfectly realising the idea of the Great Architect, though powerless

to rebuild what is fallen, and fashion it in its pristine loveliness. Christ while among His fallen brethren was not thus separate and unable to raise their nature from the dust. He is a *Saviour*, and as such He not only reveals what we should be, but is a living power through His Spirit to enable us to be it. If His own work is finished for us, it is that He may begin and finish His work in us. He lived and died, and lives for evermore, that we may live also; and therefore "this is life eternal to know Thee, the only living and true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

Is it not possible to make Christ a means of keeping us from the Father instead of bringing us to Him; so that while we appear to honour the Son, we may not be doing so, because dishonouring the Father? Christ wishes us to have confidence to go to God. Always remember that whatever Christ did was for the end of bringing us to God; always remember that whatever keeps us from God, is not of God, and that we are not meeting but hindering the purpose of God or of Jesus if we do not go to God Himself. Every idea of Christianity is inadequate and defective, which excludes or does not involve this idea of bringing us to the Father in the Spirit of Sonship. The end of Christianity is to make us Christ-like; the Gospel is glad tidings of goodwill in order to draw forth goodwill in return. Salvation is the change from enmity to goodness. Faith is seeing God as a Father, and so trusting Him.

Such phrases as "beholding God in Christ," "coming to God in Christ," "God beholding us in Christ," do not mean that God only deals with Christ, and that He does not deal with us personally. They mean that we can only come to God in the Spirit of Christ, and that He sees in us what He loves, as sons, when we are in Christ, and Christ in us. No one can so far misunderstand me as to suppose that I am laying aside or underrating Christ's work as Mediator. God forbid! I never should have known God unless the Son had revealed Him. I never could know His love and mercy to a lost sinner so as to go to Him with boldness, unless He had revealed Himself in Christ, and Him crucified. I never could have known what it is to be a true son to God, unless I had seen the Son in Jesus. I never could have had power to be a son, or have known true life, unless the Son had shared His life with me through His Spirit. But all has been done that I might go to God, to His Father and my Father, to His God and my God.

The life of Jesus must be repeated, reproduced in us. Although I do not and cannot see that Jesus was aught towards God that we cannot be, yet I do not say our life can be an atonement. No mere son of man can make that full, perfect, spiritual confession of sin, or endure in his soul that sense of the sin and misery of man in which I think the essence of the atonement consisted.

But most assuredly in so far as anything Jesus experienced grew out of His holy fellowship with God, so far in some degree will the same experiences become ours out of our fellowship with Him. Therefore, if we are

acquainted with God, we shall, along with Christ. admire Him, we shall have Christ's peace and joy in Him, we shall be delighted with His will, love our brethren, and hate sin and feel its evil, and accept of death as its wages.

The connection between what He is and what we must be is not arbitrary, any more than that between life and restoration, between health and physical freedom from pain. While from us, therefore, no atonement is required, yet from us, that confidence and obedience to God, from which the atonement came, is absolutely necessary. The character is one *in kind*, though it is but imperfect in degree.

Oh blessed teaching this, expressed in the cross of Christ! How many have been constrained by it to live, not to themselves. Many a soul in its stern and awful battle with sin—when fully realising every promise made by the world to the flesh, and experiencing the fascinating power of all it presented; when, before the tempter clothed as an angel of light, all early lessons of morality seemed to have lost their meaning, and all consequences from sin were obscured in the hazy distance, and all ordinary motives to resist the wrong and do the right seemed to have lost their power, and the tempted one felt wholly unable to escape; many a soul in that dread hour has had the eye of faith suddenly fascinated by another object, the spectacle of One, and that One a brother, bone of our bone—but also the Son of God, dying on the cross and suffering the extremity of woe, rather than disobey God and serve sin. And the prayer has burst forth from the lips of the tempted one: "By

Thine agony and bloody sweat, by Thy cross and passion, by Thy death and burial, good Lord, deliver us!" So the resolution has been formed to be crucified with Christ and to die to the world, and the joy unutterable of victory has been experienced, and he who without the cross cried, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?"—now that he sees the cross exclaims, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory."

Christ says, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." Not only does a person who was bone of our bone offer to give rest to every other man who comes to Him for it—but He Himself was, of all who ever lived, the most wearied and the heaviest laden. Such an offer as this stands alone in the history of the world. Never before, and never since, did any human being profess to give rest to man. Jesus stands alone in the heart of the weary world, stretching forth His hand to all, saying, "Come to Me, and I will give you rest." And no one who ever lived carried such a burthen—nor can any ever carry such a burthen again. He was not *a* man, but *the* Man of Sorrows. "He was oppressed and afflicted." "Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." "The iniquity of us all was laid upon Him"—and yet He says, "Come and I will give you rest."

The perfect rest of Jesus arose from His perfect love to God and consequent self-sacrifice of Himself to His loving will in everything. This meekness and lowliness describes the state of His soul towards God. This love

to God was inseparable from His love to man. And so man's sins were His burthen because He had Himself rest in God. His sorrow came from love. A full sense of man's evil and unrighteousness, of man's unrest, of man's misery, sprang out of the very love He bore to God and man. Because of His perfect rest in God He understands our want of it, and longs for us to share it. Because of His perfect love our sins are to Him a heavy burthen, and He in proportion to that burthen longs to deliver us.

Our burthen is *totally different in kind* from that of our Lord. We are heavy laden, not because we carry the sins of others, in sorrow, from love to God, but from the burthen caused by caring only for ourselves. We are under the yoke of obedience to self, and it is slavery. He was under the yoke of obedience to God, and it was liberty. We are carrying the burthen of self-pleasing, without any regard to righteousness, and it crushes us with misery. He carried the burthen of the cross, doing what was right whatever suffering it implied, and His burthen was light. He found in one word rest in God's will, while we seek rest in our own. He found rest, and we find it not. And so He says, "Come to Me and learn; come and learn in Me and from Me the secret of your being; what has been the falsehood of your life; what alone is its truth. Come and learn what is *not* rest; or if you know that from experience, come and learn what *is* rest—the only rest of an immortal and responsible being. Come to Me, and I will teach you by what I myself, your brother, am and know from experience. Come to Me, and with the eyes of your own reason and conscience and heart, see how this is true, and this alone,

that rest can be found, not in wrong but in right, not in self but in God. Come to Me, and I will not only reveal the secret of this elixir of love, but impart it. First giving you the truth, I will also give you the Divine power of realising it. I will give you rest by giving you a Divine Spirit, through whom you will know God, and give yourself to God, and be educated in obedience, and trained from within and from without in ways you wot not of, to carry My yoke and My cross, and thus find with Me eternal, abiding, soul-satisfying rest in God. He who believeth enters into rest. Come to Me." Millions have heard and obeyed the call. They have said "Amen! Thy will be done," and at once have entered into rest.

THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

I am aware that there are some who regard the sufferings of Christ Jesus as altogether surpassing our understanding, and think it even irreverent to attempt an explanation of their nature. But grant, if you will, that some of these sufferings do in kind, as they certainly do in degree, transcend all comprehension, it is obvious that they do not all belong to this class, and that there are others which assuredly may to some extent be understood and sympathised in by His brethren. And I hold that it is a duty incumbent on us, the exercise of which is an ennobling privilege, to inquire with affectionate reverence into the more immediate cause of those sorrows which made Him of all men the Man of Sorrows. For mere suffering as such, apart from its cause, cannot command our approbation or call forth our sympathy. When we moreover consider the apostles' declarations on the subject, "If we suffer we shall also reign with Him," "Rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings," and with what earnestness Paul seeks "to know the fellowship of His sufferings," we shall see the absolute necessity as well as glorious privilege of comprehending and entering into those sorrows.

The most inadequate and therefore erroneous view of

the sufferings of Christ is that which would make them consist chiefly in His bodily sufferings, and which would confine them to the few hours on which He hung on the Cross. We forget that the very thieves were crucified like Him, and suffered the very same bodily torture; and we forget also that all His life He was the man of sorrows, and carried His Cross every day as well as on His last. And from our difficulty in realising His mental suffering another tendency is developed—that of accounting for His sufferings by causes utterly mysterious to us, by recognising them as the direct effect of the wrath of God against Himself, as the result of something terrible which drew down that wrath direct from Heaven upon His own soul, how or in what measure we do not comprehend. But how could God be displeased with One who so gloriously did His will and fulfilled His purposes?

Nowhere is there anything said in Scripture regarding an atonement that cannot be and is not implied in such sufferings as our Lord endured, which sprang out of His perfect love to God and man, and His relationship to both. Jesus Christ the Eternal Son came to show the Father to humanity. By all He was, He directly revealed the Father as the Father, so that the opposition which He roused must have been the source of the most poignant sorrow to Him. His words, and looks, and deeds of love and mercy, made the blindness of those with whom He came in contact so much the more appalling. So to be the occasion of drawing out all that was most evil, and of exposing the hell of hate which lay dormant in the heart of man, until roused by the very presence of God

Immanuel, was terrible to Him. "Now have they both seen and hated both Me and My Father," He exclaimed, and He wept because of their unbelief.

Not in the heart of an alien race did Christ find hate and scepticism, but in that race of which He was the Head, the Representative, and Elder Brother. Not for a moment did He separate himself from it. His heart beat with the heart of humanity. He alone perfectly understood from His own nature what were the capacities of human nature—what it ought to be and could be. He also knew by contrast what it had become. Of all the children of men, the Son of Man alone did perfectly God's will. He only loved both God and man, and so fulfilled the law in thought and word and deed. In vain was every existing power, every possible temptation, exercised to destroy His Sonship, His conscious love and obedience. One Man, the Head of Humanity, did God's will most perfectly, and did it even unto death. And those who did it not were His brethren whom He loved.

No man except Jesus knew and felt the guilt of humanity. He did so alone, and alone He acknowledged it to the Judge of all. God be praised, One Man has perfectly uttered the whole truth regarding man's sin. And just as He had glorified God in doing His will, so did He glorify Him by being at one with Him in His condemnation of sin as the destroyer of life and joy—the one gulf which separates God from any of His creatures. He

drank the cup filled with the guilt of humanity. He realised the righteous wrath of God as manifested in man's sufferings because of sin, and these became the sufferings of His own soul, because springing from men who were His own flesh and blood in life and in death. He drank this cup, and drank it all His life, but most of all in that dread night and day when man's sin, and God's wrath in the hell of man's heart accumulated to such a degree, that they rejected and tortured Him, so that His soul was exceeding sorrowful even unto death. Remembering all this, can we conceive that it could be said of any being with more perfect truth, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquities of us all?"

Christ entered fully into God's purpose towards man, which was his salvation. He would redeem man's hell of hate by His heaven of love. Whatever would effect this He would do. If all that is true and great is to be manifested, if God is to be glorified in man's restoration, if this is to be accomplished by Christ being a child, He will be a child, He will take human nature in its frailty, live in it, die in it, and raise it up for evermore. Think of this love, consider Him who had it; how He came to His own in the fulness of this love; how the might of His affection brought Him to earth, and so made Him the world's light and life, that wherever He trod, flowers of moral beauty sprang up. Did not His looks of mercy open the eyes of the blind, His words the ears of the deaf? There was no exhausting His goodness, no wearing out His patience. The

great Physician healed multitudes, the great Saviour entreated all to come to Him. He complained only if they did not come. "Ye will not come to Me," He said, "that ye might have life." When He was reviled He answered not again, and forgave seventy times seven. That was not all—He wept because they would not be forgiven! and the heart of God rested with joy and delight upon Him. "I do always those things that please Him," He said, and it was true.

All the suffering which Christ endured in life was concentrated on the Cross, and there the glory of the Son of God and Son of Man appeared in perfect love and obedience. In that last battle of the soul, all earth and hell poured forth their sin and wrath upon Him. The civil powers, the Church, His disciples, His people, the heart of man, opened like a volcano and poured forth all the lava of its sin. Hate drags Him there, hate nails Him there; and while the love that is in that heart pours itself forth, considering His mother, saving the thief, praying, "Father, forgive them!" hate gathers round Him to the last. A dying malefactor rails at Him and taunts Him, until the cry of agony from His pent-up heart bursts forth in the cry of the broken-hearted David, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

This was in truth the contradiction of sinners in every form of hate—from the disciples, from the people, from the priests, from Pilate, from Herod. See how these spears are each and all pointed at Him, and pierce His heart through and through. See how each pours another ingredient into His cup until it can hold no more. Think of all this, ponder over it, consider it calmly, prayerfully,

earnestly, and you will begin to see more and more how the cup from which the Saviour shrank, the cup, the thought of which made Him tremble, was filled by man, by man's hate to Him, and that in bitterness and depth of woe it passed all understanding. These mental agonies were so great that the crown of thorns pressing His head, and the scourge that tore His back, were comparatively nothing. The outward bodily suffering was to those of the unseen spirit as the pale cheek to the broken heart. From a depth which no physical pain could reach came the awful cry, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, unto death."

Add to this the thought of death as being the expression of sin—death as God's law, which must be obeyed. But this cup also is drunk, the will of God is done, and at last He bows His kingly head, in an Amen to God, and confesses His unutterable and unchangeable love to His Father and brethren, and cries, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do;" "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit." Never was there more perfect obedience, and never was there greater suffering. And although there be no virtue in any suffering as such, surely there is unspeakable glory in the holy obedience, and love which made our sins an unutterable burthen to His soul.

But if the sufferings of Christ were merely bodily sufferings, we could make ourselves partakers simply by the process adopted by superstition—that of inflicting penance, and by putting ourselves to physical torture. But a bad man may do this, for to do it he requires only to be ignorant and superstitious. Again, were Christ's sufferings punishment for sin, then the wicked

and the most sinful already share them, for such sufferings, they endure. And if Christ's sufferings were directly caused by God's wrath, who would glory in sharing them, who would not rather flee from them? But if Christ's sufferings spring out of His character, then in some degree every man will share them who is like Him, and just in proportion as he is like Him.

SHARING CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS.

If we in any degree partake of Christ's character, and so partake of His sorrowing love because of sin wherever we come in contact with it, this feeling in sympathy with our Lord will be accompanied by action in sympathy with our God. In proportion as love to God and man, with faith in Christ, are daily strengthened, there will be labour in the Spirit of Christ, and with the self-sacrifice of Christ, to deliver men from sin. All sympathy with sin will be destroyed through sympathy with God. The cursed vanity, pride, and selfishness, which rejoice in iniquity, and are displayed in anger, malice, wrath, falsehood, dishonesty, and every form of hate to our brother, will be banished; and instead of these there will necessarily spring up from Christ's mind in us, the love that will sacrifice self for another's good; the love that will in all things deal with them as part of our very selves; the love that never fails —nay, gives up life for the brethren. O blessed life! what nobler gift could a God of love bestow! What more glorious heaven could Jesus bring us to! What more worthy end could be attained by His atoning death and by His life than that we should be like Himself!

When Christ told His disciples that He must go to

Jerusalem and die, Peter rebuked Him, and our Lord's answer was, "Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offence unto me." Now Peter's rebuke sprang out of love for Christ—it was a protest against what pained his heart, what as a loving friend he wished might never happen. It was as if he had said to our Lord, Whatsoever you do, do not suffer and die. But whatever the motive of the rebuke, it involved or implied this principle, that *God's will was not to be done, if the doing of it entailed suffering;* and this was the principle of action which Jesus recognised as Satanic.

Two distinct kinds of life, two distinct principles of action, are therefore set before us, the one *Christ-like*—the other *Satan-like*, the one eternally right and the other eternally wrong, the one blessed and the other cursed, the one involving the kingdom of light and life, the other the kingdom of darkness and death.

The reign of hell has its own principles. According to it God's will shall be done only when it is pleasing and agreeable to us. When that will and self-pleasing come into opposition His will must yield. A man if he is not in earnest will do everything except that which in doing brings suffering. He would please God, but when he has to do something distasteful to himself, he says, "I do not like it," and avoids it accordingly. But he is trying to work out an impossible problem—how to please God and avoid suffering.

This is what Christ recognised as the Satanic principle. It is not choosing and preferring happiness for its own sake, any more than it is choosing and preferring

suffering for its own sake. For every one would choose and prefer happiness. But it is rejecting God's will because of suffering, instead of choosing it in spite of suffering. Men evade the disagreeable, and then ask God to forgive them, like rebels who negotiate for a truce while they keep up firing. Repentance is our seeing this, and saying, "Let it kill me: I will follow Christ."

It is obvious that we cannot share the sufferings of Christ by any resolution, or any act of the will, such as might suffice to inflict bodily pain. As well might a man resolve at once to love music. Such sufferings as Christ endured are the result of character only. But let it be granted that love to God and man is inspired in the soul by the knowledge of God, as revealed to the soul through the Spirit; let it be granted that we thus discern and meet the mind of God as revealed in all that Jesus was and suffered; then just as Jesus is found in us shall all that was a joy to Him be a joy to us, and all that was a burthen to Him be a burthen to us. If we share His life of holiness and love, so must we share the sorrow and the joy which it occasions. Sin, wherever it appears, whether in our own hearts or in our brother, whether in the Church or in the world—sin against our Father and His Christ—sin in the vile, the unjust, the unrighteous, the cruel, the malignant and unloving, that made God angry, and crucified Jesus—that becomes the only source of misery. Sin will be our burthen and the source of bitterest suffering; and just as it is so will our joy and peace necessarily increase,

even as love, the more intense its light, reveals more clearly good and evil.

I do feel that God's peace, and His supporting grace alone can enable me to accept and meet the sorrowing burthen of humanity. The flesh would say, Fly—hide thyself—partake not of such cares and troubles! But this is not the voice of the Spirit. The Spirit of Jesus would have us carry the cares and anxieties and sorrows of the world, all the while giving us His peace; that peace which He had even when He wept at Bethany and over Jerusalem, and while He was going about doing good, mourning at the same time because of unbelief. As Jesus was and is to the world, so ought we to be. We must with Him travail in soul for the world's redemption, and though we, like Himself, cannot be satisfied till His second coming, we may nevertheless be more satisfied every day.

Our heaven is not a selfish one. It is sympathy with Christ. A part of its glory may be noble suffering such as a wise and good man would inconceivably prefer to the spiritual self-indulgence of golden harps and enjoyment.

Many picture a heaven which is a reflection of their own selfish nature. "Don't trouble us! Tell us no bad news! We are saved; let others drown! What is earth to us? It is past! Give us fine music, and let the earth"—shall I write it?—"go to the devil." That is not my heaven! I wish to know, I wish to feel, I wish to have Christ's sympathies until the end comes.

So long as man, and my dear ones, are "in the current of the heady fight," I do not wish to be ignorant of them, on the ground that it would give me pain and mar my joys! I prefer any pain to such joy. I cannot think it possible that my heaven there shall be different from my heaven here, which consists in sympathy with Christ! If He has a noble anxiety, limited by a perfect faith in God, if He watches for the end, and feels human sin and sorrow, and rejoices in the good, and feels the awfulness of the wrong, and yet can have deep peace in God, why should not His people have the joy of sharing this God-like burthen of struggling humanity?

It is often as difficult for me to think of making happiness without "conditions" as it is for you, perhaps much more so; but we know that if we really yield ourselves to God's teaching within and without—in our hearts and in our circumstances—and know that it is His will, and not ours merely, *i.e.*, that it must be, or ought to be (for with Christians must and ought are one) then we shall have peace, for we shall have fellowship with the will of God. You cannot feel yourself more an infant than I do.

What is devotedness? It is not a giving up, but a full and complete receiving in the best possible way (*i.e.*, in God's way) of the riches of His bounty. It is being first in sympathy with God, judging and choosing, rejoicing with Him; and then consequently resting satisfied with all He wills us to be, to do, to receive, to give up, to suffer, or to enjoy.

God does not ask you to give up your happiness in order to obtain peace or joy by the purchase money. He does not ask a man who is happy in his health to make himself ill; or happy in his family to part from them; or to make himself unhappy now in order to be happy when he is dead. But this He certainly does invite and com-

mand every man to do—to make the attainment of character his chief end, to believe in Christ as the means by which, through the Spirit, he may know and love God, and thus, and thus only, obtain peace and joy. And what of happiness? Leave that with God; allow Him to give or take as it seems good, let happiness be subordinate to peace, and never seek happiness which is inconsistent with peace in God. Suppose, however, that in seeking and finding peace, we find it absolutely necessary to deny and resign much that formerly constituted our happiness; that it is necessary, for example, at once and for ever to deny all vice, all lusts, and passions, to crucify the flesh, and to walk in the Spirit; and suppose that this, in as far as happiness without God is concerned, may be to us like the cutting off of a limb;—in such cases the sacrifice must be made, but you must remember that this is not death only, it is death as a way to life. It is the death of bad habits in the formation of good. It is giving up something, in order to possess what is better. It is in short the destruction of an utterly false life to enjoy a true life of peace. There is nothing arbitrary in this. Such sacrifices are based on the very laws of our being.

Christ does not ask sacrifices for their own sake; for that would be as foolish as to ask a merchant to throw his fortune into the sea, or a man to kill himself. This is the distorted conception of sacrifice, which we find pervading superstition, for it is superstition. The desire for sacrifice is a cry in the heart. The light is from heaven, however dimmed, which teaches men that it is noble to sacrifice themselves. But the perversion of this heavenly

truth is *not* the sacrifice of self. What seems a sacrifice is one made to self. The devotee who swings in the air sacrifices bodily ease to spiritual pride, and one portion of nature to another. No such unreasonable sacrifices are seen in Christ's life. Nothing was done without a reasonable meaning, which was the life in the sacrifice. The bravest soldier does not throw his life away. Never think that Christ demands any sacrifice as an end in itself. The end of a battle is not wounds and death, but victory; the end of any painful operation is not death, but life; the end is not loss, but gain. And so the end which is demanded of us is not sacrifice, but duty—and this is the sum of duty, to love God and to do His will.

In proportion as men rise in the scale of being, apart even from religious considerations, they instinctively seek to get quit of the tyranny of outward circumstances, to become emancipated from mere things and events, and to seek their enjoyment from within. It is thus that the scholar and the traveller sacrifice what we would call happiness. They conquer ease, they despise money, they envy not the pomp of circumstance, of rank, nor of fortune. Mind is their all in all. To think, to know, to discover truth in every department, to hold intellectual communion with the great minds of every age, to dwell among the stars and behold their movements and unriddle their secrets, to penetrate the mysteries of being, and wander through worlds undreamt of by the sensual crowd, to attain such ends as these what sacrifices will they not make of happiness? What do they care for the changing world without, if they can

only live and move and have their being in the world of unchanging wealth, beauty, and glory within. Hence the respect we instinctively pay to men who have achieved much by sacrifice. Who does not, for instance, respect the navigator who has exhibited the powers and endurance of mind, and the triumph of a great purpose attained at the sacrifice of all that men value most?—or the man of learning, who has not set his happiness on possessing outward things, but on overcoming them for the sake of that within himself which the eye cannot see, nor the ear hear? They have sacrificed what we call happiness to attain a worthier possession. And so it is with the joy of a good and holy man. He too, as a human being, with nerves and muscles, with senses and appetites, can possess the happiness which others seek as their end. But he prefers to have that which shall be in him and dwell with him for ever—the joy and peace of being right and doing right, of knowing and loving God; and so he is willing to let happiness perish, if only goodness and peace and life are now and for ever possessed. He acts on the same noble principle and for nobler ends, as the noblest and wisest of men. I sometimes ask myself if what I thus write or speak is a living reality, true as my own existence, and if so, why it does not afford us more exalted joy, why it does not permanently elevate us above the worldliness and littleness of the paltry things that are so apt to distract and fill our hearts,—why it does not make us content to labour in the lowliest duties, undertake any drudgery, if we can help one soul to share the blessedness. Oh, why do we not possess a fuller share of Christ's spirit and Christ's peace?

The joy of Christ was derived from all He anticipated. The mighty future rose like the dawn of an endless day of inconceivable splendour, before the eye of His faith and hope, and beyond the dark night of suffering. What a glorious prospect it was to Him to redeem millions, to save from sin all who would be saved; to be the never-failing source of light and hope and comfort to mankind; to see His name revealed in every nation, and everywhere bringing blessing and peace, and joy, chasing away the darkness like sunshine, banishing winter from hearts like the breath of spring, opening the eyes of the blind; to see the glory of God and of life eternal, on and on, to see the vision of endless abounding glory, of the union in one home of all that was greatest in the moral universe of God, loving and beloved with unbroken joy for ever. Do we wonder if, for the joy set before Him, He endured the cross and despised the shame?

Now when Jesus prayed that His joy might be fulfilled in us, He prayed that we might share this joy. And just as we believe in Jesus, and abide in Him, and share His life, shall we all share this joy. Like Him, happiness may be denied to us, though never are His people so bereft of it as He was; like Him, they may be full of sorrow. Whence then is their joy? It comes, like His, from the sweet harmony of souls possessed by love; they have joy in loving and being loved as the children of God; joy like His in loving God, and possessing Him as their portion for ever; joy like His in becoming the willing instruments of glorifying God on earth, and in doing His holy will, and in advancing that knowledge of Himself, which is one with human blessedness, and all the glory which shall be.

LIVING TO SELF—ISOLATION—THE LOSS OF JUDAS.

Amidst all disguises and deceptions there does reign in each man's soul, God or self, and one or other is master and king. The soul of man is as a temple; you may have to pass through many courts; you may have to traverse many winding paths; you may find it difficult to gain access to its innermost recess, and often so like, so very like, to the inexperienced eye, is an idol temple and a temple of the living God, that not until you near the inmost shrine, can you determine whether the idol self or the living God is worshipped. But one or other reigns supreme.

All sin is selfish, and every sinner, that is, every man who does not love God, is essentially selfish, and that too to a greater extent than we are disposed to believe, unless we look a little beneath the surface of things. We have only to view the indulgence of any one vice—let it be intemperance, sensuality, dishonest speculation, or what you will—we have only to consider it in reference to others, in order to recognise that intense selfishness is its very nature. "They selfish?" ask those very people reproachfully who are thus accused, "they hate others? Who is so uncharitable as to say that? Call them anything but

that!". And what then shall I call them? Enter the homes of the ruined and tell me. Enter those thousand homes in town and country, and hear in each the story of family life in all its bitter details. Each one bears witness to it, and Heaven says "Amen!" that those who caused this ruin were selfish, cruel men. Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, wife and children and friends, what are they, what have they been but ministers to their own pleasure? Mere existences, tolerated, loved perhaps in a way until they competed with the one great self. Then the cry is, "Perish all, let me but live!" Oh! perish thou also, thou selfish hater of all but thy most miserable and contemptible self.

Consider this solemn and impressive fact, that what secures the stability, the good and the happiness of the universe, makes it absolutely necessary that sin as sin shall be abhorred and cursed of God. If we could possibly conceive the reign of God to be one that in any way favoured what was wrong or that could do ought but treat it as a crime, that moment all security would be gone for happiness.

We know how it would fare with a man who insisted that water should not drown, nor fire burn, nor poison kill the body. In the same way a man may unquestionably oppose God's will as revealed in the moral universe, and his rule of life may be the opposite of all the commandments of God. A man may do this and not be accounted mad. But his conduct is more terrible to a thinking spirit than any insanity. Such a man is not breaking the laws of God's government, but is breaking his own heart

and spirit against them. This is not a war of weakness against might; it is a war of wrong against right. It is not a poor weak creature battling against the Creator; it is a responsible being with a heart, will, intellect, created for immortality, made after God's image, declaring that God's will shall not be done, and that he for one will resist it with his own will, and, as far as possible, have his own way and not God's way. Such a man has within him the seeds of death and self-destruction.

As it is with the individual, so must it be with the race. Take the element of spiritual religion out of the world, take away the exalting of God and His righteous will, and with it man's destiny as a spiritual and immortal being created by God and for Him, then nothing would be left to prevent the race from soon sinking down into the bottomless depths of moral degradation, disorder, and misery. The bonds of society, no longer held together by any principle of good, or any sense of responsibility to God, by any true brotherhood springing from faith in God as a Father, would be snapped asunder. In a world from which the spirit of all loving self-sacrifice was banished, every other consideration, and every other passion would be sacrificed to self; and envy, jealousy and hate would be developed till anarchy prevailed. Laws might be formed for the control of society, framed and carried on by selfishness. For a selfish man does not wish to be robbed of life, or of the possessions that are dear to him; but other selfish persons would desire to have both. The law of right being at war with might, the conquest would be determined by majorities of physical power, and the

laws would be applied to suit the wishes of the powerful amongst the wicked. For a time after the Sun of Righteousness had set, faint rays of light might irradiate earth's clouds, but soon the dark night would come which could not be illuminated by any light, whether of taste or genius or intellect having its source in godless and wicked humanity. Alas! where would comfort come from such a world as this? What would all the gifts which God still left for us accomplish, if all were used to minister to self, to the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life? What would be done to the poor, the sick, the suffering, the dying, if no God, no Father were known? The grave opens and closes as before, but in silence and without a ray of light beyond.

The felon on the tread-mill who, when he ceases to labour, receives a blow from the machine, realises only the presence of a machine from which he suffers. So many men feel all their life-time as if they had to deal with a subtle complex mechanism of law, the law of society, the law of creation, and the laws of the universe; they know that if they transgress these they sin and suffer; but they never rise to the consciousness of the presence of a living Person with whom they have to do, of whose unchangeable will and character the laws of the universe are but reflections. The necessary consequence of this is the total impossibility of repentance towards God. There may be sorrow and regret, from selfishness, for transgression for our own sake. We may rage against the imperious and impartial law which will not be broken, but breaks us, just as the sea is broken against the rocky

barriers which obstruct it in its fury; or we may rage against ourselves for our utter folly in permitting impulse or passion to tempt us to engage in war against law; or we may doggedly submit to the consequences, and having sown to the flesh we may reap corruption. But in all this there is no coming in contact with a Person who loves the right and hates the wrong in us. There is no meeting a Father's eye, no sympathy with a Father's heart; and the difference between dealing with law and a law-giver is as great as that between dealing with a stone that bruises us, and a mother who weeps over us.

Would we see the difference between mere law and a living Person? Ask that woman out of whom seven devils were cast,—When she felt most deeply and truly the nature of sin? Was it when knowing she was breaking laws, or when she met Jesus, and perceived the law of love and purity and goodness in that Divine countenance, and heard it expressed in those holy words? Was it not when she bathed His feet with her tears that she hated sin much because she loved much? When had Peter the deeper sense of sin? Was it while in cursing he remembered he broke the Third Commandment, or in lying that he broke the Ninth?—or was it when all law was concentrated in that burning gaze of love and holiness which the Redeemer cast on him? And was it not the consciousness of dealing with a Person who hated wickedness because He loved righteousness, which was the fountain of those penitent tears shed by David? Doubtless he knew he broke a law, but not until Nathan by his exquisite parable brought him into contact once more with the heart of a divine Person who had been cruelly and

unjustly treated, was the heart-broken cry heard, "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight."

He who will work in harmony with the beneficent and glorious will of God will find that he is working in harmony with all that can do him good, while he who opposes himself to this will, opposes all that is good, just, loving, and therefore destroys himself.

What then is the true life of society? "No new commandment give I unto you but that which ye have heard from the beginning, that ye love one another!" This is the law of progress—God has given to each man his brother to love him as himself. Now it is just as we realise this law that we have life, and can secure progress.

Put it in another form. How would Jesus Christ act as a member of society—whatever His occupation might be, whether as buyer or seller, planter or builder, merchant or minister, ruler or subject? Deem it not irreverence that I ask such a question. Jesus Christ did buy and sell, for He laboured as an artisan, and He was a friend, a neighbour, and a citizen; and the purely ideal character of the religion of many professing Christians arises from the fact that they have an ideal, not a real Saviour; an ideal, and not a living actual man who lived His religion out, to teach us how we should live ours.

Had He one set of principles to guide Him in the temple and another set in His workshop? Can you

conceive Him conducting His business as many do who call Him Lord? Can you conceive Him, or any man He would call friend, spending life with the aims and objects which in a selfish and corrupt state of society are deemed not only allowable, but essential to human existence? And what has Christ come for, what did He live for, teach for, die for, unless it was in order to become the Head of men and nations, to impart to them a new life, even His own, so that having this life, God's kingdom might come and society become immortal? Why then should Christians think it strange if they are told that the only life of society is love to one another?

Yet you cannot but think this somewhat impracticable. You have no objection perhaps to such phrases as fair-play, honour, justice, truth; but do you not think that all this is included in the one saying to do as you would be done by—*i.e.*, to love your neighbour as yourself? If you speak to me of the great law of self-interest, I reply, that starting from totally opposite points, love and the most refined and absolute selfishness lead to the same point. But love is simplicity and truth, self-interest confusion and perplexity. Honesty is the best policy—yes, when no policy is ever thought of—and honesty alone is loved. Yet all this but expresses the great truth that the righteous God has constructed society so that it shall accomplish its purpose, and progress and not break down when it is guided by the power of righteous and loving dealing between man and man.

If the kingdom of heaven is within us, so also is the kingdom of hell. Heaven is character, a character which

is summed up in one word, love to God; so that it is morally impossible to be in heaven in any other sense than having heaven in us, by the possession of that state of mind which hates the evil, and loves all good, which is meek, gentle, loving, holy, a very image of Jesus Christ. On the other hand, hell is the possession of the opposite character, and punishment is its necessary result; just as pain is the necessary result of any injury inflicted on the body.

Most men see no reason why punishment should not end, yet never consider how it is to end; the reason being that their idea of punishment is so many stripes for so many crimes, so long a term of imprisonment for so long a term of sinning; and they consequently ask, with a sneer, as if obvious injustice were inflicted on sinners—Surely such and such sins do not deserve a long duration of punishment? But if they saw that sin itself is the punishment, they would see also that the real difficulty in regard to the ending of future punishment was resolved into the deeper one of the ending of sin.

For even supposing that among the millions in heaven there were admitted outcast profligates, unchanged in heart, without a particle of sympathy for goodness; wishing to escape the consequences of sin, yet loving sin itself, and really hating God and all who were like Him; would not heaven, I again ask, be turned into hell, when hell thus entered heaven?

The more we live to self alone, the more must we live alone with self, and no man realises this more than he

who prides himself on being what is called a man of the world, and on knowing the elements which compose society and the secret springs which guide its movements. "Self-sacrificing love that seeketh not his own," he is disposed to exclaim in the bitterness of his soul, "is this, forsooth, to be found in any of the fine cement which binds man to man? For myself I neither pretend to show it nor to receive it. I live to please myself, and to enjoy myself, and I assume that others do the same. We are necessary to each other, and we are united, not by what we are, but by what we can give, in order to receive our own back again with usury. Men love the things I can give them. They relish my wine, and enjoy my dinners; but myself?—let misfortunes overtake me, and let me have nothing but myself to give, and who would care to receive me?"—

"Though gay companions round the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill,
Tho' passion fire the maddening soul
The heart, the heart, is lonely still!"

As years advance the conviction steals over the soul of a mere man of the world, like frost at midnight, that his companions are falling away from him, that he is becoming more and more isolated, more and more thrown back upon himself, without the sympathy or brotherhood of human hearts. Old age comes and separates him more and more from the world without, while the world within becomes more and more to him as a cell where he must suffer solitary confinement. The spirit of loneliness hems him in, and ever confines him within

a narrower circle whose centre is himself, deluded, disappointed, irritated, and he, like the scorpion when surrounded by fire, turns the sting upon himself. The end of all comes at last, and he must go forth alone into the unknown world beyond. Oh how sad and dreary! Cable after cable snaps which bound him to the outward and visible, and like a disabled and forsaken wretch he is about to drift on the bosom of a mysterious and shoreless sea!

The teaching of our Lord shows us that loneliness is the necessary and righteous punishment of a selfish or unloving soul. Now there are various kinds of loneliness. There is, for example, the loneliness occasioned by physical distance from our fellow men; as when we wander along the shore of the great ocean with nothing to disturb the awful silence, except the beat of the sea-wave or the lonely cry of the sea-bird; or when penetrating far into the deeper solitude of the mountains, we reach at last the bare and breezy ridge, and from thence look down into the valley with its small clear stream, or gaze upon the dark moorlands or the wild tumult of the hills, and hear only the wild piping of the wandering wind, or the echo of the distant cataract. But there is no painful sense of loneliness there, where fellowship with God may be enjoyed.

There is another kind of loneliness arising from intellectual distance. This is experienced by the man who, having ascended some high peak of thought, or of scientific discovery, must necessarily leave the crowd behind him, for a time at least. In the thoughts which

must possess and absorb his being he remains alone. Still the affections of the man can all the while have full play. He can enjoy fellowship with God and man, and possess all that is essential to his well-being when he can thus love and be beloved.

And again a sense of isolation is profoundly realised by one, who from the very purity and disinterestedness of his life, meets with inadequate sympathy. This was no small ingredient in the suffering of our blessed Lord. In the circle of His followers, even within the narrower circle of His apostles, He was often alone—alone in His sorrows and in His joys, because alone in the perfection of His love. Nevertheless He said, "I am not alone, for the Father is with Me." But for this fellowship with His Father, He was indeed lonely and solitary. And thus it is in a greater or less degree with all who are like Him. Love will ever be lonely amidst sin. Yet while thus sorrowing, it is always rejoicing, for such solitude is but the dark shadow cast from the body of sin, on which the bright light of love is ever shining. It is thus impossible that there can be any real loneliness to a loving soul while a God of love exists with whom it can hold communion.

But the loneliness of spirit arising from selfishness is wholly different from any other. It is perhaps the only real solitude which expresses a condition of being, the misery of which it is impossible adequately to conceive, far less to describe. The more we ponder over it, and try to measure the magnitude of this dread consequence of sin, the more does it awe and solemnise the spirit. There is no image which can fully picture a state so unutterably dreary and forlorn. The sailor

upon his one solitary plank, the sole survivor of his foundered ship, and drifting hopelessly on a shoreless sea; the prisoner in his solitary cell, separated for life from the busy tide of human existence which flows ever past his prison-house;—what are such lonely beings when compared with him who, in his idolatry of self, has separated himself in spirit from God and man, and is doomed for ever to abide alone?

Why was Judas lost? For in opposition to all arguments which would obliterate the final distinction between good and bad, and do away with punishment beyond the grave, stands the fact recorded by man's friend, brother, and Redeemer that one at least—Judas—is a son of perdition, gone to his own place, and that it had been better for him if he never had been born. Dare any one treat lightly such a declaration as this, uttered by such an one as Jesus, in the last prayer He offered on earth to His Father, and when praying for sinners—forgiving sinners—dying for sinners! Were the salvation of Judas within the limits of what Christ could have asked and God could have accomplished in consistency with what was right, never would we have heard of that awful exception, "none of them is lost but the son of perdition," nor seen that awful sight, Judas going to hang himself as a suicide when Jesus was going to the cross as the Saviour.

Whatever his life had been before his public calling to the ministry we do not know; it is almost certain that there was nothing in it calculated to excite suspicion, or to elicit wonder when he was summoned from being

a hearer to being a disciple of our Lord. Judas had himself preached faithfully, for he and his brother evangelists had given an account of their preaching without reproof from their Master, and he had cast out devils in His name, and told truly how devils were subject to him. He had been entrusted with the public purse, and if a thief, he had never been discovered till the last. He had so conducted himself, that there was no apparent reason why he should not be invited with the rest to the social meal at Bethany; or on the next evening sit down at the Lord's Supper, and there receive that mark of deepest humility and love, when his feet were washed by Jesus, although they had but lately carried him to the High Priest to arrange for the betrayal.

What had he done then, that for him there was no hope, for him no intercessory prayer, for him no forgiveness even at the last hour, for him no place but one—that for him all was lost. It is no reply to this that he had betrayed Christ, as if that act was so personal, so directly against the King, that the King would never pardon it. We cannot conceive of Jesus as acting in any spirit of mere personal anger, from being personally offended. We know that He who pardoned Peter, who prayed for His murderers: "Father, forgive them!" who extended mercy to the thousands in Jerusalem after His death, who wept over those who would not know the things of their peace, He who, in short, was perfect love, would have rejoiced to pardon His betrayer, as well as His denier and murderer, unless there had been something in him which made that morally impossible.

And what that something was we are at no loss to

determine. *Judas loved neither God nor man.* Was that all? Yes it was all, and because love was lost, all was lost!

I question if there is among us a general response to the righteousness of the judgment against Judas. Do we see that he was wicked as we see a murderer to be wicked, or a cruel, bloodthirsty man to be wicked? Or, had he never betrayed his Lord, had he died in the odour of sanctity as a man of blameless life, would we then feel that, wanting in real love, all must have been lost? We do not realise as we ought that heaven and hell lie in this small region of the heart, and that this little point of love or not love is the turning-point of life or death eternal. It seems too small a thing to determine a man's destiny. But what, I ask, are all the crimes which we see, but streams from that source? It is that, says Christ, which is from within which defiles the man, for "out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts, murders, thefts, adulteries, fornications, blasphemies, false witness"—*out* of the heart—but they were *in* the heart before they came forth. They were in it as the oak is in the acorn, the many streams in the fountain, the fruit in the tree.

A soul separated from God or from all other beings in the universe is in hell. An unloving, selfish soul is a son of perdition, and lost, though he may be near the throne of God, as much as a man without eyes is in darkness, though he were to stand like the angel in the sun, enveloped in its beams. For what is fellowship with God and man but love? Not a misty sentiment; not a vapoury poetic imagination; but that love which sees, and appre-

ciates what is lovable—loves that which in God is perfect —loves a person because he is just, good, merciful, true, altogether lovely. In this, and in this way only,' is it possible to *know* and to *possess* another; for possession of a living being is not what the eye can see and the hand grasp, but what the soul discerns, and the heart loves, and the will chooses, and the whole being rests on and delights in. For as the eye requires the light ere it has that for which it was created, even so the soul requires a perfect being to love, without which it is dead also, and can be satisfied in itself, as little as the eye with its own structure of lenses and humours. In one word, man is made for union. Love alone is union;—when that is lost, all is lost! The selfish man goes like Judas to his own place. Wherever that place is, he may find others there, and all may be in the possession of every power, and every capacity which they ever had as created by God for immortality. He may in that place, for aught I know, be able to engage in works mightier than any which occupied him on earth; human intellect and human genius may be permitted, with no checks but what are self-imposed. Whatever may be in the place of perdition to relieve the darkness of its night, to calm the storm of its skies, my imagination can picture nothing more terrible—worse than the wildest night-mare which a lost soul here can see in his sleep of sin—than when I believe that whatever else there is, love is not. It is hell when love is banished from every bosom, love in none of its forms is ever found in its society, but each soul lives apart amidst the crowd, wrapt in the burning fire of its own hate, and for ever gnawed by the worm of undying selfishness. What more could

have been done for Judas, if, up to these last hours in Bethany, his icy soul had never been thawed by the heavenly beams of divine affection that had always been shining on him; if he had no feeling for that woman lavishing her tenderness on Him who had raised her brother; if he had no sympathy for his Master, and for the accomplishment of His Holy Will; if no spark of genuine admiration had ever been struck from his flinty heart by the daily marvel he had witnessed of gentleness and love; if the tears shed but yesterday for Jerusalem, did not touch him with a kindred feeling, nor the presence of Lazarus inspire him with reverence for Him who was the Resurrection and the Life? If the unswerving goodness of the Master to him, and His generous confidence in giving him the bag to keep; if all the accumulated mass of whatever goodness could gain a soul to God and drive the demon self out, and fill it with love, so failed that he had no love, but till the last was a cold heartless formalist, a selfish dishonest man, and a cunning hypocrite for whom it was not a sudden leap from good to bad, but a gentle transition from evil to evil, to arrange with the Sanhedrim to receive the money at midnight, and with a kiss to betray his Lord, then what more could be done for that man? Force was impossible, persuasion had failed; no more could be said than to indicate the speedy ending of his godless life—"What thou doest, do quickly." All was lost!

We must assume that whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, it must be for God's glory; or, to make this plainer, I assume that Christ has for every man "his work"—a something in His kingdom to do which is better suited for him, and he for it, than any other. Happy is the man who finds what his work is, and does it! To find it is to find our profession, and to do it is to find our highest good and peace.

My faith is, that there is a far greater amount of revelation given to guide each man by the principles laid down in the Bible, by conscience, and by Providence, than most men are aware of. It is not the light that is defective, it is the eye to see it. For instance: Christ calls us outwardly and inwardly to our profession, and those two calls, when they coincide (when, like two lines, they meet at one point) determine a profession to any man who will be at all determined by the will of the Redeemer. The outward call is made up of all those outward circumstances which render the profession at all possible for us, and which render any one profession more possible than another. With this principle there can be no difficulty, of course, in determining a thousand professions or positions in society which are not possible for you, and to which, consequently, you are not called. I need not illustrate this. It is self-evident. But two or three professions

may present themselves to you which appear all possible—nay, at first sight, all equally possible. In such a case you would require carefully to apply the above rule, in order calmly to consider which is most possible, on the whole, for you. Among the outward circumstances which, as I have said, combine to make up this outward call, may be mentioned bodily health, the likings of friends, interest of the family, means of usefulness, and so on.

But there is also the inward call to be considered. By this I mean a man's internal fitness for the profession; and this of course makes the problem a little more complex, yet not impossible of solution.

A man might put such questions to himself as those: —Which profession gives the greatest scope for the development of my whole being, morally, intellectually, socially, actively? Again, Am I fitted for this as to talent, principle, education? In which could I best, and with the greatest advantage, use all the talents Christ has given me, and for which He will make me responsible, so that not one talent shall be laid up in a napkin or buried, but all be so employed that He can say to me, "Well done, good and faithful servant"? This is the way of looking at the question; and I do not think it difficult to apply it practically with the assistance of God's good spirit.

I feel convinced that every man has given him of God much more than he has any idea of, and that he can help on the world's work more than he knows. What we want is the single eye that will see what our work is; the humility to accept it, however lowly; the faith to do it for God; the perseverance to go on till death.

The closer we live with God, the more our spiritual life in Him is manifested to the world in its results only, the better it is for ourselves. When the inner life is revealed in words, it is apt to end in words, and to become cant. Spiritual pride is thereby nourished, and this is great destruction.

We are "called to be saints," and nothing lower in character or dignity. We are to be "made meet for the inheritance of the *saints* in light;" for no other inheritance, unless that of sin and misery, can be ours. There is but one kind of character which can be called "good" —one kind for earth and heaven, for men and angels, because there is but one kind of moral perfection in that God whose image we must all bear, and to hold fellowship with whom we are all created. As sure as He is One in all worlds and in all ages, so is goodness one, love one. We must then, I repeat it, be saints—not *must*, as a "sad necessity," but as a glorious necessity, which springs out of the immense love of God, who has created us for the perfection of character and of happiness which He Himself possesses.

Saintship may be defined as likeness to God—being one with Him in character, or, what is the same thing, "having the *mind* that was in Christ Jesus," and being one with Him, even as He is "one with the Father." But to make this more clear to those who have not considered it seriously hitherto, and who therefore may possibly think this definition too abstract or "mystical," I shall describe

saintship as consisting in *right being*, *right doing*, and *right enjoying*. *Right being*, or *being right*, is the right condition, the moral life and health of the soul, which must precede all outward action. It is the good quality of the tree which is essential to its bringing forth good fruit, it is the true relation of our being to God—to what we think and know of *Him*, and how we feel towards Him. If this is wrong all is wrong. If this is right all is right in principle, and therefore right in fact. God has made us and redeemed us, that we might for ever possess the highest good and joy *possible* for a creature —in other words, that we might possess that which is His own good and joy. And what is this but to know and love Himself? This is the realisation of the highest perfection. I know how dimly we see this, how little we feel it, how indifferently we seek after it, because sin has blinded us, degraded us, robbed us of our birthright, and made us almost insensible to our loss. Like beggars who are heirs to a throne, we still prefer our rags and our hovel. Like prodigals, we prefer the swine and the husks to our Father's house. Like criminals, with whom vice is an ingrained habit, to whom vice is the only known enjoyment, we see no beauty nor see no happiness in a life of pure high moral character. Like those accustomed to bad society, the thought has no charm, and fires no ambition, of our being brought into the most exalted society, of our being made capable of enjoying the true, the beautiful, the good, the pure, of our being made capable of enjoying eternal love for ever!

And yet God never so leaves Himself without a witness in the soul of man, that it will not respond in some degree to the declaration that man's right being

must consist in friendship with the Perfect One—in looking up to Him in peace as to a reconciled Father—in perceiving with our own spirits how good and glorious He is in Himself, in all He is and does—in sympathy with His mind and will—in rejoicing in Him and with Him, and in being able to say truly, because feeling it truly, "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven!"

You will admit that a right state of being is one which ought to be possessed by every one capable of comprehending right and wrong, God's existence, and His relationship to us as Creator and Redeemer. I do not enter here on the question, *how* these right feelings towards God are awakened in hearts, that, alas! are naturally and mysteriously at enmity to Him. I will only say, that we have not so much to begin a laborious search in order to discover God, as to avoid escaping Him, and to be found of Him. For He *has* revealed Himself to us, and is searching for us, saying, "Behold I stand at your door, and knock." He has revealed Himself in Jesus Christ, so that what Jesus is, God is, their characters being one; and, therefore, the expressed feeling of Jesus towards men, as recorded in the Gospels, are those of God—"He who seeth Me seeth My Father also," and it is only when we really believe this, and see how true it is that God loves us, is reconciled to us, and through a Saviour pardons our sins; and commands us to give Him our hearts and be at peace, that we shall ever be brought into a right state of being towards Him. It is only when we see God as revealed in His Son, that

the question "Lovest thou Me?" reveals to us the sin of hate, and kindles in us the fire of love. It is then only that the command is heard as a voice of life and love from heaven, "My son, give Me thine heart!" It is then only that the cry is heard from the hearts of ten thousand wretched prodigals, "We will arise, and go to our Father."

And this restoration of love is a condition of mind which, because it is right, is demanded from every man, whatever be his rank and employment in life, and whatever be his country. The poor negro and the high-born peer—the prelate before the altar, or the peasant "sweating in the eye of Phœbus"—Lazarus among the dogs, or David on the throne—the young man in the hey-day of his health, the old man, blind and tottering—may all be saints by loving God, and, therefore, being right towards Him.

If we are right towards our God, it will follow of necessity that we are right towards our fellow-men. The *life* which expresses itself in the higher relationship must do so in the lower. *A loving soul* cannot possibly love God only, though supremely. Truly to love justice, mercy, truth, goodness, as seen in God, is one and the same thing as being just, merciful, truthful, good. If so, our fellow men will be treated by us in accordance with our character. When we are right towards God the centre, we are thereby brought into a right relationship to every other point within it, or on the vast circumference of universal being. "He who loves God, loves his brother also." And now consider fairly and

honestly what I have said. Is it unreasonable? Is it wrong? Can you conceive any state or condition better? And, on the other hand, can you conceive anything worse than *not* to know or love God, than being indifferent towards Him, or afraid of Him? In what worse condition can the devil himself be, than without God, being without love? Do not tell me that I demand too much; less is incompatible with the true life of the soul. But remember it is not love perfect *in degree*, which is demanded before you can be considered saints; but love perfect *in kind* love that is *sincere* and *real*.

There is a moral condition which constitutes another element of saintship, and that is "right enjoying." By many religion is admitted to be something with which a man would perhaps feel safer, if possessing it as a passport when about to journey into the unknown kingdom beyond the grave, over which a God is supposed necessarily to reign, yet a something too which he is happier in not having in this world, as it might mar his enjoyment. But why will you not believe that God gives to every man who will accept of His government, the best things at the best time, and in the best way—the best—measured by man's real good and happiness as an immortal being and not as one of the beasts that perish. What I ask you to believe is absolutely certain. For consider who has made the world for man, and man for the world. Who has given us our capacities for enjoyment, our capacities for pleasure, and who has imposed the conditions which limit the possibility of personal gratification? "*God* hath made us, and not we ourselves!" And why

then should it seem strange that those who enjoy all things according to His will, must necessarily enjoy more real good than those who pervert them to their own selfish ends, and utterly disregard the intention of the Creator in their use?

Shall we ever be faultless? Yes, assuredly, as Christ is our Saviour and friend. And yet I feel how impossible it is for us in this sepulchre in which we live to realise, but in the most imperfect manner, the glory of a faultless character. No doubt it was in Christ, but we are too blind to see but dimly even that. It is difficult to believe in the word of God, that every true Christian, however weak, will one day be as faultless as Jesus Christ. It is still more difficult to know what we believe. I believe we shall be like Christ; and yet how impossible it is to see except as one sees the sun through a chink in his prison-house, what it will be to stand before the throne of God; to have every conviction, every longing of our heart seen by the omniscient and holy God; and yet to shine in that great sunlight of God without a speck or blur more than is seen in Christ. How impossible to believe that God should ever say, "I find no fault in this man," and that we shall have that perfection through all eternity, until sin is but a memory of a long past never to return. But this is as certain as that God's purposes will be realised, and that Jesus Christ did not live and die in vain.

The more we think of the greatness of Christ, the more we realise in what it consists, the more it seems

impossible to attain to it. We might believe that by the cultivation of natural powers, and the use of God's gifts, by a worldly prudence wisely watching and turning circumstances into account, as we do wind and tide, the poorest and least known could reach any summit of human greatness, and possibly succeed in amassing immense wealth or reaching a high position in society or in the republic of letters. But it would be easier for us all to do this, by our own unaided faculties, than for any of us without the grace of God to become humble and loving in the spirit of Jesus Christ. To seek in the love of God only, all that is worth calling life; to believe it is to be found in the giving out of ourselves to Him, and believing this to do it, and to rest in it; truly to believe that as the result of this, life is to be found in loving our fellow-men as ourselves; to crucify the ambition which desires to put self on some throne as the object of worship, and which would reach that throne as some forlorn hope reaches a fortress over the fallen amongst friends or foes; to be willing that others should rise by us and be anything, if God so wills it, even should He will us to be nothing; to substitute for offended pride, self-seeking vanity and the hunger and thirst after human applause, the calm, serene, and thankful joy, that others, even our enemies, should obtain the prize of life we have sought in vain; to submit to insult without desiring hate's revenge; to feel our neighbour's honour and good name and character dear to us as our own; to rejoice with those who rejoice as well as to weep with those who weep; to bend our shoulder and carry our brother's burden; to bless them that curse us, and pray for them who despitefully use us, in one word

to have the love of Christ in us;—how truly great is this greatness! How the divine spirit in man approves of it, yet how unapproachable it seems. How difficult to humble ourselves and so attain it. We either look at it as a lofty summit which cannot be reached, or a deep abyss that cannot be fathomed, and in either case we proceed along the old path, instead of thanking God that Jesus has come to make us like Himself in true humility and true greatness, and, believing in Him, to seek sincerely and hopefully to attain.

Do not let us be despondent because of our weakness. Let us strive to be sincere, aiming at the highest good; never to settle down into commonplace as if we had already attained, but to push on toward perfection. Let us, as essential to the very existence of the Christian life, give up all sin known to God, and strive after all real good, but do not let us suppose ourselves hypocrites because we have many weaknesses and are not remarkable to others for our attainments, though we may be remarkable to ourselves from the absence of them. "We are saved by hope" is the motto on the Christian's banner. To be without hope in the world is to be without God in the world, and that is the beginning of hell. There is a wide difference between the man whose religion is a mere matter of opinion, and the man who prays honestly to know and to do God's will; who is sustained by that will from doing and saying many things he would otherwise have said and done, and who speaks or is silent, from a sense of his duty to God. No doubt he often sadly fails, that he knows; no doubt he is very imperfect,

that he knows also; but still he could neither feel nor believe nor do as he does unless Christ was to him a real Person. To such a one I say, Go on, brother. Fear not.

Our duty is to grow, to build ourselves up, and that not by negative, but by positive endeavours. We must strive to become more like Christ; we must pray in the Holy Spirit, seek His aid, and depend on it, and so, through prayer, through activity, through a life-long exercise, keep ourselves in the love of God.

But unless we do this, we are insincere and hypocrites. We wish heaven without holiness, joy without character, Christ for us, but not in us, to be without fears, but not without faults. Such thoughts are ignorant dreams. Let us work in the strength of the Lord, and seek to keep ourselves from falling, because we have a Lord who is able to keep us from falling, not without ourselves, but by and through ourselves.

To do the will of God is to be in harmony with Him. It is not the wretched slavish doing of an outward work, on account of which a man gets happiness as his wages. It is not so many prayers to God; so many favourable answers from God; so many good deeds each day, rewarded by so many good things for ever. This is not the base mercantile relationship in which an immortal spirit stands towards God. To do His will is in other words to do what He wishes. And He wishes us to love Him; He wishes us to be holy; in one word He wishes us to be perfect like Himself. This is not a series of mechanical deeds. It is the right state of an undying spirit towards its Maker, its eternal good. It is *being*

right, of which the *doing* right is but the visible expression. Now he who is thus one with God must abide with God for ever.

Ignorant and selfish people sometimes associate with righteousness such rewards as men receive here for "doing good," as the phrase is. They are accustomed to be induced in this way to act rightly, to return property, for instance, which does not belong to them. If they do the state some service they expect to be rewarded by pensions or honours of some kind. If they even save another's life they expect to be rewarded. And so this system which, begun in youth, is held out as a stimulus during life to a right course of action, is not unnaturally supposed by the ignorant and thoughtless to have its place also in the government of God. They thus associate with duty to God and man, the thought of some reward they know not what, but something which will probably mark what good people they have been. Yet after all, are there not hints given us in this world of a nobler recompense than this? A mother would shrink from being offered a reward for loving her child or saving her child. It would be an insult to her to insinuate that she was not sufficiently rewarded by hearing her child's heart beat in unison with her own. True love seeks only true love in return. And so what reward does God offer to love, but love—Himself? What does He promise to the man who hungers and thirsts after righteousness, but that he shall be filled with what He loves, which is righteousness itself?

There is a joy of spirit, which the world knows not

of in keeping to a path of righteousness "for His own name's sake." There are no such joyful triumphs as those gained over the flesh, in the war between the flesh and the spirit. There are no rewards more sweet than are enjoyed by the soul which in the eye of God, its sovereign Lord and Holy Father, resists temptation, does battle with the wrong, keeps the tongue silent, and the impetuous passions down; and continues, it may be through many years of suffering in body and in spirit, manfully to persevere, through obstacles, through dangers, through heavy stumbling-blocks, still following on, still in the path of righteousness; unknown and unheeded by the world, neither courting its smiles, nor fearing its frowns, but ever seeing Him who is invisible, as its Spirit, Guide, and Comforter by night and day. Little does the world understand the peace, the calm joy, which dwells in such a soul. For indeed there is no other way of peace than walking in the path of righteousness.

FELLOW-LABOURERS WITH GOD—CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

Who can study, however superficially, the history of the human race as a whole, without at once perceiving, that while countless millions of individual wills have from age to age helped to form that history, yet that one supreme Will has been from age to age over all, the same Person throughout all changes, who could alone give it the marvellous unity it possesses, and secure the steady and constant progress it exhibits. Each man, like the insect that works in the coral island, does his work and dies, but the Great Workman never dies. And so also each man plays his note in the mighty orchestra of life, which swells its majestic music on from era to era; but there is in that music a harmony of parts, an artistic unity and design, which demonstrates a great composer, and an ever-loving Leader of the mighty strain. This is God over all, blessed for ever!

Keep this always before you—that which God seeks from us, that which is of most importance, to which everything else is as nothing, is *character.* No doubt much may be done by us; but the first thing, the all in all is that God's work should be done in us. In this present world, with all its sins, temptations, and sorrows;

94547

in the place where God has put us or nowhere; now or never; there where you are and however employed, begin at once to do what is right, at once to obey God, at once to do His will, at once to follow Christ.

Let it be granted if you will, that you and I cannot alter human character, nor make the bad good, that we can neither exterminate nor alter the injustice, crime and sin, in every shape and form that exists; however concerned we may be, however indignant, however weary waiting for the brighter day. Yet there is one thing we can certainly secure, one change we can by grace effect, and that is within our own hearts, and there we can have that kingdom that is within us; and there we can do God's will, and be changed to all things and all persons, although they may not be changed to us. God wishes it, and if we wish it, no power in the universe can hinder God's kingdom from coming into our own hearts, and God's will being done by us. What if the world enjoyed these blessings, and it were a heaven, hell would still be in us if we enjoyed them not. What if the world refuses them and becomes a hell, there will still be a heaven in our hearts, in spite of the world, as there was in the heart of Christ. There is an omnipotence in a will that harmonises with the will of God. We surely can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth us. Others may not love us, but if we will, no power can hinder us from loving them; we may not be forgiven, but we may forgive. We may be treated with injustice, malice, scorn, but this cannot prevent us from being right to God and all men. Oh, that we drew in our thoughts in time of confusion and doubt, and

wonder, and speculation and despair, as to the state of the great world, and concentrated them on this little, but yet to us practically great, world of the spirit within, and realised how here at least God's kingdom may come if nowhere else on earth, that here His will may be done first, and done also by the whole outward man. Then would we be able to convert all without into means of making the world within more pure, and good and loving, and gentle and Christ-like, and God-like; then would we be able, as we cannot fully now, to reform the world without, and transform it to the utmost of our ability, by the unconscious power of a true character, acting within the circle in which God has put us; so that our every-day life of truth and honesty, and patience and meekness, and our faithful endeavours, as a weak and imperfect yet real man, would more than anything else help to fulfil our prayer, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." This is within the power of each, old and young, rich and poor; we can do more, but let us do this and all is gained; let us refuse to do it, and to us all is lost.

As immortal and responsible beings we are possessed of a good or bad character, which must have an effect on the character of others, even as theirs has upon ours. No man lives or dies to himself. Your influence is no doubt so far limited that you are unable to compel any other being to be like yourself; and the influence of others upon you is limited by your power of resistance if you will; but making this deduction, it is still in your power to influence in a thousand ways your fellow-men,

whether you choose it or not. Try to be negative only, avoid what you call positive crime, simply refuse to love, wrap yourself up in the crust of your own isolated selfishness, live like a domestic icicle, and do you think you exercise no influence by what you are? If you have no warmth, do you think your coldness has no power to freeze or chill? You are committing daily robbery by what you do; you do not give what your brother has a right to demand; you do not give the love, the looks, the words, the deeds, the life which you ought to give; and if you say you do not ask this in return, then you injure your brother by what seems to be your very generosity, by telling him you wish no love, no sympathy from him, that you can do without him. By daring so to speak to wife or child, to brother or sister, or mortal man, you deny them as far as you can their noblest and grandest right of loving and of being beloved.

Be assured that no one can live to himself, be encouraged by knowing it. Whether you are old or young, on the verge of the grave, and thinking foolishly that you are of no more use in the world; or at the entrance of life, and thinking foolishly it is all the same to others what you are, as one so young could do no good; whether you are a working man among your fellow-men, or a ruler among princes, be assured of this, that if you are only good and keep yourself in the love of God, you are as sure of doing good, as it is certain that the sun when shining in the heavens will do good upon the earth.

If you wish work, a general rule is—first do the duty at your feet, and then what is further off will come. Home, family, relations, friends, have your *first* claim. Begin then first there. I will not say it is the easiest, but I am sure it is the best; and you are *certainly* on right ground, whatever other right ground lies beyond. I do not say it is the easiest, but rather the most difficult for us—it is a far greater trial of our Christian life, a far greater test of its reality and strength, to be conscientious, careful, considerate, unselfish, holy towards those most near to us, who know us best, see us most frequently, come hourly into contact with us, and are our familiars, than to perform any work.

Within the circle of the family there are some persons whom you can influence more than any on earth can do. For example, no one in the wide world has such authority over the children, as you parents have. These young ones are yours specially; yours almost exclusively for years, yours every day, yours as God's gift, put under your charge—and that is a field of inconceivable value given you to cultivate. No one ought to be able to influence a husband more than a wife, or a wife than a husband; they must do it for good or for evil. The one is given to the other in the Lord. These servants too are given to you for a time—and so are many others more closely related to you. Besides these, tell me, can you enumerate a tithe of the persons who make up the circle within circle, which in ever-widening spheres surrounds you; beginning with your nearest blood relations; extending to friends, dependents, acquaintances; the persons you speak to, have business transactions with, meet in society, who know who you are, and what you are; who

have a pretty accurate likeness of your general character stamped upon their minds and hearts, and to whom you are a witness of right or wrong for the world or for God?

I do not speak even of the necessity of having a positive design or plan to do good; or that we shall in every, or even in any case, formally propose to ourselves a certain labour for God, as if we said on entering a room, or when meeting an acquaintance, or when in the family circle, "Now I shall do good—I shall study to be of use to such and such a person." I do not blame those who can so habitually propose all this to themselves. But I am dealing with the more ordinary case of one who strives habitually to be in a right state of mind towards God; who by prayer, and by bringing his mind into contact daily with eternal truth, keeps alive in his spirit a sense of God's presence and of his own responsibility; who has found rest for his own heart, and peace for his own soul, who is, in short, in sound moral health, and *is* good, and therefore destined to do good! How can we estimate the blessing and value of one such person! His character is strong, and impressing itself in a thousand varied forms from morning to night. He may never, as I have hinted, be so self-conscious as to say at any time, "I am now acting in a Christian manner —that was said or done as a Christian ought!" Nor may the thought occur in this form to those present, "That was said or done like a Christian." But just as from a body possessed of an infectious disease, there streams forth as it were a constant stream of germs, minute, impalpable, but deadly; so, on the contrary, from a healthy soul there streams forth a constant influence

of good, an atmosphere of health to all around. "Ye are the salt of the earth," says Christ—salt whose mere contact exercises an influence conservative of good. "Let your light shine before men."

Let me, while attempting to help you to solve some of the practical questions of daily conduct, draw your attention to the fact, that Scripture does not give you defined rules to apply to every question, and men who would be wiser than Scripture have only shown how much wiser Scripture was than themselves, by the attempts which they have sometimes made to draw up any rules of the kind. Multiplied directions for the direction of souls have been written to serve as guides to the blind—yes, the blind! For if a man is blind, and must walk through the intricate and manifold paths of this life, how many rules does he require in comparison with one whose eyes are open. So is it with the soul. It is in vain to attempt to guide a man whose eyes are closed to the light of God, who is blind to his responsibility towards God, and to God's love towards himself. Such a man will ask many questions about this or that; but while he does so he is not in a right state of mind to receive an answer. For he does not wish to receive it. His wish is to please himself, and he desires only to know how far he can bend Scripture to meet his own wishes.

So I would say to a man, "If you are not disposed to do what is right, if you are not willing to cast all on Christ, if you are not resolved, come what may, to do His will, and not your own, so as to give up all rather than give up Him, I have no rules to give you. Being in a

wrong state of spirit, how can any rule direct you aright? But if you are in a right state of mind, if your eyes are opened, if you love the right and desire to obey God, then few rules suffice. Then a man's love becomes his life, his sense of what is right becomes a guide; with God as his pole, his loving heart as the needle, his will at the helm, his Bible as his chart, he steers right onward."

You are not asked to bear constant witness against evil by denouncing it by words, or to keep up an endless argument against what you think wrong, or to make yourself always disagreeable by want of judgment and injudicious interference; far less to make it your chief end to be agreeable and popular and always like other people, and to fall down and worship the lust of the eye and the pride of life. *But be good.* If you would correct the wrong opinions of others, always express right ones yourself. If you would improve another's temper, regulate your own. If you would show how others ought to act, act yourself as before God. If you would deliver another from selfishness, do so by being unselfish and loving; if you would encourage others to resist evil influences and evil practices, be yourself an example of courage and decision —in one word, if you would honestly seek to gratify your heart's desire of leading others to follow the Redeemer and to be Christians, there is no better, indeed no other way of doing so, than by yourself carefully following Him, by yourself being a Christian!

Who knows what good has in this way been accomplished, by those who were sincerely good themselves, doing well and truly the work of each hour, as God gave it to them to do. Such lives were well spent, because their *days* were well spent, and their days were filled up as they came round, not by mourning over want of opportunities, or craving for notoriety, and demanding something exciting, a something about which a story might be written, or a report made up, but by accepting their work meekly, and doing it watchfully and patiently and truly to their God. Their lives were hid with Christ in God, and the effect is seen in their actions here.

The living God sees that He has a heart prepared for His service, hands empty yet ready for labour, a spirit that meekly says "Here am I, send me," and in His own way and time, He will lay more labour at your feet. It will float down to you on the stream, as the wicker basket came to the feet of Pharaoh's daughter, with mute eloquence, begging from her above all others a work of mercy to be done to the outcast. Be watchful and prayerful, willing and obedient, and rest in peace, sure that whatever you are ready for, is seen by God to be ready for you, and that meet it you shall. Thus it was with the Gadarene. He went to his own home, he began there, but he did not end there—for it was given him to proclaim the good news to the whole city!

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Love is not like courage or like patience; it need not lie dormant for want of an occasion to call it into exercise. God and man, the objects of love, are always present. The more we love, the more we are capable of loving. To spend therefore is to grow rich. To a loving heart this life, from infancy to old age, is a noble school for love.

To die daily is to live daily to duty. It is to lose all things in their false form, to gain all things in their true. And if this self-denial must be a daily habit, because we must daily live aright, then must it be also shown in what are miscalled trifles, because these make up our daily life. So too must our love, which necessitates that denial of self, be also shown within the sphere of ordinary everyday events.

Love is not an abstract sentiment. The capacity of loving may first exist within us, but love itself cannot exist without an object. We cannot show our love to others upon great occasions only, or by great acts of self-sacrifice. Such occasions may occur in the life of every man, occasions which are great to him, which peculiarly try his love and force him to put forth all his powers to

do battle with and overcome self. There are times when in body or spirit the loving are called to lay down their lives for their friends, and to experience a sorrow and make a sacrifice for them worse than bodily death. But it is not to such occasions that I allude. It is to the demands which are made daily on our love in a thousand different forms, which are so many opportunities for its exercise, severely trying its character, revealing its weakness, while tending to cultivate it and train it up for life eternal.

There are men who in the main are good and loving, but who are sadly wanting in that manner of expressing love, which we call considerateness. Considerateness is the result of sympathy; it is a fine perception of and entering into another person's circumstances, feelings, prejudices and temperament; it is delicacy, Christian refinement, Christian politeness, and Christian propriety. If love is shown in the giving of alms, by any one possessing this sympathy, or in such aid as implies a certain superiority on the part of the donor to the receiver, yet that aid is ministered, or the gift bestowed, with such a consideration for the feelings of the receiver, as makes the gift like the stone of the diamond, almost forgotten in the brilliancy of the light which shines in it.

Christian considerateness is not to be confined to the giving of charity, or any one class of deeds, but should permeate our whole daily intercourse with our fellowmen. For daily do we require to consider the wants,

the feelings of others. At home amongst friends, and among strangers, whenever we are brought into contact with others, a demand is instantly made upon us to realise our oneness with them, to carry their burdens whatever they may be, and to please our neighbour for his good. This is to be amiable and agreeable in the truest sense. There may be mere conventional manners which mean nothing, an outward sign without an inward reality, grace of manner without graciousness of disposition. But all this courtesy a genuine Christian must have in proportion as he has genuine love, kindness, sympathy and goodwill to others.

Hence it has been said that a Christian is always a true gentleman. He is so, for the root of all genuine politeness and courtesy is that love, which is humility, thoughtfulness about others, or forgetfulness of self, or seeking not its own. On the other hand, there is what is termed a vulgarity common to all ranks, though concealed among persons trained to those habitual good manners which, starting from a different point, lead outwardly in ordinary things much to the same point as Christian considerateness.

The essence of vulgarity is selfishness, with its vanity, pride, and indifference towards others. Among one class it may manifest itself in unkind judgments; in the absence of kind deeds, in backbiting, believing and originating, or propagating what is injurious to a brother's good name; in cruel or bitter remarks, in slights towards inferiors, in subserviency towards superiors, all of which have their root in pure selfishness. In another and less

outwardly refined class, the same selfishness is seen in the want of all respect for what others think, or feel, or like. It glories in what it falsely calls independence, which means doing whatever pleases itself, as if it stood alone with no one else to consider. A man who has this spirit utters his opinions, expresses his rude mirth, indulges his wit, pushes his way, utterly heedless as to whether he annoys, provokes or lacerates. He will not check a single impulse, or sacrifice a single object of desire, purely to please, and to make others happy. His grand motto is, "Every man for himself." His independence consists in saying, "Are not my tongue, my hands, my money, all my own? I am as good as you. I shall take all I can get, and resist to the utmost any other man's claim on my attention, kindness, or anything I have. What do I care for what you think or what you feel. I can do as I choose." Very true—but real Christianity is utterly inconsistent with this degree of selfishness.

Kindness is expressed by innumerable trifles which emanate from a kind man, like warmth from a domestic hearth: it beams in the eye, hangs on the lip, is heard in the tone of voice, and is *felt* as a delightful presence, as a fragrance of affection.

The Apostle Paul was kind. There is a warm glow of kindness running through all his epistles. You feel that whatever he did, he would do it heartily as unto the Lord. In some of his epistles, such as that to the Philippians, we cannot call the feeling expressed by the name of kindness. It is much more. It is deep and enthusiastic affection. But one sees that in his whole

treatment of men, there must have been a most kindly and tender manner expressed by himself; for example, when he appeals to the Thessalonians and asks them whether he was not, when among them, as a nurse with her children. The minute care with which he mentions news at the end of his letters, and the messages he sends, evidence the same kind consideration. At the end of the Epistle to the Romans he mentions by name nearly thirty persons. To some of these there are kind and touching messages in addition, such as "Greet Mary, who bestowed much labour upon us," "Andronicus and Junia, who were in Christ before me," "Rufus, and his mother and mine—Julia, Nereus, and his sister," and is careful to omit no one.

The kindness of St. Paul is seen flowing out in many interesting incidents of his life. See it in the help he afforded to his poor friends and neighbours. After having been three years in Ephesus, he could in parting appeal to the elders and people who came to bid him farewell, never to see his face more, as to whether he had coveted any man's silver or gold or apparel. Then, as if holding up his hands rough with honest work, he says, "Ye yourselves know that these hands ministered to my necessities, and to them that were with me. I have shewed you—*i.e.* by his own conduct—how that so labouring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,'—and when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down and prayed with them all." I do not wonder that they fell on his neck and wept sore and kissed him. They must have felt that they were parting from a most tender and warm-hearted man.

St. Paul's kindness makes itself felt in every verse of that letter to Philemon, about Onesimus his runaway slave. St. Paul had saved the soul of servant and master. He might then have almost enjoined on him, as he says, what was right. But he takes the kindlier method. "For love's sake, I rather beseech thee, being such a one as Paul the aged, and now also a prisoner of Jesus Christ." The old man, the prisoner, so writing, thus pleads for the slave, his beloved Onesimus, "Receive him," he says, "as myself. If he hath wronged thee, or oweth thee ought, put that on mine account. I, Paul, have written it with my own hand, I will repay it;" and he would have done so, no doubt. That was the letter of one that was kind.

Look at St. Paul's dealings with the ship's company on board the vessel in which he sailed from Cesarea to Rome, when he was shipwrecked in a gale off Malta. In the whole of the minute and truthful narrative of that stormy voyage, we see Paul taking a deep interest in the ship, and in her cargo. "I perceive," he says, as weeks pass and the wintry season draws on, "that this voyage will be with hurt and much damage, not only of the lading of the ship, but also of our lives." The centurion naturally believed the master and owner more than Paul, and as a rule he no doubt was right in thinking that sailors should know more about such matters than missionaries. Paul, however, in this case was right, and became a great blessing to them. For now they had been running for some days before a hurricane; and the cloud concealed the sun by day and the stars by

night, and all hope that they should be saved was taken away. Then did Paul cheer them with the promise of their ultimate safety, saying, "Be of good cheer; for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me. Howbeit we must be cast on a certain island." And so it came to pass. And now see again the presence of a most kind and considerate man, who does not wrap himself up in his ministerial or apostolic Jewish cloak of separateness, or his individual cloak of selfishness, but with the love that is kind busies himself about all on board. When day began to dawn on the morning of the shipwreck, the scene was one of unmingled danger. A huge heavy vessel, with 279 persons on board, sailors, officers, soldiers, prisoners, passengers and cargo, holding on to four anchors amidst a hurricane. Overhead the rays of the mighty sun are struggling through a canopy of black clouds that rush across the sky. To windward the huge waves of that inland ocean are breaking over them, as the great hull shakes and struggles beneath their wild attack. To leeward, the rocks are dimly visible through the spray and foam and seething chaos of the wild tossing sea. On deck a dense mass, cold and half famished, crowding with all the fear, dismay, despair and confusion which ever attend such scenes. Some of the sailors are threatening to take to the boats and leave the ship. The soldiers advising their officers to massacre their prisoners, Paul among them, lest they should swim ashore, and by chance escape. Yet amidst this scene, amidst the roar of the storm, and the tumult of the people, Paul had been busy about what? Imploring the people to take some meat. "I pray you," he says, "to do so, for this is for your health," and he again assures

them that not a hair of their heads should perish; and having said so, he himself takes bread, and gives thanks to God in the presence of them all. Never was grace before meat said with a calmer or kinder heart, or in such a scene, I make bold to say, before or since! The calmness and kindness produced the desired effect, "Then were they all of good cheer, and they also took some meat."

Paul reached the shore as others did, on a plank or portion of the wreck. He landed, and asked no man to be his servant, but as his wont was, worked for himself, and gathered sticks to make a fire to warm himself because of the rain and cold.

Then we see him doing all the good he could in the island, healing the father of the governor, and all who came to him, and like a kind man feeling and acknowledging the kindness of others. "Publius," he says, "received us and lodged us three days courteously;" of others he adds, "They honoured us with many honours, and when we departed they laded us with such things as were necessary."

Once again, look at his kind and thoughtful spirit as evidenced in his care of Timothy: while not forgetful of his spiritual needs and charging him before God and the elect angels, he remembers, in the same breath almost, his bodily wants, and recommends him to use wine, for the sake of his health. These are trifles, you say—be it so—but trifles show the man. The little things done unconsciously betray the best of the man's disposition.

If St. Paul exhorted others to be kindly affectioned

one to another—tender-hearted—to carry one another's burdens, not to seek their own but another's good, to please their neighbour for his good, because even Christ pleased not Himself, he was an example himself of this love which is kind.

Now you must not think that such kindness on his part was the result of a mere amiable temper, which induces him from his very nature to be kind. With every admiration for such a gift of God, I bid you notice that this kindness of Paul was a much higher thing. It was not mere feeling or impulse, which is fitful, and is not a habit of unselfish thoughtfulness about others, and which is often wanting in all genuine sympathy for Christians, or is confined to friends, relations, or party, and seldom shown to personal enemies. Paul's kindness was a stream from the deep fountain of Christian love, a glow from that burning fire which had been kindled in his heart toward all men by the spirit of Jesus. It was an emanation from a soul that had been brought into sympathy with Him who was the Saviour and the Lord of man. It was, therefore, a feeling which could at all times be relied on, a strength which in all circumstances might be trusted and leant upon. It was a part of the new man.

Behold that young Christian, much-beloved, who has been suddenly arrested in his fervid address, urging the claims of Jesus. The audience silence him with their yells of execration. They gather round him in fury. They resolve to kill him. They crush him, mangle him with cruel stones—he falls asleep calling on Jesus, and the first martyr ascends to the presence of his righteous loving Lord. One amidst the cruel crowd has

above all consented to his death, and is willing to be selected as its chief witness and defender. At his feet the clothes of those who stoned the dead man are laid. Look at him. Can that be the kind, gentle Paul?

The scattered flock of Jesus have many wolves in pursuit, seeking to tear them with their remorseless fangs. There was one above all who breathed forth slaughter. He was mad against them. This is his own confession. "Many of the saints did I shut up in prison, and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them, and I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities!" Can this be Paul, who suffers long and is kind? Can this be the Paul who, when he himself was deserted in his persecutions, and no man stood by him, only says, "I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge!"

Verily, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold all things have become new. "Instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree, and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

True love is God's love in us, and therefore one with holiness, truth, and justice. When love is what may be called an unprincipled or unwise affection, it is shown in ways that are most hurtful to another's best interests, by indulgent yielding to their wishes, whether they are right or wrong, reasonable or unreasonable. This is not love but selfishness, it is the love of our own capricious likings and impulses, but not that holy self-sacrificing

affection which seeks above all things the good, and by this the happiness, of its object.

As "labourers together with God" we must seek to do good to others. We dare not look upon our brother as one belonging exclusively or dear to ourselves alone, but as one belonging to God his Creator, and dear to God his Father. We must ever keep before us the fact, that there is a work which God wishes to have accomplished in his soul, as well as in our own; and that our brother is given to us in order that we should be workers together with God in helping on that good work. And if so, this will very clearly teach us at least what we ought not to do to our brother. We should never, by word or by example, by silence or by speech, strengthen in his spirit the work of evil; for that is not God's work. When we flatter his vanity, feed his pride, shake his convictions of the truth, or when, in any way whatever, we lay stumbling-blocks in his path, or tempt him to evil, we are surely not workers together with God. In our conduct to our brother, let us ask ourselves, Is this how Christ would have acted to any one with whom He came in contact when on earth? Is this helping on His work now? When our brother's soul is thus dear to us, when, at all hazards, we seek first, and above all, his good, when our love is such that we are willing to have its existence suspected, and ourselves despised and rejected by him, even as our loving Lord was by His "own whom He loved," rather than that we should selfishly save ourselves, and lose our brother; then indeed we are labourers together with God, and possess the spirit

of Jesus! Little does the world understand the deep working of this kind of love, which, however imperfect it may be, burns in the heart of Christians only, because they only partake of that love which is possessed in perfection by Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us!

Let us remember that we are not to concern ourselves about another's good as if we were alone in our labours, our wishes and our sympathies, as if we really cared more than God does about the well-being of this relation or of that friend. Let our love flow out with all its force, and express itself with holiest longings and tenderest sympathies, yet infinitely above all this is the love of our God and their God! In our truest and holiest working let us be sure that we but work together with Him, the true and holy One, otherwise our labours could not be right, for they would not be in harmony with God's will, or such as He could commend or bless. How depressing, how deadening, to have any doubts as to the reality of the interest which our God and Saviour takes in the good of human souls! How must the dread thought silence the tongue, wither the heart, and paralyse the hand, that however ardent the wish influencing us to be good ourselves, or to do good to others, God is indifferent to both and has no real interest in either. As if we had more love, more holiness, and more desire that the kingdom of righteousness should advance than the living and holy God! Nay, how is it possible to have any true love at all to human friends unless it is first kindled by

Him, and is in sympathy with Him, who loved His neighbour as Himself!

While in Jesus we have a response to our cravings for sympathy a most deeply important question suggests itself. To what in us does Christ respond? or with what will He sympathise? Now it is evident that He can only respond to what He Himself has experienced, and that He can only respond to that with which He can have a fellow-feeling; and if so there can be no response on His part to sin in any shape or form. Cherish what is not the mind of the Spirit, and go to Jesus with it, and no smile will greet you, no look of approbation comfort you; you will find the stern coldness of the Judge, the awful look of holiness which He cast on Peter like a consuming fire. Jesus understands our natural state of sin; He is acquainted with it as a fact and knows all our ways, but He has no sympathy, strictly so called, with it. Nor would we have it otherwise. No one could wish that Jesus should have sympathy with sin. Yet it is a very solemn thought for us, that there should be a portion of our being excluded from His sympathy, a portion which He could not look upon with any other feeling than abhorrence, which is under His righteous condemnation, and that His sympathy begins only where God's Spirit begins, and is coexistent with what is according to the mind and will of God in us.

There is a difference between the sympathy of Christ, and the sympathy of our fellow-men who have not His

spirit. Human sympathy can be found for our sins. The very points in our nature which are morally weak, most offensive to God, and which may be the very ruin of our souls, for these we can easily find sympathy. Nay, in how many cases is it the rule of society and of good breeding to sympathise by looks, and words, and smiles, and silence, and indirect compliment with the evil that is in us, with the pride, the vanity, the bad temper, the meanness, the selfishness, the idleness, the greed and covetousness, the unbelief and infidelity — which are grieving the Spirit of God. The most popular, the most pleasing, the most fascinating person may be the one who takes most care not to waken any suspicion in our breasts of the evil that is there; who most carefully watches every opportunity to say or do something which will flatter that evil in us; who makes the flattery of our poor unchanged, miserable corrupt nature, alienated from the life of God, their very claim upon our friendship and admiration! It is dreadful to see the unloving and selfish bonds which thus unite man to man! how untrue, how unreal, because how unholy, and unloving, and soul-destroying such sympathy is!

And yet it is this for which we ourselves have such a natural craving, it is this which we are so disposed to give, which we have given, or have tried to give, a hundred times, and still give every day. We injure and are injured, what do we care if we please, and are pleased! "Let each man please his neighbour," says Paul; but he adds, "for his good to edification. For Christ even pleased not Himself!" How different is His from all other human sympathy! And yet, in our wretched vanity and contemptible moral weakness we associate more kindness

with the friend who flatters our sins, and chimes in with our follies, and would extenuate or deny our faults, or who, from the mere selfish love of pleasing, will deal falsely with us, than with him who from the sympathy of true love will never rejoice in our evil, and never please us but for our good—who has a love that hates our sin, but so loves us that it will die a death of agony to deliver us from it. How difficult for our selfish, unloving hearts to understand and appreciate such sympathy as that of Jesus!

God Almighty, imbue us all with Thy charity! The longer I live the less do I desire to judge any man. There is no one but God can decide as to any man's character. This is the product of so many causes—temperament, the society into which he has been cast; intellectual capacity, the teaching he has received, whether from the books he has read, the clergy—perhaps bigots, ignorant men, superstitious dogmatists, mere talkers—he has heard, and a thousand circumstances—that we dare not condemn the man, though from the light God has given us we may say, "To me this is right or wrong." Many a so-called "infidel" is nearer the kingdom of God than many an "orthodox" minister. Many an unbeliever is a protest against those who in honest ignorance have, in the name of God, spoken what is untrue. What we all need is a child-like spirit to trust God, to hear God, to believe that there is a God who loves us, who desires our individual well-being, who can and will teach us, and lead us into all essential truth, such truth as will make us His children in teachableness and obedience.

A man's charity to those who differ from him upon great and important questions will be in the ratio of his own knowledge of them; the more knowledge, the more charity.

I cry to God daily for humility to love all, and to feel that I am saved as a sinner who, as such, must have disgusted the angels. Our pride is devilish, and when I know how much better many of those who repel me are than I am, or ever have been, I am ashamed of my pride, and that I cannot clasp them to my heart. I should despair, unless I believed that Jesus Christ can and will deliver me, and give me to enjoy the unspeakable heaven of being a humble, meek child without my knowing it, but simply being it, loving it, so that by the supernatural I may become natural, for sin in every form is so unnatural.

In all our judgments and criticisms of people, we should ever see them in their true relationships to us. The world has one set of rules, the Church another. Distinguish between gifts and endowments, and the use which is made of them. See things in their spiritual rather than their earthly relationships. I do not say that one can entirely forget the latter, or that when combined with the former (I mean the gift with the grace) they do not make God's creature much more beautiful; but accustoming ourselves to these thoughts, our judgments and mode of thinking and speaking about people will every day be modified and brought by degrees into greater harmony

with God's judgments. I have had sore struggles with this; but intercourse with the good, especially among the working classes, has gradually moulded my feelings.

Why should we be so unjust as to stereotype human character, as if it could not be changed or improved? Why should we in our own vanity and pride assume that though *we* can become better, other people must always remain the same? There is One to whom all souls are dear, whose love, in its patience, is incomprehensible, and who can soften and subdue the old as well as the young, and refresh with His dew the aged thorn as well as the blade of grass.

It is neither gracious nor comforting to scrutinise too narrowly the motives which influence human nature in its mixture of good and evil, its weakness and strength. We know that we cannot stand such microscopic examination ourselves, and ought not therefore to apply it too closely to others.

Why is it so difficult sometimes to forgive another an injury done to ourselves? Is it not often our self-conceit and wretched vanity? Men are disposed to smile at vanity, and no doubt its weaknesses and infirmities have often a more ludicrous than serious aspect; but when we consider what evil it produces, what unhappiness it causes, what divisions it occasions, and also how prone we are to it, and how it breaks out more or less in us all, we should

rather pray to God to give us a due sense of its importance, and to help us so that when it exists in us it shall never hinder us from knowing how vain we are. We should watch against its workings towards our brother, and utterly detest the injustice it does, the cruelty which like a sharp thorn it inflicts, and the hatred, envy, and strife which it occasions.

A vain man delights in remembering a fault done towards him, whether real or, as is generally the case, imaginary. He locks it up in his heart, and keeps its memory fresh. To restore the brother who committed it would therefore deprive him of the selfish gratification of being a supposed martyr, and deprive him of the gratification of pitying himself, sympathising with himself, and contrasting himself advantageously with his erring brother. Feuds and misunderstandings are therefore his daily bread. All feel a sense of insecurity in his friendship. They know that a mysterious trifle may turn his sunshine into gloom, his friendship into suspicion, dislike, or even hate. He is of all men the most difficult to manage, as the phrase is, and generally gives much more trouble as a member of society than his society is worth.

It is thinking ourselves something when we are nothing, it is this deceiving of ourselves, which hinders us from feeling rightly towards a brother who injures us. Selfishness inspires hate because of the supposed evil done ourselves, while love inspires only sorrow for the evil done to our brother by himself. Remember your responsibility to Jesus Christ for acting, or at best for resolving to act, and trying to act, towards your brethren who may be

overtaken by a fault in this spirit of love, which is one with justice, mercy, truth.

Trust men as you would be trusted. If you think your brother has injured you, tell him so frankly. It is the greatest kindness you can do yourself. For if you have any Christian love, you will be thankful to be delivered from your misconception, and enabled to help your brother from the evil if it is real. It is also the greatest kindness to him. It gives him a chance to explain or to confess his sin, and so to get quit of it. But as you look for mercy at the throne of God, beware how you think of your brother, and deal towards him. Pray God for grace not to seek your revenge but his good; not to gain a miserable triumph over him, but first a triumph over yourself, and thus to help him to obtain a triumph over himself. Meditate on the prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses *as* we forgive them that trespass against us," and on the command, "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses." Remember that Jesus Christ will judge you both.

And how shall all this be done? The dead cannot move by an act of will. He must be made alive. To do anything right, the man himself must be right. We must truly love our brother. This cannot be done by any rules. We must live more truly, more earnestly towards the Lord Jesus Christ; for just as we love Him, we shall love our brother, and such love will become a holy intuition that will ever prompt us to feel and act aright. It is vain to try and imitate life.

The spirit in which we look at sin in another is a test of what sin is to ourselves, and therefore a test of the reality of our Christianity.

Suffering is the shadow which must ever accompany the light of love so long as there is any evil. This is the law of love in heaven and earth. But along with this, and inseparable from it, is another truth, that such suffering is one of the highest kinds of joy. Nothing is so ennobling, nothing is so dignified as such suffering and joy. And the depth of the suffering from love to the beloved object augments in proportion the height of the joy. Suppose there was a man who owed you a grudge, who would rejoice at your fall, who hated you, who did you wrong, who lied against you, who was a traitor, how would you act? Would you hate him in return? That is quite natural, quite easy. Do it then, and go to God with it, and see if you can be at peace. Or you will not hate him? You will struggle, and neither do nor say anything against him, but be indifferent. Go to God in this spirit. Have you peace?

Were it possible for you to resolve truly to treat this man as a friend, could a mighty love spring up, that could carry his burden, pray, labour, and make it the aim of your life to love him, and should he yet persist in his hate, what effect would this have on you? There would be bitter, deepest suffering. But joy! ay, joy raising you to the throne of God.

The best men hate sin most, and realise most deeply

the condition of the sinner, yet pity him most, and are most disposed to restore him to God, and to himself in the spirit of meekness.

God forgive us, who so much need the spirit of gentleness. We are all conscious of tendencies which are very different. How often one hears a story repeated to another's disadvantage with a running commentary of unloving remarks. No great fault may have been committed—there may have been some small neglect, some oversight, or perhaps some act of selfishness or injustice, or even perhaps some more flagrant act or sin. But the informant neither expresses nor seems to feel any regret for the discovery. "I caught him doing it," you hear him say, "a man in his position! A man with his reputation! He did it! Now what do you think of that?"

What do I think of it? you ask. Ah! what do you think of it, my brother? Have you tried in the meanwhile to restore the erring one in the spirit of meekness? Have you remembered that there is a final tribunal before which all must stand; that there is a final judgment to be passed, but not by us; and that restoration, not judgment is our duty?

The rule to which there is no exception is that we should restore our brother when he is overtaken in a fault; we may exclude him for a time from our society, but before God that must be intended for his restoration. You say you will not speak to him—let it be in order to restore him. You say, perhaps, it was his own fault, that he was often warned, that it was altogether a bad business, that it was, in short, disgraceful. Be it so, but restore him. You say you cannot, but you can try.

Have we not all been guilty and failed to make any effort of the kind? I am sure I have. But the blessed Saviour who bids us restore others, restores us in this too, and I hope that you and I will try to do better in the time to come.

By what subtle forms of evil may a man be assailed when in some night of battle and confusion he has been overcome, when in some combat, he, from over-confidence, has forgot his armour and has fallen. There he lies—yes—and he is covered with mud and with wounds and bruises; and miserable wretches, whom even devils might despise for their cowardice, lift up their cry against a David fallen, or against Peter who has denied his Lord, or against this or that man who has grievously sinned, and has been overthrown, as if the whole man was there, as if this were the rule and not the exception—as if there was no rising up again! Yet the wounded man rises, though he leaves a tear mingled with every drop of blood, he rises as though crushed by a millstone from his conscience—he rises perhaps to fall again—yet he is on his knees, on his face, on the ground, bathed in bitter tears of penitence. And One is beside him, who of Himself knows what the battle is to a true soldier, and He dries his tears, and speaks words of comfort, and says, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world!" That man rises, and whether he may fall again and again, I know not. Pity him if he does; but sure am I that the devil hates him, *because* he is so brave and true; and sure am I that he will become more and more careful, watchful, and revenge himself, by acts of nobler courage,

deeper humility, and profounder love, until he is more than conqueror; and the heart, often torn and broken by shame and sorrow, yet withal too true and too brave ever to become the devil's slave, finds its eternal rest and satisfaction in the bosom of the Son of man.

RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.

In the New Testament the portraits of two men are given, possessing very different types of character. The name of the one we do not know—it has perished; but wherever he lived, or whoever he was, he was once well known. Tradesmen, no doubt, found it profitable to have him as a customer, and were proud of being able to announce the fact to others. Those who were ambitious to be "in good society" were glad, no doubt, of his acquaintance, and gratified by a friendly greeting when they met. Young men rose greatly in their own estimation when they could tell their acquaintances that they visited him, and were received as guests at his table; and they descanted on all they saw in his splendid mansion—how perfectly everything was done, how delicious were the wines, how superb the plate, how choice the cooking, how numerous and well-trained the servants. And Dives himself! What refined manners he had, how generous and hospitable, what a thoroughly well-bred man of the world he was. To know him, and call him by some familiar name, and to be on easy terms with him, was a passport to the best society of the neighbourhood. If any person expressed the hope that one to whom God had been so generous, and whom He had so richly endowed, was acquainted with His Maker, and thought of duty, and realised his responsibility for all this rank, and

money, and influence, those pledged admirers of his excellences were no doubt ready to defend him against the insinuations of such "cant" and "hypocrisy." What right had any one to doubt that Dives was as good as he need be, and as sure of heaven? Could they point to any dishonourable action he had ever done? No. Did he not acquire his property fairly? Yes. Was there any sin in being rich? None.

What "priest" or "Pharisee" would not partake of his cheer, and drink his wine? Very true. And if the man chose to wear costly robes of Tyrian dye, and fine linen of Egypt, and to fare sumptuously every day, what was wrong in all this? As for prayers or preachings, Sabbath synagogues or temple services, these were between a man's own conscience and God. It might be that he gave no money to help on objects of benevolence —or "had too many other things to do with it"—or "wished people would attend to their own business and leave him alone"—but who could blame him for doing with his own as he pleased? "Dives," so his defenders might always have alleged, was neither greedy nor rapacious, but a kind-hearted gentlemanly man, who thoroughly enjoyed himself, that was all! Yes, that indeed was all!

Near the home of Dives, and close beside his outer gate, was a man whose presence was a constant memorial of suffering humanity. His name, strange to say, is preserved—Lazarus. He was covered with sores—a shuddering sight. And these were exposed, for the man was a pauper, and no provision was made for him: he

being dependent on charity, and thus forced to reveal his pain by these mute signs of suffering. He sat at the rich man's gate, a broad gate, through which multitudes thronged; and many of those were able to give, and some did, no doubt, give of their abundance; while a few crumbs possibly fell to him from the rich man's table. But his kindest friends, after all, were the dogs, who licked his sores; for God's kindness is so inexhaustible, that He has some for the hearts of the very brutes, which is not driven out of them, as it sometimes is from out of the hearts of their masters. And Lazarus sat there day by day—silent and alone, amidst the thronging and the bustling of the gay and great—silent and alone, with the revelry heard in the great mansion—silent and alone at night, with stars overhead, and no boon companions with him, but the dogs only.

No one was ambitious of having Lazarus as an acquaintance. Living or dying, what was he worth? How men would have smiled to have quoted his opinion of things, or talked of consulting his feelings or likings! Dives was somebody, but Lazarus? Who was he? A beggar! Yes, but something more than a beggar! "Behold now are we the sons of God! It doth not yet appear what we shall be." And, because "it did not appear" to the eye of sense, few, if any, perceived that Lazarus was a son of God, and an heir of heaven, that beneath the rags were royal vestments, and that he had a treasure that waxed not old, eternal in the heavens; that possessing nothing, he had all things; and that, not dogs, but angels ministered to him! For Lazarus knew God, of whom Dives was ignorant, and he trusted that God, amidst his poverty, whom Dives, amidst his riches,

lived without. Dives worshipped self, Lazarus worshipped God.

Dives died. Doubtless the death of the rich man was a much more memorable affair than that of the beggar. The rich man had heard of a future state of suffering or of happiness; but did he ever think it possible—if he ever dared to think at all—that God would recognise him as a "faithful servant"? Sickness comes, and self-denial is forced upon him. How sad to be prevented from going to that party, or from receiving this company; to be obliged to be confined to his house, and to his couch; to feel the pain and the weakness increase; to have first the suspicion, then the certainty, that out of this house he must go, to leave his purple and fine linen for the sepulchre, and his sumptuous feasts for the worms, and to go off on a long, long journey. Oh whither? And he has no true friend to warn him, for he has selfishly surrounded himself for years with those who were selfish like himself, and who therefore would only take care that they should make themselves agreeable to the last. And whatever they might say behind his back —whatever hard and unfeeling things—yet before himself they would try to be all that was pleasing, and to help him, forsooth, to be cheerful, and to banish gloomy thoughts of death, or of God, or a future state, and "all that sort of thing," and to encourage him rather to listen to the gossip of the day, and the politics of the government, or the scandal of the town, or the state of trade; until, by-and-by, what with weakness and pain, and evident approaches of decay, it was no longer pleasing

to them to have anything to do with him or with such suffering. But at last there is a hurrying to and fro, and the physician is hastily sent for, for Dives is dying fast; and then the mansion is silent, for he is lying there dead and senseless, as a sculptured stone. And no man in the house knows now what has become of him, if any one asks himself the question. He has five brothers who are very much like himself, and they see the body and say, "This is our brother," and they talk low and softly, as if he heard them. They speak of the evil things, which he did not, and of the kind things which he did; and remember how well and cheerful he was on such a day, but a few weeks ago; and what he said to them the last time they met; or how long he had been drooping, or how rapidly he sunk; or how well or strangely he had left his affairs. And those same affairs give rise to a world of talk in the neighbourhood; and Dives, his house, furniture, money, and five brothers, and the grand funeral, and the noble sepulchre, are the staple of the conversation of the hour. But Dives, the living man—oh! miserable—where is he? What cares he for this babble now?

Lazarus is gone! He died, perhaps, where he had sat—the dogs licking his silent face. Or he died in some house, God looking on, angels ministering, but the world caring not. His door, perhaps, was longer shut in the morning than usual, and curiosity being excited, the house was entered, and the old beggar found dead. His body was got rid of some way or other, and no one thought more about him, unless, perhaps, the new beggar did so who occupied his seat at the gate of the rich

man's successor, and was glad of the preferment from a less profitable post. And the world moved on. But while the streets of the town were busy as ever, and men bought and sold, and made gain, as in the world before the flood; and brothers and sisters and friends met, and talked about the dead—what a strange scene is taking place beyond the grave!

What words of ours dare fill up the picture given by our Lord! "And it came to pass, the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame. But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented."

Jesus teaches that a man like Dives is lost; for it is his character which is most dwelt upon here, and which is presented to us as a warning. He is lost, and his misery is represented as being very great. Now, why was he lost? what was it which destroyed his soul? what had he—what did he—which, in Christ's judgment, was so wicked that He selects him as a type of one most surely doomed to perdition? It needs no reflection to notice that he is charged with nothing of what the world calls criminal, such as theft, adultery, dishonour, murder,

or the like. This alone is remarkable. Nay, he is represented in his lost condition to have had some interest in his godless brothers left behind. Nor do any of you believe that his crime was being rich. We are not likely in these days to reach that measure of infidelity in the Mammon god! Riches comprehend God's best earthly gifts. The man is not even described as one who spent his substance in riotous living. For aught that is said of him, there was nothing to offend the most delicate taste in his house—nothing to obtrude itself offensively upon any good man even who might chance to visit it. He is described merely as a rich man clothed in purple and fine linen, who fared sumptuously every day. Outwardly, that was all; but inwardly, what was his character?

What was his character? He lived to himself, without God! His life is summed up in that terrible memento: "Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things." There were things which he desired and recognised as his good things, and he got them. He demanded from his father his portion of goods, and he got his portion, all he wished for. He wished health, and he got it. He wished wealth, and he got it. He wished the purple and the linen, and Tyre and Egypt were at his service. He wished the splendid banquet, and earth, sea, and air furnished it; birds and beasts and fish were seized, deprived of life and enjoyment, and laid before him. He wished guests to gather round him to help him the better to enjoy self, and flatter self, and sympathise with self, and praise self, so that in their every smile, and obeisance, and expressions of delight, he should see self reflected—and troops of guests arrived on the appointed day! He desired sleep, and sleep came;

a soft couch, and it was spread for him; an easy day of luxurious repose, and the servants hushed the house in silence, and no one disturbed him with the noise and toil of the weary world. "Son, remember! Go back to thy childhood, and follow up thy history from its earliest until its latest hour. Behold the scroll unfold itself, before memory and conscience, of all the past—read it—examine it—hast thou not got all thy good things? Verily thou hast had *thy* reward!"

Yes, *his* good things! But among the good things longed for, prayed for, laboured for, there was no such good thing as likeness to God, or meetness for eternity, or perfection in love, or deepening in humility, or outgoing of a large-heartedness to mankind, or living for others. So these he never got, for these he never wished. He desired no things but such as earth and time could furnish, and these earth and time gave! But one thing was quite forgotten and quite despised. Oh! horror of horrors! Oh! life of vanity and a lie! God was not in all his thoughts! The living God was not known, nor loved, nor cared for, nor sought for. The very thought of God, Maker, Preserver, Governor, Father, was banished as not being in harmony with the life he was living and enjoying! Dives was an ungodly man; and it mattered not what he worshipped, whether it was a god of the lowest lust, or most refined pleasure, if he did not serve and worship, as his supreme good, the only living and true God! Dives was a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God. He loved the world and the things of the world more than the Father! And thus, we perceive, Dives does not necessarily represent men very rich or very poor, but all men who, whether rich or poor, are

"not rich towards God"—all men who think "their life consisteth in the abundance of the things they possess," whether they really have this abundance, or wish to have it, or are half-mad because they have lost it, or curse God or forsake Him because they cannot have it. He represents a class, and therefore it is well for us to look at him steadily and inspect him very closely, and see if we are following him or not.

"THE WORLD"—ASCETIC VIEWS OF LIFE.

A practical difficulty is felt by some on the subject of the right enjoyment of life, which may be thus expressed: "I believe a religious man, or, if you choose to call him, a saint, is the happiest man, because he thinks, and I will admit, on good grounds, that he has gained the next world; but the difficulty is to discover how by any possibility I can make the claims of Bible Christianity harmonise with the imperative claims of the world in which God has put me, and in which I must live. I am told to be 'dead to the world,' to be 'crucified to the world,' to 'hate the world,' and that unless I am all this, I am no Christian! Yet you tell me I am not to be a monk, that I must live in the world, that religion is not to be sad and gloomy, that it is true enjoyment of life, and so on. Well, I cannot reconcile these things, nor understand them. I cannot, in one word, reconcile what we must be in order to enter heaven, with what we cannot help being if we are to live upon earth." I think I quite understand your meaning. What young man has not paused at the same point—wondered—and hesitated, and did nothing except what he has been doing all his life? Religion seemed so unreasonable, so exacting, so unnatural and contradictory to man's whole being. Now the true answers to these questions may be found by dwelling a little upon the meaning of this term

world, at which so many stumble, and upon what is implied in *hating* the world, and being *crucified* to the world, and so on.

The *world* is by some recognised as a term descriptive of matter as opposed to spirit, or of the body as distinct from the mind. Hence, to separate one's self as much as possible from the outward world, palpable to the senses; to be veiled from its light, and jealous of its manifold glories; or to give pain to the material body, to subject it to mortification and every species of self-inflicted torture, is considered to be "hating the world," and "crucifying the flesh," according to the revealed will of God. Others, again, class under the term "world" whatever persons, things, or occupations do not belong to "the Church"—meaning by the Church its office-bearers, public services, sacraments, councils, missions, or whatever pertains to the clergy. Thus the magistrate on the bench belongs to "the world," but not the minister in the pulpit or the bishop on his throne; and we presume also the good Samaritan belonged to the world, but not the priest who passed by on the other side! And, not to dwell longer upon false views of the term "world," I may add that many good but very narrow people, though calling themselves Protestants, have ideas of the world essentially the same as those which they condemn when expressed in a Popish form; for they speak as if they believed that to reject whatever is agreeable and to refuse pleasure through the senses or from the beautiful, whether seen in the face of nature or of woman, is necessarily being crucified to the world—thus giving the very impression which I wish to remove, that self-denial is making one's self miserable in this world in order to make sure

of happiness in the next. Now, I have no wish to make unhallowed compromises with sin—to call darkness light, or to seek to reconcile God to the evil world, instead of seeking to reconcile the evil world to God. But I must protest against all such views as being contrary to God's will, whether revealed in nature or in the Bible.

What is meant by "*the world*," which God tells us we are *not* to love, but to be dead to? We have a sufficiently clear and explicit definition of it in the second chapter of the First Epistle of St. John, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is *not of the Father*, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but *he that doeth the will of God* abideth for ever." You will perceive from these words that whatever is not of the Father—whatever is not according to His will—is *of the world.* Now, if you apply this simple test to any object, act, or enjoyment, and ask such questions as these: "Is this of the Father? Has He supplied it? Does He permit us to use it in this form?" and if you know assuredly that in thus acting or enjoying you are doing so according to the will of the Father, then you are not "loving the world or the things of the world," but those things only which are freely given us of God.

The world of nature, for example, with all its glory and beauty, with all that intense, and, to many, passionate enjoyment which it affords, does not belong to that world which we are not to love. This is God's own

world! His hand has raised these mighty mountains, has fashioned these green valleys, has clothed it with grass, and coloured it with flowers, has filled its air with perfume and its forests with song, has flooded its unseen depths with the mysterious sea, and spread the canopy and sky overhead with its lustrous sun by day, its moon and jewelled stars by night—preserving all in order and beauty as at creation's dawn! To be dead and crucified to this world is to be dead to the God who made it, and blind to His glory revealed in it!

Nor by "the world" are we to understand the *world of art* created by the magic power of genius, which ravishes the ear with sweet melodies and grand harmonies, or entrances the eyes with the beauty of form and colour. For as Nature has been well defined "the art of God," so He who is Himself the great artist has filled every corner of His world with works of art innumerable, unapproachable in their perfection, that He might give pleasure to His children; and as He has given us, who are created after His own image, the power of imitating Him, He is surely not unwilling that in this we should be "fellow labourers" with Himself. True art is holy, and is not of the world, but of the Father!

Nor by "the world" is meant the *world of social life*, made up of these delightful links which unite man with man—that world of tender sympathies, holy brotherhoods, sweet friendships, hearty loves—the world which is in our genial meetings, which shines around us in kind looks, kind words, and tender greetings; and, from the centre of our deepest affections, sweeps in a vast circumference that includes within it all to whom we can be united by the ties of affection;—this world is the grandest

which is "of the Father!" It was in this social world our brother Jesus lived and moved, opening His heart, with all its human sensibilities, to its influences, Himself its very light and life, and blessing it with His presence and sympathy, whether He lived in His own home at Nazareth, journeyed with His kinsfolk to Jerusalem, or was a guest at the marriage supper at Cana, or with Martha, Mary, and Lazarus at Bethany. This world, too, is surely of the Father.

The world which we must *not* love, contains within it no arrangement, no work, no enjoyment, appointed or ordained by God. For whatever is of God may be received from Him, enjoyed in Him, and returned to Him. But all that is of the world to which we are to die, and which we are to hate, embraces whatever is opposed to the will of God. It is not the beauty of the eye, but its lusts or evil desires; it is not the enjoyment of life, but its pride and folly; it is not even pleasure of the senses, but unlawful pleasure, it is not eating and drinking, for these are of the Father, but gluttony and drunkenness; it is not marrying or giving in marriage, but sensuality and uncleanness; it is not amusement, but amusement that fills the heart to the exclusion of supreme love to God, or the neglect of the duties of life; it is not buying and selling, planting or building, the world of politics or business, the labour of the artisan in his peaceful workshop, or of the soldier on the field of battle; for all are of the Father, conditions imposed by Himself on our present existence. It is not these, nor any passion, power, or faculty, or anything else which God has created or ordained; but it is, as I have said, the abuse or perversion of these, or the

using them in a way or for a purpose inconsistent with the purpose of God in giving them. And thus a man seeking to avail himself of any of God's gifts may, instead of doing so according to the mind of the Giver, turn them to the service of self without God, and to minister to his vanity, idleness, greed, ambition, or animal passions, in a lawless, godless manner. The sin that dwelleth in us, like poison, may mingle with and saturate every drop of pure water given by our Father, making that deadly which was intended to refresh. And so we see how "the world" which we are to hate is chiefly in ourselves; and that our own hearts, at all events until they love God, will turn all things, by some devil's alchemy, into evil, and convert the world which is of the Father, into the world which passeth away with the lust thereof! Now, God tells us that this kind of world, this system of evil, this way of acting or of enjoying contrary to His own wise and loving arrangements, we must hate, and have nothing to do with it. But you may do everything else you please, and enjoy all you please! Short of doing what God forbids, you may do everything. Short of enjoying what God condemns, you may enjoy everything. Is this unreasonable? Does not your conscience approve of it? Must it not be so unless the world is utter confusion, without a law or a lawgiver? Or do you for one moment imagine that God is a hard master, that He grudges to make you happy, that His is an iron sceptre, and severe bondage, that enjoyment in His kingdom is the rare exception, not the rule, and that by demanding from Him the portion of your goods, and leaving Him for a far country, where you can cast off every sense of responsibility, and do

whatever you please, you thereby become a free man, and shall find in yourself a wiser and better master, and enter upon a world of richer and more varied pleasure? Can imagination picture more wicked thoughts of God? What ruin is here of all confidence in His love and wisdom, and what faith in the devil's lie of unbelief! I beseech you, for your souls' sake, for God's sake, believe it not, for it is essential atheism, or devil-worship. As sure as there is a God, He loves us and has made us for joy! Believe that "He opens His hand liberally" to supply all our wants, and "gives us richly all things to enjoy." Believe that there is nothing in the wide universe which He denies us but what He would deny the highest angel or His own Son, if in our place, *because it is wrong*, and what we would deny ourselves if we had the love to ourselves which He has, and could guide ourselves with the wisdom by which He would guide us. No other limit does He prescribe to our enjoyment but what is essential to our true and permanent happiness.

Resolve only to be subject to God's authority; to sympathise with His revealed purposes; to accede to His plans; to acquiesce in His orderly and beautiful arrangements; to enjoy in *His* way, and according to *His* laws; in one word, be "a saint," and "all things are yours, whether things present or to come." But lose faith in Him—let the insane cry be heard, "Every man for himself!"—go through the world robbing it of all that is fair and beautiful, appropriate all to self—nay, do so for a time, and be assured that such a moral bandit must in the end be put down! In the meantime you lose the joy which you vainly seek, and suffer the pain you would fain avoid; and this, too, by no arbitrary arrangement,

but by the eternal law, that he who sows to the flesh must reap corruption: "The world passeth away, and the lust thereof, but he who does the will of God abides for ever!"

How beautiful is everything here! It is a very world of music and of painting. In the melody of the birds, in the form and beauty of the landscape, in the colouring of the flower and dressing of the trees, there seems a vindication of the pursuit of the fine arts. They are God-like; but how demon-like when the artist recognises them no longer as the "Art of God," but as the art of Satan for satisfying the soul without God; then Eden is Eden no longer—we are banished from its tree of life.

How many things are in the world yet not of it! The material world itself, with all its scenes of grandeur and beauty, with all its gay adornments of tree and flower, and light and shade; with all its accompanying glory of blue sky and fleecy cloud, or midnight splendour of moon and stars; all are of the Father. And so, too, is all that inner world, when, like the outer, it moves according to His will, of loyal friendship, loving brotherhood, and the heavenly and blessed charities of home, and all the real light and joy that dwell, as a very symbol of His own presence, in the Holy of Holies of a renewed spirit. In one word, all that is true and lovely and of good report; all that is one with His will, is of the Father and not of the world. Let the world, then, pass away with the lust thereof! It is the passing away of death and darkness —of all that is enmity to God and man. All that is of the Father shall remain for ever.

The tendency of ultra-Calvinism (if not its necessary result) is to fill the mind with dark views of the Divine character; to represent Him as grudging to make men happy; or exacting from Christ stripe for stripe that the sinner deserved. Hence a Calvinistic fanatic has the same scowling, dark, unloving soul as a Franciscan or Dominican fanatic who whips himself daily to please Deity. They will not enjoy life; they will not laugh without atoning for the sin by a groan; they will not indulge in much hope or joy; they more easily and readily entertain doctrines which go to prove how many may be damned than how many may be saved; because all this seems to suit their views of God's character, and to be more agreeable to Him than a cheerful, loving bearing.

What are called innocent enjoyments, with much which makes up and adds to the happiness of life—poetry, painting, smiles and laughter, the sallies of playful wit, or the delightful emotions—half smiles, half tears—created by humour, the family fun in summer evenings in the open air—all that kind of life which we enjoy and remember with such enjoyment (albeit mingled with sadness, not for what it was, but because it is not)—why is this not associated in our minds with saintship and holiness? Is it because those who are not holy possess it all? Yet this would only prove the liberality of God, and not the sinfulness of man—nor any inconsistency in saints partaking of it. Is it that such happiness is sin? This cannot be. It would be a libel on all our instincts and feelings, and the whole round of life as appointed by God. Is it that we have formed

wrong ideas of saintship, and created, as in mediæval art, such notions as would make saintship impossible, or utterly outré and grotesque in the exchange, or behind the counter, or on a railway board, or committee of Parliament? Yet it is in such places that we need saints most. Or is it that we make such men as the Apostles examples of what all men should be, and thence conclude that if so, the life I have alluded to must be wrong, earthly, and unworthy of men, as it could not be theirs? But, again, I look at the flowers Christ has made, and listen to His singing birds, whose bills, and throats, and instincts He has made, and con over all the gay and beautiful "trifles" He has made as the maker of the world, and which He called very good, and in which He has pleasure, and the "methodistical" view of life does not hold. And may not a life in harmony with this, in which the small flowers, and the singing birds, and the perfumes, and the lights, and sparkling waves, will hold their own with the great mountains and the mighty oceans, and intellectual and moral harmonies among God's great beings, be the normal state of things, and be reproduced in the new heavens and the new earth? The sorrows and sadness of Christ, and of men like St. Paul, would thus be abnormal, conditioned by the evil of sin. They would be the sadness of a family, because of a death and burial, but which was not their natural condition. The world's greatest men, in God's sense, God's own elect ones, the kings and princes of humanity, are thus necessarily the greatest sufferers. It is given them to "suffer with Christ" as the highest honour, for it is the honour and glory of seeing things as they are in the true and eternal light which no mere man can see and live. But

such men must die and be buried in the grave of sorrow, crucified by the world's sin.

Yet let this occasion of sorrow be taken away, and why might not a St. Paul be a child again, and chase butterflies, gather flowers, and shout with joy among the heather? It is a great gift to be able to be happy at all, and see, however dimly, into life and death. Those who imitate these holy men only in their sadness and sorrow, practise a vain guise, like a mask, and fancy the signs of grief or grief itself to be a virtue, and not a misfortune, and glorious only as a sign of an inner love—the light which casts the shadow. Those who seek happiness only for its own sake and call it innocent, and think it lawful without the eternal good, are vain as larks who would live only for singing, and silly as flowers who would see nothing in creation but their own colour, and perceive nothing but their own perfume.

A mountain once rebuked a rivulet for always foaming and making a noise. The rivulet replied that the ocean often did the same. "Yes," said the mountain, "but the ocean has its depths and calms; you have neither."

THE CHURCH—ITS UNITY AND PURPOSE.

The Church visible is to the Church invisible what the body is to the spirit—the medium of communication with the external world. As the body without the soul is dead, though it may look life-like, even so is the visible Church without the invisible. The Presbyterians, I think, legislated too transcendentally for the Church. We forget how much we are taught by visible things. We did not sufficiently value symbols. Popery makes the Church a body altogether. We forget too much that there is a visible Church; they forget that there is an invisible.

As for Church government, I always look on it as a question of dress, of clothes—or rather, of spectacles. What suits one eye won't suit another. What does it signify whether a man reads with the gold spectacles of Episcopacy, or with the silver ones of Presbytery, or with the pinchbeck ones of Independence, provided he does read, and reads better too with the one kind than the other, and does not blind himself with the goggles of Popery? Though I hate schism, yet I do think that different governments are ordered in the wisdom of God, who knoweth our frame and remembers we are dust, to suit the different conditions of man. One man is born with huge veneration like a ridge on his head, ideality like hillocks; another with neither of these bumps but in

their stead causality or reasoning like potatoes, firmness like Ailsa Craig; another with combativeness, self-esteem, and love of approbation, like hen-eggs. Is it not a blessing that there is for the one an old cathedral with stone knights and "casements pictured fair," and seats worn with successive generations and fine bald-headed prelate; and that another can get a Presbyterian Church that will stand firm against Erastus, Court of Session, kings, lords, and commons, and can hear long metaphysical sermons canvassing every system; and that the last can have his *say* in an Independent Church, and battle with minister and elder; while, in each, they can hear what will make them wise unto salvation? All are spectacles for different eyes; and why fight?—why force a man to see through your concave, or be forced to read through his convex? You will both read wrong, or not read at all.

I hate schism; it is a great sin to have a visible Church unless you feel that it is only a door to the invisible one.

The means of grace are a ladder to help us to the truth, but we may sit down on the steps of the ladder instead of ascending by them.

I have no sympathy with mere outward uniformity, and I do not see what object is to be served by it. If any man had landed in the Crimea, with a passion for uniformity, he might in the same way have wished to make all our soldiers artillery, or all cavalry, or infantry. But although that might have looked very well, we should never have taken Sebastopol. If some of our Dutch friends came

to our Highlands and saw the hills and crags which keep the rivers from flowing smoothly to the sea, they might wish they were able to mould our granite like Dutch clay, to make the rivers there as placid as those of their own beautiful country. They might wish to improve Loch Lomond by making it an exact circle, to give uniformity to our precipices, or to rob each promontory of its rugged outline. And yet, who that sees the spirit of beauty which pervades them would wish to banish all variety from the landscapes of our native land; who would wish to change the scene rather than the spirit of those who gaze upon it—the spirit by which alone we are able to realise its beauty. Nor should we forget that it is to elemental wars, and upheavals of the earth that all this beauty owes its birth. And so it is in the Church. Amidst all diversities there is but one spirit, the common spirit of love to Jesus Christ and one another; there is but one common action, an action against the world, the flesh, and the devil; there is but one obedience, neither to presbyter nor bishop, but to Jesus Christ, our common Lord and Master, and it is not the outward fashion we need wish to alter, but the inner spirit; so that we may see Jesus Christ, and see Him above all. And this inner spirit is deepened and intensified by collisions in the moral world similar to those which have taken place in the physical world. By captivities, by dispersions, by overturnings, and persecutions, our hold upon this world is loosened, our earthly ambition is brought low. So it is by means of those very upheavings, that moral beauty has been produced in the Christian Church, which we would have lost if we had had our wish; if there had been no breaking up of our

ease, and if each were still saying to himself, peace, peace, when there was no peace.

I feel that we are yet far from having attained to the spirit of Christian love. I do not think any man would find it very difficult to expound the doctrine of Christian union from the Scriptures—that only requires exegesis; nor difficult to wish goodwill to our fellow Christians—that only needs common benevolence; nor to avoid persecution—that only requires common sense. But while it may be easy to use the usual aphorisms of love and brotherhood, and while we may be heartily sincere in doing so, it is not easy, and requires deeper teaching than man's teaching, so to mortify pride within us, and so to love our common Christianity above ourselves and above our denomination, that we may heartily rejoice in the good which others do in the common cause, even though they may have accomplished that in which we have failed.

I return thanks to the Church of Rome for all she has done in time past to advance the civilisation of this country and of the world. To her we owe learned universities, founded in times of deepest ignorance, many an august cathedral and beautiful parish church, erected in the midst of almost heathen darkness, many a safe and calm retreat provided by her in lawless times for the oppressed and the afflicted, and for the undisturbed pursuits of literature, of science, and of philosophy; and to her we owe also many a saintly man, who was a light and a life to savage chieftains, and to barbarous nations. I do not wish to forget the mercy of

God to us by means of the Church of Rome, through that mighty Spirit who worketh how, and when, and where He pleaseth. But I specially return my hearty thanks to Roman Catholics for the blessed Reformation—the last and crowning gift of all, without which soon every other would have perished. Let us not forget that to Roman Catholics themselves we owe the Reformation. It was no profane heathen, or old Jew, or infidel Turk, who opened the prison doors to the evangelists and set them free to revive and reform Europe, but it was the Roman Catholics—Huss, Jerome, Luther, Wickliffe, Melancthon, Zwingle, Calvin, and Knox. We thank God for these men, for their honesty, their courage, and their zeal. Unterrified by what to the eye of sense seemed the overwhelming opposition of princes and of prelates; undismayed by the prospect of what must have appeared to be insupportable suffering; undaunted by the anathemas of Trent, by the threats of excommunication, or of *auto-da-fés;* these men cast off the heavy and tyrannical yoke of Rome. In spite of the memories of ten centuries, and the fascination of a sensuous worship; in spite of the training and touching associations of early years, the painful breaking up of social ties; in spite of the almost omnipotent influence of all which they had hitherto known by the names of church and religion, these men yet dared to become free. In answer to every objection and difficulty, each of them could only reply, as Luther did, "God help me: I cannot do otherwise!"

And now, after three centuries, we are, I think, warranted in believing that the Reformation and its results shall never perish from the world. It cannot be

> "That this most famous stream, in bogs and sands
> Should perish; and to evil, and to good
> Be lost for ever."

Who believes that it can perish out of Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Prussia, above all, out of Britain, with her dependencies; or out of North America, from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific? Who can believe that Spain and Portugal now furnish the types of religious thought which shall prevail in the Europe of the future, that Tipperary shall be the teacher of Scotland and of England, and the Brazils and Mexico of the United States, and of British America!

We are taunted by the want of unity among Protestants. It is said that the results of the Reformation have been a failure. But what kind of unity is demanded or expected? Is it the unity of a living church, or a dead churchyard? The unity of life, with its necessary diversities of thought and action, or the unity of death—head to head and heel to heel? For what is a man but a dead person when he makes another person a substitute for his conscience, his reason, and his will? Which unity is desired? Is it the unity of a mighty multitude listening eagerly to music, each man differing from his neighbour in the degree of his musical taste and culture, in his estimate of the productions of the greatest musicians, while all yet hear and all enjoy the music? Or is it the unity of a similar multitude, without any difference of opinion among them, either about music or musicians; and this result gained by the sacrifice of hearing, the anarchy of difference destroyed by the placid reign of indifference, all errors in individual taste and judgment abandoned only because a priest's judgment has been

made the rule for all, while he himself glories in being deaf, and guided solely by the authority of his Church, or of a remote tradition? Which unity, then, do you demand? I think we can be at no loss to determine in what that unity consists which is alone worth striving after, worth living and worth dying for. It is the unity of life and character—the unity of love to Christ and our fellow-men through faith in Himself, the Head of all and Brother of all. It was for this unity alone Jesus prayed when He desired "that all might be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee." What can this mean but a unity of a common life? For the only real schism, in the Church or out of it, is the schism of our souls from our Maker, and therefore from one another, through the reign of self; and the only real healing of the breach is the restoration of our soul to God and one another through the reign of Christ, and the spirit of love in the heart. Now Protestantism protested against the system, whose tendency was to destroy the unity of spiritual life through faith in Christ, by substituting for it a fictitious outward unity.

The prayer of Christ was, "Father, glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify Thee. Keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given Me, that they all may be one; I in them and Thou in Me, and that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me, and hast loved them as Thou hast loved Me." The union which exists among Christians is therefore to be of the same kind as that which subsists between Christ and God.

It is to be a union which is calculated from its nature to convince the world that God has sent His Son to save sinners. There are many kinds of union among men which, however excellent or wonderful, may be set aside as obviously not fulfilling these conditions. There is but one kind of oneness which fulfils them, and that is *character*, and that character which is summed up in one word, Love — not love as a mere sentiment or weak emotion, but the same kind of love which is one with the most inflexible justice, unbending righteousness, and unchangeable truth. It is such love as God has to Christ, "the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them;" such love as the Son has to the Father, and such love as He manifested to His disciples that very evening when, conscious of His divine glory, and "knowing He was come from God, and went to God," He girded Himself with a towel and washed His disciples' feet. Hence the declaration, "The glory"—that is, of character—"which Thou gavest Me I have given them, that they, 'through its possession,' may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and Thou in Me." Such love as this, when in the soul of ordinary men, does not originate in their own hearts, however naturally benevolent or affectionate these may be. Our Lord in this prayer recognises it as inseparable from faith in His own teaching, and from personal conviction of the truth which they themselves were to preach; for they had received His words, and had "known surely that I came out from Thee, and they have believed that Thou didst send Me;" and so He prays, "sanctify them through Thy truth; Thy word is truth."

Now if we would divide as with a prism this pure light of love, we might discern it as being composed, as it were, of at least two colours, or features; first, love to God, expressed in the desire He should be known; secondly, love to man, expressed in self-sacrifice that all should share this true love. But these very features we discern as first existing in God the Father and in Christ the Son; for God desires, from the necessity of His nature, that He should be known, and that all His rational creatures should see the glory of His character, and in seeing it should live. God has also manifested His love, according to the law of love, by giving and by self-sacrifice, inasmuch as He "spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all." In like manner the Son desired that His Father might be known, and to accomplish this He became incarnate. He has manifested His love also in the form of self-sacrifice, in that His whole life and death were an offering up of Himself as a sacrifice unto God, and as an atonement for the sins of the world, in order that all men might be made partakers of His own eternal life in God. Hence, wherever true love exists in man, it will manifest itself in these two forms; it will ever desire that God may be known, and will never seek its own but sacrifice itself that this end may be attained. In such oneness of mind, spirit, character—in one word, love—there is realised the first condition of that oneness for which our Lord prayed.

Christ prayed that the world might see the unity of Christians. By the possession of a spirit of love this petition is fulfilled. For this is what the world can see. Blind as the world is, it has yet an eye capable of seeing and appreciating love if it can appreciate anything. Love in its highest form, as the highest attribute of the

soul towards God, and as seeking His glory, may at first be too high, too far off to be discerned by an eye so little accustomed to see divine light, but it may at once see what will ultimately unfold itself into the higher vision—love as revealed in self-sacrifice for man's good. The child of the statesman or the man of science, who could not understand the world's policy of the one or the scientific discoveries of the other, may yet discern the love beaming in the eye, in the smile, in the kisses and fond embrace of both, just as the child's eye may see the light that fills the universe. And so men, who may not have education or culture or intellect to perceive profound truths or a theological system, may fully take-in the love of a brother's heart, and the love in a brother's kindness.

TRUE CHRISTIANS THE BEST EVIDENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

"Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us" is the inarticulate cry of all prodigal children, dissatisfied with their husks of sin, or of the world, or of endless speculation. "You tell me," they cry in their doubt and despair, "you tell me as glad tidings of a means of escaping physical pain and agony of body in the next world which I can and may endure. This is no glad tidings, for I never for a moment dreaded the possibility of such a state of physical torment in the universe of God. You tell me of a deliverance found from the suffering which I acknowledge must be attached to sin; but what I want to know is, whether there is deliverance from sin itself? You tell me of a Father and a Saviour and salvation that were revealed in a distant past, and are to be revealed in a distant future. I ask, Is there a Father, a Saviour, and salvation for men now? And if you assure me that there is salvation, that the Saviour sent of God is a Saviour, then give me a proof that I can see of His power to save. I do not want mere theories of disease and its remedy, or mere assurance of infallible remedies. I wish to see a saved man, and since you preach all this, let me ask, art thou thyself saved?" Alas! if there is no answer to the cry; if the ambassador should contradict the message; alas! if he is a hater, while preaching love; if he

is known to be mean, greedy, selfish, when preaching generosity and self-sacrifice; if he is habitually bad-tempered, unforgiving, revengeful, when preaching Christ the long-suffering, forgiving Saviour; if his whole life is a witness to the fact that he never has been saved, that he never has therefore believed what he says he wishes others to believe, that he has never received the Spirit of God which he preaches to others!

It is a tremendous thought that Christ perils the chief evidence of Christianity, not only upon what we say, but still more upon what we are. We might be disposed to shrink from the responsibility, and to say that the truth of Christianity does not depend upon us, that it is to be proved by books, and by a careful weighing of evidence as to what took place eighteen centuries ago. We might further maintain that we leave these proofs to learned men, to careful readers, or to diligent students; that we ourselves are satisfied for several reasons that it is true; that it has been established by miracle and by prophecy; by the life and character of Christ; by its progress in the world in spite of every opposition; by its present influence on society; by its having been ever the pioneer and promoter of civilisation and of all that can bless and dignify and refine human life. We might assert that, though we are responsible for believing it ourselves, we are not in any way responsible for making others believe it, and that we leave that to ministers, or defenders of the faith.

But is this an adequate view of our position and duties as Christians? The prayer of our Lord teaches us other-

wise. It teaches us that He expects the world to believe from seeing the character of those who have already believed. It is as if He had said to us, "I leave you to impress the world, by all you are, and all you do, as My disciples and followers, with the conviction that you have a Saviour, and that He is the Saviour of all who, like you, will believe in His name." By you will the world learn the reality of the Christian life, and the power of Christian faith. In you as in a living book will men be able to read of a new life and of a living Saviour. In your light will men see true light, and be led to the source from whence it flows, and to glorify God by receiving it, and walking in it!

Now supposing men who were ignorant of what Christianity was, and were earnestly seeking to know what it was worth—what it could accomplish which no other form of thought or belief called religion could effect, and which no philosophy or no mere human power could produce—supposing that such men were sent, not to the New Testament merely to learn what Christ Himself was, what He wished, or what He promised, but to men and women now, to any of us, to learn what Christ could do now, what, on the supposition of His being alive, and the Head of the Church and of the world, He was now able to accomplish, would these men recognise us as faithful witnesses in public and private for the truth of Christianity? Would our lives, including our beliefs, our aims and objects, our general spirit and demeanour, tend to produce the conviction, such an one could not so be and do unless Jesus had come into the world; they could not so be and do, had their faith in Jesus been mere pretence or with no real object to rest upon. Would

this conviction be increased or lessened by their knowing more of our private life, and of our secret life of motive, of hope, of joy, of peace and love to God and man? Or might not an opposite conviction be produced of a life in very many respects far inferior to what belonged to men who were professed deists, or even, if such exist, atheists, or by very many educated heathen. Might not the conclusion be warranted, that so far from the life of this professing Christian being such as could not be accounted for without Christ, it, on the contrary, was difficult to account for, except on the supposition that all faith was lost in the teaching and authority of the Saviour? We must confess with shame and confusion of face that we have in innumerable cases both before God and man betrayed our Lord as shamefully as ever Peter did before the High Priest; that we have often practically said, "I know not the man;" that we have not been witnesses of His Resurrection by the evidence of a resurrection and life in ourselves. Alas! how easily could our lives be accounted for by a thousand causes arising out of our position in society or self-interest, our vanity, our ambition and the like, without the thought ever being suggested of the constraining power of a Saviour's love and the indwelling of a Saviour's Spirit.

Let us aim in our family, social, and public life, to rise above the low standard which we are all disposed to select whether in church or in exchange, in political or ecclesiastical life, and to endeavour to be so just and generous, so sincere and truthful, so pure and humble-minded, so forbearing, so contented and cheerful, so

possessed of godliness, brotherly kindness, and charity—in a word, so one in Christ, that the world will see Christianity to be not a mere religious system. Let us pray for His renewing us in the spirit of our minds, and beseech of Him to give us more of His glory of character, which we have so neglected and by our lives denied, that we may still be one in Him, and so one, that we shall yet be evidences of the glorious truth that God hath sent Him to be our Saviour, and not ours only, but the Saviour of the world, and that men, even the worst of men, in seeing what the power and riches of His all-sufficient grace have accomplished in us, may be persuaded to repose in Him who is mighty to save.

THE CHRISTIAN AS A MEMBER OF SOCIETY.

The mutual dependence of material things is perceived on a moment's reflection. Not one atom in creation, for example, exists by itself or for itself alone, but, directly or indirectly, influences or is influenced by every other atom. The movements of the tiniest wave which rises slowly over the pebble on the beach, marking the progress of the advancing tide in the inland bay, are determined by the majestic movements of the great ocean, with all its tides that sweep and circulate from pole to pole. The rain-drop which falls into the heart of the wild-flower, and rests there with its pure and sparkling diamond-lustre, owes its birth to the giant mountains of the old earth, to the great sea, to the all-encompassing atmosphere, to the mighty sun; and is thus, by a chain of force, united in its existence, its figure, its motion and its rest, to the most distant planet, which, beyond the ken of the telescope, whirls along its path on the mysterious outskirts of space. Then, too, the needle of the electric telegraph trembles beneath the influence of hidden powers which pervade the earth, which flash in the thunderstorm, awaken the hurricane, or burst in those bright and brilliant coruscations that shoot across the midnight of our northern sky. And so

> "The whole round earth is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

The unity which exists among intelligent and responsible PERSONS, their mutual dependence and relationship, is just as real as that which obtains among material THINGS, and is far more wonderful, more solemn and important in its nature, causes, and consequences. The human race is an organic whole. The individual man is more intimately united to every other man, and to all past and coming generations, than the leaf which flutters on the twig of a great tree is connected with the tree itself, and with every other leaf which swells its foliage, or with the seed that was ages ago planted in the soil, and from which the noble plant has issued. That organic unity of the Church, springing chiefly out of a common life, derived from Christ, and maintained by His indwelling Spirit, and which the Apostle Paul so fully illustrates by the union of the members of the human frame, holds equally true of the whole family of man. And what is true in this respect of the human race, is as true of all spiritual intelligence in the universe of God. "We are every one members one of another." We form a part of a mighty whole that finds its unity in God. Subtle links from within and from without in God's infinite network, bind us for good or evil, for weal or woe, to spirits of light and of darkness; to principalities and powers in other spheres and systems of being, from the lowest outcast in the unseen world of criminals, up to Gabriel before the throne of God; while over all, comprehending all, sustaining and harmonising all, is the great I AM—Father, Son, and Spirit.

Consider how, according to the arrangements of the

Divine government, man is linked to man from the mere necessities of his physical and social being. In this aspect of our life it is evident that its whole history is one of mutual dependence, and one in which we are compelled to receive and to give, to partake and to share. We enter upon life as weak, unconscious infants, depending every moment on other eyes to watch for us, and other hands to minister to us, while we kindle in their hearts the most powerful emotions, and unconsciously react upon them for joy or sorrow. But we are not less dependent on our fellow-creatures for our continuance in life from the cradle to the grave. There is not a thread of clothing that covers our bodies, not a luxury that is placed on our table, not an article which supplies the means of labour, not one thing which is required by us as civilised beings, but involves the labours and the sacrifices of others in our behalf; while by the same law we cannot choose but contribute to their well-being. The cotton which the artisan weaves or wears has been cultivated by brothers beneath a tropical sun, and at one time possibly beneath a tyrant's lash. The tea he drinks has been gathered for him by brothers on the unknown hill-sides of distant China or India. The oil that lights his lamp has been fetched for him out of the depths of the Arctic seas by his sailor brothers; and the coal that feeds his fire has been dug out by swarthy brethren who have been picking and heaving for him amidst the darkness and dangers of the mine. If the poorest mother writes a letter to her son in some distant spot in India, and puts it into the window-slit of a village post-office, without a word being spoken, how much is done for her before that letter reaches its

destination! The hands of unknown brethren will receive it, and transmit it; rapid trains will hurry it over leagues of railways; splendid steam-ships will sail with it, and hundreds of busy hands will pass it from port to port, from land to land. It is watched day and night, through calm and hurricane, and precious lives are risked to keep it in security, until in silence and in safety, after months of travel, it is delivered from the mother's hand into the hand of her child.

Whether we choose it or not, we are placed by God as "members one of another," so that we cannot, if we would, separate ourselves from our brother. For good or evil, prosperity or adversity, we are bound up with him in the bundle of this all-pervading and mysterious life. If one member suffers or rejoices, all are compelled in some degree to share his burden of joy or sorrow. Let disease, for example, break out in one district or kingdom, and like a fire it will rush onward, passing away from the original spot of outbreak, and involving families and cities far away in its desolating ruin. Let war arise in one portion of the globe, it smites another. The passion or the pride of some rude chief of a barbarous tribe in Africa or New Zealand, or the covetousness and selfish policy of some party in America, tell upon a poor widow in her lonely garret in the darkest corner of a great city; and she may there be deprived of her labour through the state of commerce, as really as if the hand of the foreigner directly took her only handful of meal out of the barrel, or extinguished the cruse of oil, leaving her in poverty and darkness to watch over her dying child.

Now all this system of dependence is, as we have said, beyond our will. We do not choose it, but we are compelled to accept it. It is a fact or power, like birth or death, with which we have to do in spite of us. No questions are asked by the Great King as to whether we will have it so or not; yet of what infinite importance to us for good or evil is this great law of God's government. We are thus made to feel that a will higher than ours reigns, and that by that supreme will we are so united to one another, that no man can live for himself or die for himself alone; that we *are* our brother's keeper, and he ours; that we cannot be indifferent to his social well-being without suffering in our own; that our selfishness, which would injure him, must return in some form to punish ourselves; and that such is the ordained constitution of humanity, that though love and a consistent selfishness start from different points, they necessarily lead to the same point, and make it our interest, as it is our duty, to love our neighbours as ourselves.

I call individualism the embodiment of all those theories which would throw back man upon himself, make himself the centre, and referring all things to that centre, measure all things from it. It sees no law, no rule, no end, no will beyond self. The grand text of Emerson "I am a man," is (in his sense of the phrase) its expression. What is society to me? What is Luther? What is the Church, or the Bible, or Christ, or God? "I am a man." This is *Selbstständigkeit* with a vengeance. A man refuses to recognise or worship the personal God, and ends by worshipping himself.

Self-destruction is the opposite of individualism, and expresses the essence of those systems by which the individual is annihilated. Popery is its ecclesiastical ideal, and despotism its civil. The Jesuit maxim, "Be in all things a dead man," is the opposite pole from Emerson. If the one system deifies man, the other annihilates him, though it must in justice be added, as a professed means of ultimately deifying him. Socialism seems to me to be the devil's *tertium quid.* It would seek to fill up the longings in man after union in something higher or something beyond himself, and at the same time afford him the fullest out-going for his individualism. It is society sacrificed to the individual. Romanism would have the individual sacrificed to her society called the Church. These two poles are always producing each other. It is no wonder that the ecclesiastical and the civil systems which would destroy the individual should produce the reaction of pantheism, and republicanism, which would embody man's individualism religiously and civilly.

What is the Christian *Tertium Quid?*

1. Unity with a personal God revealed in a personal Saviour. This destroys individualism in so far as it establishes personal responsibility, and places the man as a part of a system, in which not he, but a personal God, is the centre, a God whom we ought to love and serve. Individualism cannot co-exist with the ideas of *ought* to love and serve. These destroy *Selbstständigkeit.* To recognise the existence of light, is at once to

give up the notion that the eye exists for itself, and by itself, as a self-sustaining and self-satisfying organ.

2. Union with man through God, I say through God, because we can only find our true relationship to any point within the circle by seeing our mutual relationship to the circle, God our Creator, as the bond which unites us to man. God our Father is the bond which unites us to all His true children. The family, the neighbourhood, the citizenship, the state, are the outlets of our social tendencies to men, in God our Creator.

The Church is specially the outlet of our social tendencies to God our Redeemer. There is here a healthy union of individualism with socialism. The individual is preserved. His personality is not destroyed — it is developed. Free will, responsibility, the necessity of seeing and knowing for himself, is recognised. In Heaven he can say, "I am a man." His union with God is essential to the development of his individuality, just as light is essential to the health of the eye. The social life is also preserved. The attraction of God renders the attraction of man necessary. The family relation appointed by God is the school in which men are trained for the family of man. The child, in spite of himself, finds himself a brother or son, and enters life as a part of a system, to whose well-being he must contribute his portion by the sacrifice of self, and in this very sacrifice find himself enriched. The necessity of labour is another bond, and so is the necessity of living. The man must remain poor in head unless he receives knowledge, and poor in pocket unless he receives work

and poor in heart unless he receives love; and all this receiving implies giving, whether it be faith, or work, or love, in return; and thus bond after bond draws man out of himself to man.

No wonder Pantheists and Socialists hate the personal God, the family, the Word, the Church.

God has created us responsible beings, with the great and godlike gifts of reason and judgment, conscience, will, and the power of loving. We can discover truth, we can perceive right and wrong, we have the power of choice, we can love and gain through self-sacrifice. But every blessing that we can possess depends on the cultivation and exercise of these powers. We can only become great, good, and happy, by self-culture, by exercising our energies, by developing our whole nature, by thinking and searching, judging, acting and living like men. And God never contradicts Himself or His work in creating such a being as man, by treating him as if he were a mere animal or machine. He never so aids him by His providence as to render the free growth of all his powers and faculties unnecessary. God works with and by us, but only to enable us to work out our own good. What a man gets is of infinitely less importance than what he is, and becomes in getting it. Hence no intervention of Providence will render it unnecessary for a man to labour and be industrious; to exercise foresight, prudence, skill; to choose the right, and reject the wrong; to do justice, have mercy, and walk lovingly; to be an obedient child to his Father, and to love his brother as himself. He is doomed to suffer,

and to lose all things, unless he acts and thinks as a man. He is doomed to be a slave of things and of circumstances, unless he becomes their master by mastering himself, through obedience to God, and self-sacrifice. If he will not therefore accept this position of true dignity and grandeur, how terrible is his punishment, how deep his fall. For the laws of heaven are inexorable. They are too wise to yield to his folly, too good to yield to his sin, too powerful to yield to his weakness. If he works with them, they are all on his side, and will elevate him to the highest heaven; if he works against them, they will crush him, and he will sink himself to the lowest hell. If he refuses to learn and obey the laws of health, disease smites his flesh; if he will not till the soil, famine has no mercy. If he will be slothful, want comes as an armed man; if he will be selfish, self is his persecutor. The whole riches of God's universe are his, if he will seek them in the only way which is right or possible for him as an immortal being; but the most abject poverty is his, if he rebels against the laws of his being and insists on being a mere animal and not a man. No miracle will be worked to save him. No hand from heaven will be stretched down to assist him to act in any way contrary to the plan of God, by which he has been made what he is, or by which he can reach the full stature of his noble manhood. On every treasure-house of the universe the inscription meets him, "If any will not labour, let him not eat." Through ignorance, through self-will and the neglect and perversion of his noble faculties and powers, man is the greatest sufferer in the world.

What a cordial welcome should we give to those men of thought and learning, who discover and wisely apply those laws in obedience to which God will bestow social blessings upon mankind. For what is social science but the knowledge of God's will, as it applies to man's well-being as a member of society? Such a science ought for many reasons to be greeted with gratitude by the Christian Church. It is a confession of faith in God's orderly government of His creatures, a confession that things do not come by chance, but by a fixed principle of wisdom and righteousness. It affords, moreover, satisfactory evidence of the sympathy which is felt by men in their brethren; an expression of their desire to contribute thought, and learning, and labour to the general good; and to bestow the wealth of their silent hours upon those chiefly who are deprived of the social blessings which they themselves enjoy. It is the expression of the Christian spirit, in wise efforts to set free the wretched from their bonds, so that they shall sit at Christ's feet, clothed and in their right mind.

The connection between a right physical and right intellectual and moral state is a question of vast importance in connection with the supremacy and advancement of the Christian Church, *i.e.*, the good and happiness of man. If it be true that through bad feeding, clothing, hard work, &c., there is a retrogression of the species, or families of the species, and *vice versâ*, how important that a country, especially a Church, should attend to the physical wants of the people! I have heard it alleged that criminals, generally speaking, are

an inferior race physically. Query, how much has Christianity advanced the human race by stimulating that charity that "does good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith"? The defect of most systems for benefiting man, has arisen not so much from the presence of a bad element as the absence of a good—from a minus, not plus—from forgetting that man is an intellectual, social, moral, active and sentient being, and that his well-being is advanced just in proportion as all these different parts of his nature is gratified. Better drainage, ventilation, poor-laws, deal with his sentient part; and so far good. Reading-rooms, lectures, mechanic institutes, cheap literature, deal with his intellectual, and are good too. Amusements, coffee-houses, and some of the above, deal with his social, and are likewise good. The axiom, "Give the people always something to do," deals with his active powers; the Gospel and all the means of grace, with his moral nature; and as this is the mainspring of all he thinks and does, it is the most important of all; but it alone, as a system of truth separated from a system of action, which includes all reform, will not do. To preach a sermon, and refuse meat to the starving hearers is mockery, and so says St. James. To this I add, the necessity of a living, wise and Christian agency coming constantly into contact with men.

We want a higher class of industrial schools, for our females, in our large towns especially, where, in addition to the ordinary branches of learning, they must also receive instruction in shaping and making clothes, in

washing and dressing them, and in cooking too, so as to fit them to become cleanly, thoroughly intelligent wives, and in every respect help-meets for an artisan, who could make his home more attractive to him than the whisky shop, and be themselves more companionable than its frequenters. We require a wider education for our artisans themselves, so as to train them up to such fixed ideas and habits as may fit them to meet the actual temptations to which they are exposed, to perform their duties as workmen, parents, and citizens; and so as to enlarge, also, the field of their enjoyment as human beings possessed of various tastes which are capable of being cultivated and made the sources of refined pleasure. To accomplish all this, I think we require a higher style of teacher, imbued with lofty ideas of his high calling, as the man who contributes so much to mould the character of the nation and to give a complexion to coming generations—a man, in short, with somewhat of the spirit of Arnold. I do think that a careful training of our people, to enable them to discharge their individual duties, such as steady labour, preservation of health, sobriety, kindness, prudence, chastity; their domestic duties as parents, their duties as members of society, in courteous and truthful dealings, fulfilment of engagements, obedience combined with independence as workmen; their duties towards the state, whether with reference to their rulers, or the administrators of law, along with information on the history and government of their country, and such like; that upon such points as these their training has been greatly neglected, and requires to be extremely improved, and based upon and saturated with Christian principle. I think we owe.

something to the Secularists in directing our attention to details in the education required for common life; while they ought to be grateful to us for imbuing the mind with the only power which will enable men to apply their knowledge to practice.

In regard to the means taken to educate the working classes we are too apt to forget that man is a compound being, a social being, and that it is important to help him to better house accommodation, and a better knowledge of natural laws. Above all, do not assume too high a standard as to the little luxuries enjoyed by working men. Some say the working man, in order to be temperate, must not touch fermented liquor; and people who have themselves their wine may be heard talking wisely about the horror of the working man taking beer or porter. I cannot talk in this way. I should feel it to be hypocritical. Do not let me be misunderstood. I do not mean to say that I would not seek to make teetotallers among the working classes. When I find that any of them drink to excess, I try to make them resolve to be teetotal; but I put it in this form: "Christ desires temperance, but if you can't be temperate without being teetotal, then you must be teetotal." In the same way some people, in order to save the working man from extravagance, say, "Oh, this is dreadful; you have only from sixteen to seventeen shillings a week, and yet I have more than once found you with a pipe in your mouth." Now, why should he not smoke his pipe? Do you imagine we are to have the confidence of the working classes if we speak to them in that fashion? I would rather say to him, "I'll give

you tobacco to keep your pipe lighted; I like one myself." In order also to have working men keep the Sabbath, some are in the habit of speaking to them against walking on the Sabbath, as if they were terrified to give them that liberty. But why should they be less liberal than God, who has made us and knows our frames? Let us be fair and honest with the working man, and you will find him display no tendency to pervert your teaching, if you deal with him in a spirit of liberality and in accordance with the laws of God properly interpreted. But when you are less liberal than God, and draw the bow too much in one direction, it will rebound all the more on the other.

I firmly believe that the best way of hindering men from abusing God's gifts, is to help them to use them according to His will; and that all reforms which ignore the lawful gratification of those universal instincts, physical, mental, and moral, which God has implanted in humanity, are essentially false, and in the long run will fail to produce even the specific good which their promoters intended, or will develop other evils equally, if not more, destructive to the well-being and happiness of man. Hence my conviction is becoming every day more profound, that the Gospel, as revealing God's will through His Son, is the only true and safe reform, for it does not ignore any item of man's complex nature, but equally and beautifully develops the whole. Believing this, I have humbly endeavoured honestly to help my fellow-men in accordance with what seems to me to be the will of God. Hence I have not contented myself with always protesting

against a positive evil, but have also declared in favour of its opposite good, that so God's mercies may the more gladly be accepted and appreciated, and the devil's perversion of them be the more readily rejected and detested.

Superficial thinkers are, I fear, disposed to separate the work of a Christian minister from that of a social reformer. They speak of social reformers as dealing with practical work, with something with which all men can sympathise, which appeals to every man's necessities and wants, while they allude to the work of a Christian preacher as if it belonged to another world, to a world of spirit and of mystery, and a world of uncertainty, outside of man's sympathies and pressing every-day wants. The one is supposed to deal with palpable facts, the other with abstract theological truths, speculative beliefs, doctrines which men may hold or not hold, with equal indifference in so far at least as this world is concerned. They say they understand the one man, and not the other. The one has common sense on his side, but the other discourses upon what lies beyond mortal ken—upon what cannot be seen of the senses, or realised in the consciousness of any but a select and favoured few. But this is just as if a sailor were to admire the practical wisdom and importance of his captain's arrangements and commands during a voyage, because he understood their meaning, and felt their immediate benefit, while he smiled at the astronomer with his long calculations as speculative, impractical, dealing only with far-off stars in the sky, forgetting that without his science navigation

itself would be impossible. So too might another man think that the practical questions, of what he should eat and drink, and wherewithal he should be clothed, were questions of vast practical importance in comparison with the discussion of abstract scientific questions which nevertheless involve the right working of labour and capital.

Christians themselves have in some degree been to blame if their interest is suspected in questions affecting man's condition here below as a member of society, by their tendency to separate between things secular and things religious, saying practically to those whom they call men of the world, "You have to do with your world, we with ours, you with things seen and temporal, we only with things spiritual and eternal, you with your philosophy, which is to guide men in this world, we with our Christianity, which is to guide men for the next." But let us not separate what God has joined together. Let us not forget that all law, whatever is affected by it, is but the will of God, that God is the giver of every good and perfect gift, that the spirit of Christianity is walking in conformity to God's will in all things, and that the Christian, of all men, should be most earnest in discovering, and most humble in obeying, the law of nature, whether affecting body or soul, the individual, the family, the Church or the State.

Not only should what is called social reform go hand in hand with Christianity; it cannot, in my opinion, succeed without it. Reform must be from within, outwards. After we have discovered what men ought

to do, and must do, to secure certain benefits, what insuperable difficulties lie in the way before they will use those exertions, practise that self-denial, possess that self-respect, and subject themselves to that persevering discipline, which in so many cases is essential to success! Self-interest, in the truest sense of the word, will no doubt be a motive power. The natural desire for wealth, and for many blessings which minister to a man's self-love, will accomplish much. But as sure as man is immortal and made for fellowship with God, his true and highest good can never be reached through self. And what power, save the Gospel of the love of God, brought home to the heart and conscience by the mighty Spirit of God, has ever yet been discovered which will dethrone self, and place the love of God and man upon the throne of the heart to rule the life and conduct? And thus I feel that whatever success may attend the labours of those who would reform society without Christ, through the power of mere self-interest—yet certain success, the best, the highest, must attend those who would reform it through the power of Christianity. If we make the tree good, all good fruit will be borne which it is capable of bearing. If we seek this fruit first, then other things will be added; therefore the highest and truest form of social science is the truth as it is in Jesus. When this faith takes possession of the heart, knowledge is appropriated by duty; when it is rejected, little at best is sought, and nothing can with certainty be possessed, by the great bulk of mankind. As a preacher of the Gospel then, I claim to be recognised, in the fullest sense, as a social reformer.

We need life, and not mere action; the life of life, and not life from galvanism. If we were right in our souls, out of this root would spring the tree and fruit, out of this fountain would well out the living water. But until we attend to this, mere outward action will but blind and deceive.

We want living men! Not their books or their money only, but themselves. The poor and needy ones who, in this great turmoil of life, have found no helper among their fellows; the wicked and outcast, whose hand is against every man's, because they have found, by dire experience of the world's intense selfishness, that every man's hand is against them; the prodigal and broken-hearted children of the human family, who have the bitterest thoughts of God and man, if they have any thoughts at all beyond their busy contrivances how to live and indulge their craving passions; all these, by the mesmerism of the heart, and by the light of that great witness, conscience, which God in mercy leaves as a light from heaven in the most abject dwelling on earth, can to some extent read the living epistle of the renewed soul, written in the divine character of the Holy Spirit! They can see and feel, as they never did anything else in this world, the love which calmly shines in that eye, telling of inward light, and peace preserved, and of a place of rest found and enjoyed by the weary heart! They can understand and appreciate the utter unselfishness—to them a thing hitherto hardly dreamt of—which prompted this visit from a home of comfort and refinement to an unknown abode of squalor and disease, and

which expresses itself in those kind words and tender greetings that accompany their ministrations.

No one can imagine for one moment that I am condemning any efforts to elevate the masses, nor insinuating that they may not be performed from the noblest Christian motives. I am no more condemning them than Jesus condemned giving charity to the poor. So far from condemning them, I wish they were multiplied a hundredfold. But that they may be thus multiplied and continued, and the poor and needy derive from their fellow-men all the help that can be rendered, and which they need for their physical well-being, and which they have received in most stinted measure, I believe that the love of Jesus Christ is essential—that it alone is capable of delivering society from its selfishness, and it alone is able thus to destroy the works of the devil. I believe that real Christian love is alone able to give society, not a mere sentimental life that will vapour itself away in stories or criticisms on what is not done and should be done; or in mere spasmodic efforts to relieve its neighbour or its ennui by an excitement nourished by novelties in crime and novelties in work; but I believe that it, and it only, has ever power to give the equable life of moral health which can labour unseen, and labour where there is no excitement, no applause, no approving audience, and which will elevate man as man—the *whole* man, and not his mere physical and intellectual being. Such a power as this never was, and never will be, except when nurtured by the love of Christ.

There may possibly be a cant about good works that are dead, as well as a cant about a faith that is dead. Much may be done, yet nothing done. There may be an apparent doing good without good in the doer—a giving of goods to feed the poor without love, as well as a real, an angelic eloquence, a real faith that would give the body to be burned without love, and which therefore in both cases are as nothing!

God seeks the heart, and when that is given all is given. Love is then the fulfilling of the Law. For love is life—the life of all true action—of all that is truly a good work in the sight of God. When that is done there is no waste, but the endurance of life eternal in whatever manner love may manifest itself. "She hath done a good work—she hath done what she could!" will be said of countless humble ones whose works are unknown to the world. Such deeds of love—it may be a widow's mite dropped with a prayer into Christ's treasury, or it may be but a graceful ornament added to the House of God—the adornment of beauty added to the strength of utility—such deeds of love were done in other times and ages, which we proudly misname dark, and deny, as useless to the world; when such men, and learned men, devoted their time and their money to rear in distant worlds and far-off islands those wondrous edifices to worship God, whose lovely ruins fill the mind with admiration and with awe. These deeds were done in busier, less imaginative times, when pious women gave their time, though little, their talents, though not great, their money, though not abundant, to make Jesus known to the ignorant, and His

name a revered word in the household of the poor. To these, and to all in every land, who act with love, be the outer act small or great, or even a waste of strength and means in the estimation of the world, to all of them our Lord says, "Well done," and Jesus will accept of it if done in love—Jesus will say of it, "They have done what they could."

And thus it is with every one who acts simply and truly, not thinking of self, nor thinking beyond love itself for a reward. There is a greatness in them which they do not know—a deeper meaning in their actions than they can comprehend. Here we have to be but right and to do right—to love and live, and that is all. But something more will appear of which we never dream, and of which we do not know. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Yea, that they may rest from their labours, *and their works do follow them.*"

The evil that men do lives after them, but I do not believe that the good is oft interred with their bones. It rises like a spirit from their graves, and walks the earth until the resurrection morning.

THE CHRISTIAN CONGREGATION AND CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

There are stages in love to God found, I think, in the experience of all advanced Christians. The first is love or rather gratitude, for what God has done or is to us; the second, love for what He is in Himself; the third, a love which, not satisfied with personal enjoyment, desires that the universe may share it.

A Christian congregation is a body of Christians who are associated, not merely to receive instruction from a minister, or to unite in public worship, but also "to consider one another, to provoke to love and good works," and as a society, as they have opportunity, to do good to all. It is a body. The members are parts of an organised whole. The Lord's Supper is the grand symbol of this unity. Other ends are unquestionably intended to be accomplished by this ordinance, but it is certainly designed to express this idea of unity.

I am profoundly convinced that,—apart from, or in addition to, the immense power of the Christian life operating in and through individuals, and innumerable separate and isolated channels,—the society of the Chris-

tian Church, acting through its distinct organisations or congregations, like an army acting through its different regiments, is the grand social system Christ has ordained, not only for the conversion of sinners and the edification of saints, but also for advancing all that pertains to the well-being of humanity. I believe that the Christian congregation, if constructed and worked according to the intention of its designer, contains in itself individually, or in conjunction with other congregations, material, moral, intellectual, active and social forces, which, when wisely applied to God's work on earth, are the best and most efficient means for doing it. But is this possible in a condition of society constituted as ours now is? Is the conception not a fond imagination, or, if attempted to be carried out, would it not lead to such extravagances and fanatical disorders, as from time to time have characterised minor sects which, in seeking to be perfect churches, have sunk down to be perfect nuisances? It may be said, Only look at the element you have to work upon! Look at that farmer, or this shop-keeper. Study that servant, or this master. Enter the houses of those parishioners, from the labourer to the laird. Is there the intelligence, the principle, the common sense, any one element which would combine those members into a body for any high or holy end? They love one another! They help to convert the world! Would it were so—but it is impracticable!

Grace Darling, had she been known only as a sitter or a pewholder in a congregation, might have been deemed unfit for any work requiring courage or self-sacrifice.

But these noble qualities were all the while *there.* In like manner we have seen among our working classes a man excited by some religious enthusiast or fanatical Mormonite, who all at once seemed inspired by new powers, braved the sneers of companions, turned his small stock of knowledge into immediate use, exhorted, warned, proselytised among his neighbours—giving, in short, token of a force lying hid in one who seemed unfit for anything but to work on week-days and to sleep on Sabbath-days. Does not the Hindu Fakir, who swings from a hook fixed in the middle of his back, and every popish devotee who braves the opinion of society by going with bare feet and in an *outré* dress, demonstrate what a man can and will do if you can only touch the mainspring of his being? It is true that there are in every congregation men and women who have in them great powers of the same kind, which have been given them by God, and which though lying dormant are capable of being brought out by fitting causes—nay, every man is enriched by some talent or gift (if we could only discover it), which, if educated and properly directed, is capable of enriching others.

There is not found in general that wise and authoritative congregational or church direction and government, which could at least suggest, if not assign, fitting work to each member, and a fitting member for each work. Hence little comparatively is accomplished. The most willing church member gazes over a great city, and asks in despair, "What am *I* to do here?" And what would the bravest soldiers accomplish in the day of battle, if

they asked the same question in vain? What would a thousand of our best workmen do in a large factory, if they entered it with willing hands, yet having no place or work assigned to them?

Let congregations take cognisance of the whole man and his various earthly relationships, let them seek to enrich him with all Christ gave him, let them endeavour to meet all his wants as an active, social, intellectual, sentient, as well as spiritual being, so that man shall know through the ministrations of the body, the Church, how its living Head gives them all things richly to enjoy! Every year seems to me to demand this more and more from the Christian Church. I see no way of meeting Socialism but this. I see no efficient way of meeting Popery but this. Organisation is one stronghold of Romanism, and self-sacrifice for the sake of the Church is another. Protestantism cannot meet either by dogma merely: it must meet both by organisation and government, with Christian liberty, and above all by life.

Sympathy is the expression of a common life. On this principle sympathy is felt for lost sinners in heaven. In heaven, I say, but not on earth—and why not? Because their loss is spiritual, and as spiritual beings, related to God and to the world of right and wrong, light and darkness—they are not seen or known on earth. As far as spiritual life is concerned the body of humanity is dead; its eyes see not, its senses perceive not the death, the loss of any one part. Hence a lost soul is not reckoned among the losses belonging to this

world. Lost wealth and health, lost liberty, lost pleasure, lost life—all are understood, felt for, sympathised with. But a lost faith, a lost goodness, a lost God, a lost peace and joy, what sympathy is felt for this? There is not a city in the kingdom in which there is not a building which in many respects is the most remarkable there, a building which ought to attract the eye and engage the attention of every thoughtful mind and feeling heart more than any other object. Yet it is least cared for by the many, and is passed by the majority of men with little sympathy or with indifference, or, at best, with little interest. It is the common prison! There it stands with its strong walls, its iron-barred windows, its double-locked doors, its warders day and night, dark, dismal, ugly, forbidding—and within are as dark and dismal cells, with scanty furniture and scantier diet, each one containing an immortal being made after God's image, possessing the nature which is on the throne of the righteous and loving God, an immortal being—and yet a criminal, a criminal lost to society, lost to himself—alone, without God and without Christ in the world.

What cares the noisy, pleasure-seeking, merry-making world for them? As sinners before God and criminals before men, what burthen is their souls, their immortal souls, with their chains and slavery, to us? And if no sympathy is felt for them, how much is felt for the thousands who are in the prison-house of their own sins, slaves of carnal passions, led captive by evil in every form, some the slaves of self, blindly grinding in the mill of misery that goes round day by day? What sympathy is felt for the millions in Africa, in India—

lost, lost to the liberty and peace, the blessedness that is for them in God. What sympathy is felt for such prodigals who are in a far country, content without their Father, and never proposing to arise and go to Him?

Amongst so many men there is a total want of any sense of responsibility as to the use they make of their various gifts and talents—a sort of easy self-indulgence, a making self the centre, and living nominally as Christians, yet having no real sympathy with Christ's wishes or work in the world, a resolving of life into a quiet easy trust in Christ, while ignoring their relationship to humanity. They have no common interests with the Redeemer in the greatest work which He is carrying on in this world, and that, too, by His people.

How horrible is indolence or asceticism! We need light to see the darkness, our whole difficulties are in ourselves. We are so poor, so mean, so cowardly; there is such a want of thorough conviction, which is just a loving spirit of true liberty and perfect peace. It alarms me greatly, but not enough.

What a change would be effected in nominal Christians, if they had so much faith in Jesus as to act in some measure as if they believed in the existence of life in Jesus Christ. I believe there is on the part of professing Christians terrible unbelief in Christ. They have faith in a good man, but yet they do not believe

in the God Christ. They think He has passed away into a mysterious place called Heaven, and I fear to many He is merely an idol of the imagination. You cannot believe that Jesus Christ lives, and that God rejoices in good, and yet that He is indifferent to His brethren of mankind, who are bone of His bone, and flesh of His flesh. You cannot believe that He who has given us holiness and happiness, is yet indifferent as to whether we are holy or not. I cannot look at the millions who have never heard of Christ or Christianity, and say God has no interest in them, Christ has none. That is not true. If Christ has no interest in them, what is the meaning of Christianity? I could not be interested in mission work unless I believed Jesus Christ had an interest in it, and I believe that as I believe my own existence. If we lose that faith in Christ, we are lost. It is one thing for a man to work as a machine, and another for him to work as a fellow-labourer with Jesus Christ. We may feel an interest in our fellow-creatures, and yet be working for ourselves. This should not be our position, for we are all fellow-workers with Him, and we beseech you not to receive the grace of God in vain. He is working, and we are working with Him—He working in the heart of our friends, and we working with Him. If we have faith in Him, believe in Him, and have fellowship with Him, if we know that we have a brother Jesus Christ, surely we must feel that it is good to follow Him. Otherwise, for what end were we created? I do not believe Him because I am a minister, but I believe Him, and therefore I am a minister. And if you know Christianity, not as a creed, but as a life, if you have derived per-

sonal good from intercourse with the Christ, I cannot conceive that you do not wish your brethren to share that good.

I think we should pray to God to increase our faith; otherwise the mere profession of Christianity is of no use. You ask me how do I account for the present state of heathendom. I am not attempting to account for the present state of heathendom. Christ wept bitter tears over Jerusalem, and said, I should have gathered you, but you would not. I shall not go to Him to look at His careworn countenance, over which those bitter tears were rolling, to say, "I do not believe in your sincerity, because Jerusalem is not saved." If there is a Christ, as there must be, who is true and just, I am glad to peril my life on His mission, and there are many true and good men who peril their lives on doing what Jesus likes and desires. For those who know the grace of God, to neglect the work is selfish. This is to wish to be quit of all anxiety and care, like a man who has been saved from drowning, and says, I am safe, I don't care now who drowns. When we think of so-called Christians, when we think of their hardness of heart and selfishness about the good of others, and how each man is seeking his own and not the things of Christ, when we consider our vain selves who are nothing, it is a great wonder that Christ should commit work to His people to do on earth. Can we conceive of such a depth of generosity as this, that Christ should entrust to us the greatest work on earth, the work for which He lived and died? But the privilege of ex-

tending the blessing of God to human souls, is one that we must be far from realising, for many think it is a hardship and take no interest in it. Their great interest is in money-making—they appear to have no interest in effecting the salvation of immortal beings.

I read once of a Belgian regiment, which found itself in an uncomfortable position when in the field, and asked permission to retire, because they did not like the shot and shell; so they were allowed to retire, and took no part in the battle. Is that the position Christians would like to find themselves in? Is that the position they are in already, if, when they are asked to take part in this work, they complain that they have other things to do, and that they do not like to be troubled in the matter? The cases seem to me parallel. That regiment was allowed to leave the field, and so you may depend upon it, it will be with you. If anybody says "let me alone," he will be let alone; if he does not want to be troubled, he will not be troubled; if a man takes an interest in other things, he will be allowed to follow them. But suppose the commander-in-chief came in the crisis of a battle and said, "This is our turning-point; I commit the front of the battle to you," why, there would not be a soldier in the brigade who would not lift his head higher at such confidence being reposed in him. Now when God commits to us the duty of spreading Christianity, to which all else is nothing, He comes to us and says, "I commit to you the one work for which the world was made, and the world preserved; I give this work to you Christian men and Christian soldiers, instead of raising up any special means." But how little sympathy do we find in work whether at

home or abroad. To judge by what one sees, it seems as if Christianity were for ladies and gentlemen who say, What does God care for the ten thousands of men who are born only to die? We should be ashamed of ourselves; I am not using the language of exaggeration, but the language of simple truth. Laity and clergy in all our churches should have a deeper, firmer, and more absorbing faith, and not only have it, but be possessed by the idea that this is the greatest work we can be engaged in to the glory of God the Father, and Jesus Christ our Saviour, to spread that eternal life, which is the knowledge of the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent.

Surely a characteristic of this age is, that it has promoted the union of nations. Steam is decentralising the world; time and space do not separate men as they once did; through the marvellous electric telegraph speed of words is becoming equalised with the speed of thoughts, —the speed of that unseen mysterious element, by which words are winged as with a flash of light from one part of the globe to another. What a change is here! What a mute but expressive symbol of better things to come! I could not but perceive the contrast between the past and present when coming down the Rhine. I saw the remains of those old keeps, sometimes not separated even by a stream, hardly even by a small valley, where men of old were wont to alienate themselves from their neighbours, by walls and lances, by bars and bolts and fosses, which but proclaimed the bars and bolts in the shut-up hearts of men also, when they

scowled deadly hate on each other from their separate loop-holes. There was in all this a type of disunion, and of the race of Siddim—for if Sodom had its kings, had not the valley of the Rhine its kings also? But their haunts have vanished—their walls have been thrown down, and the light of day and of Christian civilisation has visited them. They have been absorbed into a great kingdom. Now the old disunion was a type of the past. The new union is a type of the present. But why this vast revolution? Why this outward union between all nations of the earth? As a means of preparation undoubtedly for the higher, the real, the true spiritual union. The spirit of God will baptize all those means for the eternal good and well-being of man. As sure as God is over the nations of the earth, they shall yet be one in Him. Our object is to help on this glorious consummation, to help it on by our exertions, our contributions and our prayers. It is a work in which angels are engaged—which Christ died to effect, and lives to accomplish. It is the greatest work on earth. All others are good as they stand related to this—the good of man. It is worthy of young men. The dawn of your minds is contemporaneous with the dawn of a grand era in the world's history. Life is of inconceivably greater interest now than it was a century ago. Our era is to the past as the sixth day's work was to that of the days that preceded it. "Through the shadow of the globe, we sweep into the younger day!" If your lives are spared to threescore years and ten, what may you not live to see accomplished? What mighty and glorious changes may you not live to witness? It is a noble thought of Arnold's, that the last reserves of the human race have been brought up to the

grand battle. If we fail, where are there other nations who can hope to conquer? But the victory is sure, you may hear its shouts before you die. But if you would be in that moral condition which can share the joy of victory when it comes; if you wish then to have the soldier's eye that can amidst the din and smoke of battle still discern the retiring columns of the enemy, and recognise the tokens of a glorious triumph; if you wish to have the true heart of a true soldier, so that Christ's heart will then beat high with unutterable joy, because the battle and the victory are the Lord's, you must enter Christ's service now. You must share His mind and share His sympathies, and take your part in the struggle. By so doing you will be able to share in the spiritual glories that are surely coming; by so doing you will be able to bear up amid the darkness and the desolation which may possibly precede them. May God keep our own souls in His peace, so that our missionary work may be true work, good to ourselves and to others, because good in the sight of God.

A very remarkable deputation was sent forth a long time ago, when Moses, with the children of Israel, was entering the Land of Promise. He sent twelve men to spy out the land, and they came back and gave a good account of it; but then they spoke of the tremendous difficulties—they spoke of the walled cities, the immense number of inhabitants, and the giants who were there, and said that it was truly impossible for them to take it. The people said, "Let us make a captain, and let us return into Egypt." But Moses said God

was with them, and that they were well able to overcome if they did not lose faith in God. And the people answered that these men should be stoned; and they took up stones to stone Moses, Aaron, Caleb, and Joshua. It might be a matter of speculation as to how the world and its future civilisation would have been affected if the people had then turned back. God uttered these words when four men confessed His name in the wilderness, "I have pardoned; but as truly as I live all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord;" and the glory has been coming ever since, slowly and surely; but as surely as we live, come it will till the whole earth is filled. We measure events by our own little day; but who knows what the end will be! All is in the hand of God, as it was in times past; as it was in the times of Abraham. We know there is a right and a wrong, that the Lord reigns, and will not fail us. If it be not right that men should know the Christian truth, the highest the world has ever yet seen, then I know not what is right or wrong. Believing this, and believing it because we see it and know it to be true, not because we have heard it with our ears; believing this we wait with patience, and we live in hope that all men will become brothers, and that every man will put his arm around his brother's neck, and say, "Come and share the kingdom with me." If we sink down from that high level to a lower, and devote our time to mere money, making of cotton, new railways, and such things, what shall the end be? I once read a story of an eagle winging its lofty way across the St. Lawrence in winter. He was soaring straight up to the high dome of Heaven, when suddenly he saw his quarry

lying dead upon the ice. He descended and fixed his claws in his prey, gorged himself and was satisfied. But while he was so occupied the ice had done its work, and he was frozen fast, and would fly no more. So it is with us. When a nation sinks down from the light of heaven, till all that is noble in it is frozen, its power is gone, and it can rise no more.

PRAYER.

A lesson derived from the teaching of Christ is that all who labour, especially with the mind, require rest. If their work is not to be devoid of any sense of responsibility to God and of any enjoyment of His presence, His grace, and His love, it is essential that there should be times of quiet, rest, repose. These are afforded in some degree to all. Every man ought, and therefore can command hours of retirement, however brief, to be alone with God, in which to look beyond the seen into the unseen, in which to speak to God his Father, and to Christ his Brother, and to realise his high calling and noble position as a child of God, and to catch glimpses of all he will certainly be for ever and ever, that so his soul may be strengthened and refreshed, his eye kept clear, his affections quickened and his spirit raised above the present, and his whole being kept in tune with the reality of things.

I believe thanksgiving to be a greater mark of holiness than any other part of prayer. I mean special thanksgiving for mercies asked and received. It is a testimony to prayer being remembered, and therefore it is earnest prayer. It is unselfish, and more loving.

What should we think if an angel from heaven appeared

to us some morning, and said: "This day Satan, with all his power, subtlety, and wiles, may try to destroy thee; and Jesus bids me say He will shut His eyes and ears to thee, and send thee no help? This day thou hast duties to perform in a right spirit; Jesus bids me say He will not give thee His spirit. This day the heaviest trials ever experienced by thee may be thine; Jesus bids me say He will not afford thee any support. This day thou mayest die; Jesus bids me say He will not be with thee; Jesus bids thee adieu for this day, and leaves thee alone with thy evil heart, blind mind, powerful enemies, hell beneath thee, death before thee, judgment above thee, and eternity before thee!" Oh, horrible despair!

Our own prayers when answered may occasion great bodily or mental suffering to us. Elijah prayed that there should be no rain, and the brook Cherith, on which he depended for water, dried up. The young man prayed that Christ might give Him eternal life, and Christ loved him, and in answer to his prayer said, Sell all that thou hast.

As to distraction in prayer, how *I* know this; and have to struggle against it! but it is not good, and dare not be allowed, but must be conquered.

To do this, (1) Have a fixed time for prayer; (2) pray earnestly at commencement against it; (3) divide the prayer, so as to have confession for a few minutes, then thanksgiving, &c. This gives relief to the strain on the mind. I speak as a man who looks back with horror

at my carelessness in secret prayer. Backsliding begins in the closet, and ends—where?

The reason why the Greek and Latin Churches attach such importance to praying in the building called the church, arises from their views of the Sacrament of the Supper. Believing in the real presence of Christ in the Sacrament which lies on the altar, it follows naturally that, worshipping there, they believe they are more in the presence of Christ than anywhere else. But what shall we say of those Protestants who, boasting of their light and liberty, and professing to pity the ignorance of worshippers who daily enter churches, and ere they begin the day prostrate themselves before the altar, what shall we say if their own light is extinguished in the darkness of prayerless lives. What shall we say of those who may never even go through the form of prayer in their own room, or with their own family, and who, even in the House of God, never join in prayer, perhaps never even listen to it, to whom God is a mere dead faith, not a living Spirit, an object of indifference, not of love, a Person heard about in sermons only, but not one who is known and loved and worshipped as the Father of their spirits. Better be a poor Mahometan Arab kneeling on the ground, looking towards Mecca, than an enlightened Protestant who never worships anything higher than himself, or the gold and silver which is the work of his hands. Remember that God desires us to worship Him who is a Spirit in spirit and in truth.

There must be sincerity and reality in worship, as distinct from mere outward form. Forms of prayer are certainly

not inconsistent with spiritual worship, or the Lord's Prayer would be unlawful; but *formal* prayers are so. A living spirit may be within the form, but mere form is the body without the spirit. No mere words, however pure or appropriate, whether read or repeated, composed or spoken from the suggestion of the moment, can ever of themselves be prayers, and we may read prayers, or say prayers, or hear prayers, without ever once praying. It is essential to prayer, that it is not only an address from one person to another, a communion of spirit with spirit, but that it is also truthful in the sense of our really meaning what we say; otherwise it is a mere form of prayer, a dead meaningless service. Nay, it is a most profane service, for can we conceive anything more dreadful than thus lying in God's very presence! Yet there are few forms of sin more common to us all than this. How very unreal our prayers may become, how meaningless, how opposed even to the wishes of the heart! If you could imagine two voices praying at the same moment, the one from the lips, the other from the heart of the worshippers, how often, alas, would the one be a mockery of the other. The words from the lips expressive of praise and admiration might be accompanied by words from the heart expressing weariness and total indifference or the entire absence of love. Sins might be confessed with the lips, and the petitioner deplore them and express his regret for them, while his heart said that he felt no sorrow, no shame, and that he had no intention of attempting any reformation. Petitions might be offered up for pardon for which there was no anxiety, for holiness to which there was a positive dislike; while the lips said, "Lord, deliver us from evil,"

the heart might say, "Good Lord, deliver us from holiness." Thanksgivings too might be expressed without a feeling of real gratitude, and most appropriate intercessions without any feeling towards others except intense selfishness.

Intercessory prayer is the language of a heart, whose beauty, and strength, and glory is love to God and to man. Such prayer is an expression of love to God; it is the intercourse of a heart in sympathy with Him; it is a chord which vibrates more than any other in harmony with His character and purposes. When a man pours into the ears of God his earnest desire for the triumph of the good with its attendant peace and blessedness —for this is triumph of the good, in any individual soul or in this world of care and crime—when he prays for another, when he cries, "Oh let it be!" "May Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done," is he not then a fellow-worker with Him, and the tone of his desires at one with God? In so far as he yearns over humanity as a whole or over any portion of it, is he not in sympathy with Him who has the very same feelings in perfection? Is he not praying according to the will of God, who willeth not that any should perish, but that all should come to the knowledge of the truth.

It cannot be that any of us should have desires for the real well-being of others beyond the desires of God. It cannot be that any one should find in us a greater longing for his peace and good than can be found in the heart of his Saviour. It must not be then, that our prayers on his behalf should be cold and formal; or

given up in despair; as if we had no certainty of God's feeling with us; or we with Him. It is because I know that all true love in me for man's good is but a feeble reflection of God's love for good, and that in thus interceding I am but echoing a feeble "Amen" to the wishes of God—that I can pray in hope, or pray at all. Without this faith in God's love, prayer is meaningless, a mockery and delusion to relieve or soothe my conscience, not a solemn asking and receiving when it is possible to give.

Intercessory prayer is not only an expression of my sympathy with God's wishes to humanity, it is also an expression of my love towards my fellow-men. Shall I work for their good and not pray for it? And how shall I love them, and not seek their best, their highest, their only real and abiding good, and that they shall know God, and find peace in God, and be restored to His image? Everything short of this, or that does not tend to this, is no blessing, no good. And how shall I seek this, and not seek it from God? Shall I plead *with*, and not *for* them? How earnestly would we labour for the good of others, if we felt that God was with us, and that we had to carry their case to Him. How easy would we find it to forgive those who injured us, if we had first asked God to do so. How concerned would we be for the sin in others, if we had laid it before God.

If I only knew that I should love my brother and do him good, while I confessed all my care to God, I should need no more to assure me that I might carry his burden with my own. If I were forbidden to intercede for my brother, this would be to me a profound and inscrutable mystery.

But let us concentrate our thoughts upon the life of

Christ Himself. Although perhaps it is difficult to distinguish here between what He did as our Example, and as our Mediator, still it may be said that in all He did for us towards God, there was an example set before us of what in a real sense we ought to do towards God in behalf of others. If He died for us, so in a true sense should we be willing to lay down our lives. If He prayed for us, so should we pray also for each other.

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

All that was exists now in some form or other, and all that ever was good exists now before God, in some person or place, and in a far better form than before. The Lord reigneth! contains the security of all that is best and most enduring for ever.

The event Death awaits us all. Yet it requires some effort on our part to bring it home to ourselves in all its stern reality; to realise that as surely as we live we shall be dead, and be buried out of sight; remembered and then forgotten, utterly and for ever upon earth. What a horrid tragedy! How do flesh and blood detest it! But in some form or other it must come to you and me; it shall pass from lip to lip among our friends, "He is gone;" then it will be known to a few lingerers upon earth that we have lived, then our existence will be unknown to our descendants, and then we shall be to the world what the dead of old centuries are to us. Yet we ourselves, where shall we be all the while?

Various are the lights in which death may be viewed. An atheist sees in it but the annihilation of life, the separation of being. All that made the earth bright to him, and existence worth possessing, the loyal friends of his youth, the dear wife who seemed a part of his own being,

his sweet daughter, his brave boy, the light, life, and happiness of his heart and home, to which wealth, honour, and literature and science were as dross, he sees them go from him, their eyes meet for the last time with looks unutterable, their hands clasp, and their throbbing hearts beat with life and love, the next moment the eyes are closed, the hands unclasped, the hearts cold, they leave him, and where are they? Alone, alone he weeps, and his heart breaks, for he says, "I know not!" And he himself, as he closes his eyes on all he knows and loves, knows not if they shall open any more, or if so—where?

What is the Pantheist's hope in death? What is his hope for his dearest friends? He commits them and himself to unknown darkness, yet to what he calls the general life of the universe, the universal Divinity. He sees his child depart with little more hope than he has when he sees his flower die. In nature there is life—but what hope is there for persons, what hope is there in God? All is dark.

Even to a Christian, whose hope is full of peace, death comes not without an amount of darkness and mystery which have desolated many a one who was yet fit to die. There is something very awing in the thought of entering on a new condition of being, of which we have had no experience; of passing the boundary, which separates the only world we know from one we know not; in meeting, we know not how, the vast multitude of those who have passed from earth, with angels and other spirits of whom we have only heard. Then, too, there is the mystery of a spirit's existence without the body. What kind of existence, we ask, shall it be? How shall

we feel, and think, and remember, and rejoice? I can quite conceive how such questionings as those, coming to one who knew that in a few days or hours they must be answered, would make death very awful—and yet it ought to be, and may be, and has been to millions, perfect peace. How? Just by putting all these questions aside and directing the mind to such a scene as is presented by the cross, and to such words of power, and life, and love as were spoken by the Saviour, "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit." Jesus Christ, who knew the universe, whose eye penetrated the unseen, who could not be mistaken, who knew the meaning of every word He spoke and of everything He did, died—He died thus, committing His person and spirit into the hands of a Personal God, that God being His Father. Here is comfort; I feel it, I praise God for it; I see light amidst darkness; simplicity amidst confusion, a path passing through the mysteries of the unseen and going straight up to the throne of God, midnight and great depths are as a wall on either side, but the path itself is beautiful and safe, for Jesus, the very truth and life, goes before as my forerunner.

Give me grace only to have this mind which was in Jesus—to be able amidst the agonies of death to see God as my Father, and to know nothing more than this, that I can commit myself into His hands, then, O Death, where is thy sting?—O Grave, where is thy victory?

Lift your eyes therefore, ye mourners, ye weary and full of fear. Behold that mighty and glorious One,

all life, all glory, and all power! Hear those words, I *was* dead. Is there no strength and comfort in them? Do they not say, Fear not? Do they not change the whole character of the grave? Jesus has come to earth and laid His hand upon everything that sin had cursed —to convert all into a blessing for those who will follow Him in spirit, in life, in death. He touches poverty, and says to His poor disciples, "Fear not, I had no place where to lay My head." He touches all the malice and cruelty of men, and says, "Fear not, they crucified Me." He is in the grave, and lies there alone with the night, and then rising up as the first-begotten of the dead, He says to all His people, "All Hail! Fear not! I am He that liveth and was dead, and am alive for evermore." And thus our mortality has been shared by the greatest in the universe, and need be feared by us no more.

II.

NOTES OF TRAVEL, LIFE AND CHARACTER.

To a loving heart this life, from infancy to old age, is a noble school for love.

THE HOME SCHOOL.

A godly parent is a god-like parent, *i.e.* a parent who is God's image in the family—as God to them in life, teaching, love, and truth. A godly home-education is one which trains up the child by the earthly to the heavenly Father. That a parent may be as God to his child, he must first be as a child to his God. To teach he must be taught; and receive that he may give. What the father on earth wishes his child to be towards himself, that God wishes the parent himself to be towards his Father in heaven. Hence children are witnesses for God in the parent's heart, as well as parents are for Him in the hearts of their children.

The love of a child can never be separated from its highest good. Training is not merely teaching a child what it ought to do; it implies much more than this, for the teaching may be right and do no good, because the training is wrong and does harm. A child may be taught what its duties are, and yet bad training may cultivate a disobedience of them.

Training is the formation of right habits, habits of obedience, self-denial, perseverance, patience, and the like. For the oftener we do what is right, with a good will, the easier does the *being* and *doing* right become to

us, and a second nature supersedes the first. The great object of training therefore is, to help the child by the right use of all the powers and assistances God has given the parent, to acquire those right habits or ways which he will then try to deepen.

Cultivate habits of obedience in children. Never let a child think your word and command mean nothing. Mean what you say, but never use your authority in the way of command, except sparingly; it is far too precious, and never use it except when it can be obeyed by a child of weak habits. Let the command be such as can and may be obeyed, for some commands may be right and yet too difficult for a child; so that it is almost certain to disobey them, and when it disobeys injury is done. Do not if possible allow disobedience to come to open rebellion, but if will is set against will, yours must be proved to be the strongest.

Make truthfulness of vast importance, and never let any want of truth pass unnoticed. Be very careful not to accuse a child unless you are sure it is wrong, it lowers the child's self-respect. Let a child feel too that your approval is a great thing.

Watchfulness is required to know the character of a child and all its peculiar tendencies and difficulties, so as to train it up wisely. A timid child requires a different treatment from a bold impetuous one, an open and candid child from a reserved or a cunning one, and so on. A child, however, should not be made conscious of this careful scrutiny, on the part of its parents, lest it should act as an unwholesome and unnatural restraint. To do

all this authority alone will not be sufficient. There must be love.

Ned owed more to the home school in the cottage than he or his teachers were aware of at the time. Who can define or enumerate all the forces from earth or sky, from light and darkness, from cold and heat, from calm and storm, from rain and dew, by which a plant is trained from the seed to the plant and fruit? No more can we describe the process by which our Father trains us up to what we are. Ned's "religious education," as it is termed, was perhaps not cut and squared in the exact pattern of what often passes under that name. Yet it had its own peculiar excellences. The Captain's theological knowledge was not, as may be supposed, profound. But there were, nevertheless, a thousand truths moving to and fro in that bald head, without order or method, although he could not deliver them over to the tongue. How one of our scientific infants would have puzzled him! Yet there was a light, too, and a peace in that heart, which shone in his face and was felt in his mind, and spread an atmosphere of gentle goodness and genuine truth about him—such as could not be disturbed by the harsh judgments of men who were disposed to condemn him because he could not express himself in their fashion, or of men who forgot that there are those who, by reason of untoward circumstances which attended their early upbringing, must yet speak and think in advanced years as children in knowledge, never having reached that Christian manhood when childish things are put away. But I believe the Captain, after all, had more

of this manhood than any one suspected, though its growth was rather stunted by the storms he had encountered.

He was strong in his simplicity, truth, and love, and was guided in his home teaching by two great principles. The one was, that a lie, in every variety, was specially of the devil. He was, therefore, uncompromisingly intolerant of all falsehood, from the palpable black substance of the lie direct, on through every shade and shadow, to the least prevarication or want of open transparent truth. I really don't believe young Ned ever told a lie. Both would not have survived such a disaster; old or young Ned must have perished! The other grand principle of the Captain's education was, "Fear God, and do what is right," often adding with great emphasis, "and then defy the devil."

"Pray, don't say *that*, my dear sir, before your son," said Miss Peggy Henderson one evening to the Captain.

"Don't say what, ma'am?" he asked, with a voice which had never been heard so loud since he led his men to board the enemy. "I say so, and will say so till I die, *do what is right*—and," he added, rising from the old arm-chair, and striding across the room with his arm extended, "and defy the devil and all his hosts."

"Rather say, Captain Fleming, if it is quite the same to you, in the words of Scripture, 'Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.'"

"I take it, madam, we are agreed," said the Captain, "and that it comes much to the same thing in the end; for the only way to resist him that I know of is, I say again, *to do what is right;* that makes him sheer off, depend upon it."

"With help from above."

"Of course, of course," said the Captain, resuming his seat in peace.

"Yes, Ned, my boy," he would sometimes say, "do you what is right; never mind what people say, or think, or do, nor what you suffer,—obey your great Commander; you know what I mean," and he would pause, and look at his son in silence, pointing upwards and nodding his head slowly. "That's it!—through storm and calm, fair and foul, steer right on by the compass. That's God's will, Neddy," he would add, "for He likes a man to do what is right in everything." And so the Captain never prescribed, as far as I ever heard, another reason for his son doing, or not doing, anything than that one—"You know it is *right*, and pleases *Him*, my boy."

There were many things, as I have already stated, peculiar in old Ned's method of education. This did not arise from any theory upon the subject which he had imbibed and made a hobby of. No doubt he had rules of his own to guide him, though for his life, I believe, he could not have defined them; nor, perhaps, did he even suspect the existence of any such. But his love to his boy made him really wish to make him happy; and the love of what was right made him wish, above all things, that his boy should be and do what was right; while his underlying common sense aided him wonderfully as to the best way of attaining these ends.

A peculiarity of the Captain's was his singular knack in distinguishing between a boy's failings and what was positively bad in his conduct. There was thus a remarkable combination in his government of extreme patience and forgiveness; a large toleration in some things, with

a stern and uncompromising strictness in others. Many boyish *scrapes* and follies were gently *chid;* but not a *shade* of deceit, or cruelty, or disobedience, or selfishness was tolerated! These were instantly seized with the iron grasp of an old man-of-war's man. "What! sleeping on watch, my lad!—rouse up!" was often the only salutation when a *small* fault was discovered.

There was another feature in the training of Ned, which I never knew fully till after-years; though it was (to my great good) explained in some degrees by Neddy himself. What I allude to was his custom of giving his boy a very vivid picture of the peculiar sins, temptations, and difficulties he would meet with when he entered the world as a young man, freed from all parental restraint. The Captain did this when alone with his boy, and always in a very solemn manner. "Suppose now, my boy," he would perhaps begin, "you met a young fellow like yourself, who had been brought up among a bad set—poor fellow!—and had no great notion of what was right, and that he asked you to go and sup with him. Well, suppose you go; you meet there so-and-so!"—Then the Captain would dramatise the whole scene of this supper of careless-living lads, with its temptations from first to last! These pictures from real life were varied as Neddy grew older, until immediately before his departure from home, when fourteen years old or so, the boy had as thorough an idea of the world he was entering on as he could well have gained even from his own personal observation.

"I am not sure, my dear," his wife would say, "how

far this plan of yours is judicious. You see he will find all this out time enough for himself; let his young innocent heart be kept free from all such knowledge at present."

"Until he gets the devil, or some servant of his, to teach him!" exclaimed the Captain, rising up as usual, and pacing backward and forward, when excited. "Listen to me, Mrs. Fleming, I know the world; you don't! I have seen all its villanies and its sins; you have not. Now, I tell you, he must sail through it; he must sail among all its shoals, its breakers, its reefs, and encounter its gales; why should I not give him a chart? Why not clap a buoy in a channel he might enter, but where there is no water to pass? Why not tell him the tides and currents? Why not tell him where there is safe anchorage? Why not tell him how to escape land-sharks and water-sharks, and give him signs to discover pirates with all their false colours? Why not, my dear? —I have suffered shipwreck, and I'll save my boy from it if I can!"

"Will he not be taught soon enough?" quietly and meekly asked Mrs. Fleming.

"By whom?" rejoined the Captain loudly. "By scoundrels, I again say, who will laugh at all that is good in him; by old debauchees who will pollute his young heart; taught!—yes!—taught!—I should think so; he won't want teaching; no. But," he added, in a more quiet voice, "what know you, dear, of the teachers which the young meet with in a great city? Now, I tell you, I shall not, Mrs. Fleming, I shall not," firmly said the Captain, "let the devil teach him first, and lie to him, and murder him. I'll unmask the batteries of that

enemy. I'll show Neddy what sort of teacher *he* is. I'll give the first description of his lies and tricks, and, I take it, our boy will have a truer description of them from me, than from their master. Yes, my dear, I shall!"

"God alone can deliver him!" ejaculated Mrs. Fleming.

"Granted! my love; but I'll teach him to know the enemy, that he may sheer off in time, and make signals for assistance—I shall!"

The education given by the mother was somewhat different, and more strictly what is termed "religious," but yet had its own peculiar method about it. She used the Catechism sparingly but wisely, nor did she *impose* many tasks in prose or verse. She had an easy, quiet, natural, loving way of speaking to Ned, not on formal occasions, but when he was sitting, perhaps, at the fireside making sails for his boat, or engaged in any work which did not prevent him from listening; or when working beside her in the garden. Her grand theme was Jesus Christ. She spoke of Him as she would of a real, living, and present friend of the family; told of what He had done for man, what He was doing, and what He was yet to do; how He so loved all men as to die for them in order to save their souls; how He lives for them; how He always comforted, directed, strengthened all who would be taught by Him; how good and loving and sympathising He was; how grieved if any one did wrong, and how pleased when he did well; how He it was who gave boys their play and happiness; and how shameful and disgraceful it was not to know Him, and love Him, and obey Him. Often she would say, "You know, dear, *He*

would not like you to do so and so;" or, "Are you not thankful to *Him* for giving you this or that?" And higher teaching mingled with her words, and mighty doctrines, too, were given,—not in a dry, abstract way, but more as what was said and done by Him, their Friend and Brother, as well as Lord; until the name and presence of Jesus was to Ned a real thing, and he *could* not separate Him in his thoughts from the most common things of this life, any more than he could from all that he must be to fit him for the life to come—though, indeed, he was made to feel that these two lives were one, in so far as they were both spent according to the will of God his Father. Then she used to tell him stories, in such an easy, yet solemn earnest way, from the Old Testament, that Ned would sit often, when a child, with his ears, mouth, and eyes open, drinking-in every word; and when she told the histories of Job, or Abram, or Joseph, or Moses, or Daniel, and described their temptations and sufferings, and how God made a way of escape for them, she was sure to clinch the Captain's saying, and establish his authority, by adding, "And so, my boy, you see how they all, by God's help, did what was right—as your father often tells you—and God helped them, and gave them peace in their hearts in spite of every trial."

"That's the thing!" I remember the Captain chiming in one Sabbath evening; "just like a good ship in a gale of wind; outside storm, and rain, and waves; but within all peace and safety, Ned—all peace and safety, my boy."

"Because *He* is in the ship," quietly remarked his wife.

"No doubt, no doubt, my dear," replied the Captain; "without Him we would all founder."

I have said nothing regarding the *religious* education of the Manse boys. But there was nothing so peculiar about it as to demand special notice. It was very real, and genuine; and perhaps its most distinguishing feature was, that instead of its being confined to "tasks," and hard, dry, starched lessons for Sunday only, it was spread over all the week, and consisted chiefly in developing the religious and domestic affections, by a frank, loving, sympathising intercourse between parents and children, by making home happy to the "bairns;" by training them up wisely and with *tact*, to reverence *truth*—truth in word, deed, and manner; and to practise *unselfishness* and courteous considerateness towards the wants and feelings of others. These and many minor lessons were never separated from Jesus Christ, the source of all life. They were taught to know Him as the Saviour, through whose atonement their sins were pardoned, and through whose grace alone, obtained in daily prayer, they could be made like Himself. The teaching was *real*, and was felt by the boys to be like sunshine on dew, warming, refreshing, and quickening their young hearts; and not like a something forced into the mind, with which it had no sympathy, as a leaden ball is rammed down into a gun-barrel. Once I heard an elderly Highland gentleman say, that the first impression he ever received of the reality of religion was in connection with the first death that occurred among the Manse boys.

Need I add, that the Manse was a perfect paradise for

a boy during his holidays! Let no anxious mother interfere at such times with loving grandmother, and loving aunts or uncles! In spite of the Latin and Greek lesson which his grandfather or the tutor delighted to give him in the morning, his excellent parents write, to say that "too much idleness may injure him." Not a bit! The boy is drinking in love with every cup of warm milk given him by the Highland dairymaid, and with every look, and kiss, and gentle hug given him by his dear grannie or aunts. Education, if it is worth anything, *draws out* as much as it puts in; and this sort of education will strengthen his brain, and brace his nerves for the school work to which he must soon return. His parents further write, "It does not do to pamper him too much: it may make him selfish!" Quite true, as an educational axiom; but his grandmother denies—bless her for it, dear, good woman!—that giving him milk or cream *ad libitum*, with "scones" and cheese, at all hours, is pampering him. And his aunts take him on their knees, and fondle him, and tell him stories, and sit beside him in his bed, and sing songs to him; and there is not a herd or shepherd, but wishes to make him happy; and old Rory has been always beside him in the boat, and gives him the helm, and in spite of the old hand holding the tiller behind the young one, persuades his "darling," as he calls him, that it is he, the boy, who steers the boat. Oh! sunshine of youth, let it shine on! Let love flow out fresh and full, unchecked by any rule, but what love creates; pour thyself down without stint into the young heart; make the days of boyhood happy, for other days of labour and sorrow must come, when the memory of those dear eyes, and clasping hands, and sweet caressing,

will, next to the love of God from which they flow, save the man from losing faith in the human heart, help to deliver him from the curse of selfishness, and be an Eden in his memory, when he is driven forth into the wilderness of life!—

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

WHISTLE THE MAVIE.

Air—"My Lilia's a ladie."

I'll tell ye some news, but let naebody ken,
Yestreen in the gloaming I gaed up the glen;
And oh, it is cheerie to be wi' your dearie,
Whistle, whistle, whistle the mavie.

I glowred in her face, there was nane but us twa,
She kent I was glowrin' and turned hers awa';
But oh, it is cheerie to look at your dearie,
Whistle, whistle, whistle the mavie.

Wi' my arms roun' her neck I whispered it low,
She never said aye, but she never said no;
And oh, it is cheerie the smile o' your dearie,
Whistle, whistle, whistle the mavie.

I then said "my darling," and she said the same,
I kissed her, and blessed her, and syne we gaed hame;
And oh, it is cheerie to marry your dearie,
Whistle, whistle, whistle the mavie.

Poetry is about everything in us and around us; about what the eye does not see, nor the ear hear, but the heart feels and the soul rejoices in.

Poetry is in the heart, and the heart can make poetry out of anything, just as the sun makes dark iron or muddy water shine like silver.

Poetry and lonely walks became passions at this period with our hero. He devoured Wordsworth. He possessed other poets; but by this old Pan of the woods, as Hazlitt calls him, he was himself possessed. How often did he wander along the green sheep walks, among the low pastoral hills which skirted the valley in which the borough smoked! He traced many a rivulet to its source, and gloried in the sheltered nooks around some clear pool with tufts of primroses and blue-bells, and overhead the meeting hazels. It was then the light began to break upon him—

> "Which never was on sea or land—
> The consecration and the poet's dream!"

A strange joy, he knew not whence it came, softened him oft into tears. The beauty of the world subdued him, and made him like a child. Oftentimes, in lofty moods, creation seemed a jubilee; "the mountains broke forth into singing, and all the trees clapped their hands with joy!"

It was about this time, when fancy and imagination began to occupy the throne, unchecked by the calm wisdom of education, and unbalanced by some congenial and useful work, the all-essential for a healthy body and spirit—that he was lifted still higher into cloud-land, by what is termed popularly falling in love. It has

often struck me as a very curious fact, that an audience generally smiles or laughs when the idea of any person falling in love is suggested; yet it is almost certain that each person who smiles so incredulously, or scoffingly, has been climatised to this dull earth of ours by passing through this little seasoning fever. In sober truth, such moments in a young man's life ought not to be made the topic of mere pleasantry; for, be they foolish or wise, passing or permanent, they tell not a little on his future being; and it seems to me that, just at that period of life when the fresh affections, the creative imagination, the picturing fancy, the daring ambition, the undefined hopes of a bright future, begin, Samson-like, to stir within him, when all the finer chords of his being tremble into tender music when touched by the hand of the beautiful, he most needs, and ought most bravely to exercise that manly Christian principle which will regulate and control the feelings. And what is this principle but *true* love, which cometh from afar, though it dwells as a house-child in our earthly tabernacle—love, that verily "seeketh not her own," but sacrifices self to the good and happiness of the beloved object? And such love as this, let me say, has a poetry in it, as well as a principle, never dreamt of by those who know merely the earth-born affection; and it has a glory which surpasses it as the steady shining sun surpasses the aurora that for a moment irradiates as it flashes across the midnight of our winter sky.

While these discussions between the parents were going on, with sundry other topics, every day in the

dining-room, a little, quiet, promising domestic drama was being acted in the drawing-room. A cousinship had been established between Kate and Ned. Dangerous things, these cousinships, and between such cousins! It matters not whether they are third or fourth. When the relationship is agreeable to both parties, they assume always that they are *first* cousins—a kind of sister and brother relationship, which may therefore be *so* frank and *so* confidential, without, of course, meaning anything but mere cousinship. I say between *such* cousins. Now, I have already hinted that Ned was a fine-looking lad. I like to praise him, for I so much admired him, ay, and envied him. It was not his handsome figure, but his noble expression, which was so prepossessing. His manners, too, were so unassuming, so forgetful of himself, and so respectful towards others. Kate was a beautiful girl, yet it was difficult to say in what her beauty consisted. The graceful figure and sweet face had doubtless much to do with it, but there was a something deeper than these; a something beyond that eye with its deep blue, and long drooping lashes—a something far away, like the starry sky beyond the outside glass of the telescope; a something too, that came and went about those lips, which even the white teeth and finely chiselled mouth and chin did not fully account for. In short, Kate was a lovely girl and Ned a handsome lad; and Ned was in love with Kate, and Kate was in love with Ned.

Not that either. These young creatures did not know what love meant. Ah! how few do so, with even more enlarged experience! Nothing, indeed, is so common in this world as falling in love; yet it is not quite so common to love. The one is the flower that may bloom

and wither in a night; the other is the rich fruit from the flowers that can survive the sun and storm, and ripen to decay no more. When feverish anxieties have passed away; when "hopes, and fears that kindle hope" have ceased; when selfish jealousies and lovers' quarrels are buried; when "honeymoons" are long set beneath the horizon, and the snowy brow of youth has become wrinkled, and the bright eye lost its lustre—then does true love survive; love, pure, noble, devoted, self-sacrificing, seeking not its own but the happiness of its beloved object, a love such as youth never dreamt of nor realised.

But as young hearts love, these two loved.

Why don't you sleep, Neddy? What are you thinking about? Why are you going over all she said, and recalling how she said it? And why do you wish the time prolonged? And why are you, Kate, on the other side of this dull stone and lime partition, repeating very much the same mental history?

Neither of you can tell. You never experienced the same feelings before. You have no name for them. Is it mere cousinship? No. Or mere friendship? Not that either. Then what is it? You will find out by-and-by. In the meantime, go to sleep; your parents have been sleeping for hours, and the sunrise is tipping the Argyllshire hills with golden promises of a new day.

Ned's cultivation of mind, refined tastes, and inward appreciation of all that was beautiful and good in man and woman, had made him feel more solitary and utterly hopeless of ever finding one who would satisfy the secret ongings of his heart. This was to him no small trial.

For strong men, with strong wills and with strong passions, it is not easy, though it is life and peace, to yield meekly to God's will as our Almighty Provider; to hold fast our confidence in Him as a Father who knows the things we stand most in need of, who remembers every fibre of our frame which He has made, and who in His Son has witnessed for His oneness with us as human beings, and believing this, to tell God our every care, and then to wait on Him in patience. "Why was I made for love, and love denied to me?" is a question which many have answered for themselves, in the flush and strength of youth, by losing all faith in God, and departing from Him with the portion of their goods, to waste them in riotous living. Then comes the great famine of the soul, when it feeds on husks and grovels with swine! Why that spring-time, "when a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," should be the subject of so much comedy, I know not; for to most it is a solemn crisis, and to many it is a tragedy, acted within the soul on a midnight stage, with no lights and no spectators, but where wounds are nevertheless given which, if they do not kill the heart, may yet leave scars on it for life. In no period in our history is reality in the faith of a living God and Father demanded more than when the heart is yearning for a creature affection to fill up its void, or when the bright hope dawns that the lamb is found which God has provided for the great and blessed sacrifice of devoted love!

There is not a moment in a woman's life more solemnly affecting to her than that in which she receives her first

proposal of marriage. Whether she accepts it or not, it is a great event in her life. She feels that another's happiness as well as her own may be at stake, and apart from every other circumstance, the mere fact that there exists another person who wishes to share his whole life with her while life lasts, in the closest of all human relationships, is itself a most memorable event in her history—awakening new and strangely contending thoughts, and demanding a decision which makes her realise the importance of her existence as she never did before. Kate's first impulse was to laugh heartily, then to cry as heartily; but she thought it best in the meanwhile to do neither, but to open and read Duncan's letter. She breathed more freely as she finished it.

Then came various speculations, which in such circumstances were surely natural and excusable. Oh yes, Kate, think about it! You could be happy from home; your father would miss you, indeed, when the time came for reading the newspapers, and when a party had to be entertained; so would your mother, at many times; but they would nevertheless rejoice in the marriage, and be sadly disappointed if it did not take place; and Ardmore is a comfortable house in a lovely land; and you would do so much good, Kate, to these tenants, would you not? And then this constant bother about being married would be over; and Duncan is in your opinion an unexceptionable man in character, is he not? quite—with more than ordinary cultivation when compared with others you have met? Yes—and if he were your husband—Here Kate's speculations came to a dead stand-still, as if she had reached a deep chasm which she was unable to cross. She then followed a by-path that led her to the

sea-shore—and then she saw a ship! and crossing the sea she entered it, and a sun-burnt face all smiles and love welcomed her, and——

"Kate, dear, may I come in now?" asked Mrs. Campbell, as she slowly opened the door. Kate's dream and speculations vanished as she replied, "Surely, mother!"—

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Campbell, rubbing her hands as she glided into the room after closing the door —the Achanabeg brooch seeming twice its usual size— "Well, my dear?" and she sat down nearly opposite Kate—"What, then, shall we say to Mrs. M'Dougal?"

"What *can* I say but what I have already said, dear mother? I like Duncan well enough, very much, perhaps, in a way, but that is not love? And if I do not love, nor see any hope at present of loving him, how can I encourage him?"

"Love," remarked Mrs. Campbell, with a slight cough, and looking out of the window, "is no doubt desirable, if one could always have it when required, but it is not essential to happiness. I have been young like yourself, Kate, and of course I have known all those feelings (she never did!), and they are all very well and natural when young, but they pass away, however, and are forgotten, while a sensible judicious husband and domestic comforts remain. Love is mere girl's talk."

"It is to me, mother, a woman's reality. I have no fear of being what is called an old maid; I don't covet money; I could work for my bread; I could live in a garret; so long as I did my duty and respected myself, I could live in peace anywhere; but to marry a man I did not love soberly, calmly, decidedly, so as to peril my life

on him, that to me would be *impossible!* I should sooner die!"

"What then *am* I to say to Mrs. M'Dougal?" continued Mrs. Campbell. "Really, Kate, it is too bad of you to put me in this awkward position!"

"My dear mother, again I ask you, what can I say? I tell you I *don't* love Duncan M'Dougal at present—that I can say, and therefore will not marry him; and as I am not at all sure that I shall ever love him, how can I encourage him? If his mother sends him here, and he comes here, and you receive him as a relation, I can of course have no objection to that. I shall be to him as I have ever been. I can be no more, and will be no more to him unless I love him. I cannot force love. If it comes, it comes!"

"As to your marriage," wrote Miss Duncombe, "though you do not ask my advice, yet, dear Kate, I am disposed to take the liberty of an old friend and offer it unasked—a course in general very hazardous. But in such cases how difficult it is, after all, to see things as others see them, so as to judge justly and advise wisely! My idea is that where common sense and sound principle are possessed—as they are, I think, without flattery (which you know I hate) possessed by you, these, with higher aid, direct us as by an instinct, along a path sufficiently clear and safe for all practical purposes. But if these are wanting, what can advice do? It is like putting a pair of spectacles on blind eyes! I have myself seen very absurd, yet still very serious, illustrations of this want of sense among my old pupils. One of these, whom I shall call Jemima—for I won't

mention real names—was captivated by the mere good looks and fascinating manners of a young man I shall name Noodles. She thought that an ardent admiration for his person was love to himself. They married. Now Noodles had nothing but his looks to commend him, and so Jemima and her little nursery of Noodledom have become a heavy burthen, from their poverty, upon her family, who thus suffer for her tastes. Another of my old pupils, as if to avoid the evil of poverty, married a coarse-minded, vulgar, rich man, and she possesses accordingly the wealth which was courted; but she possesses nothing more. Two other girls accepted husbands, the one a young clergyman, the other a young barrister, because they had excellent characters; but the clergyman cannot preach or get a living, and the lawyer cannot speak or get a brief, and the characters don't support the family! What mere rules could suffice to guide the selection of such ladies? Yet I must confess that I have often wondered how contented many are who *ought*, judging from my own feelings, to be unhappy. They don't seem, as far as one can discover, to have the capacity for being very happy or very unhappy. They jog along, some satisfied if they can only feed their children with bread and butter, and others, if they can feed their vanity with silks and satins. I presume each person, unless when grossly deceived or consciously deceiving, really gets what he or she seeks, and is consequently more contented than *we* should have anticipated. But I am discoursing about marriage in general, and forgetting you, my love. Well, my dear, the position you are in is a trial, a severe one to you, and requires God's grace, as well as common sense, to enable you to

act rightly;—for, after all, to know the right and to follow it is the only difficulty, and not anticipated consequences. I notice what you say about the strong wishes of your father and mother, that you should marry this young man. This is a solemn thought! yet we must follow Christ *always*, not father nor mother, and in following what is *right* we follow Him. But oh! let us have a care lest we mistake our own shadow for the Saviour, or our own self-will for self-sacrifice. This advice I do give:—never marry a man whom you do not thoroughly respect, and therefore do not truly love. Money, or the means of support, is of course a most important consideration, which none but fools will despise. But I fancy no man whom you could respect would be so selfish as to induce you to share your deepest affections with him first, knowing that you must share *penury* with him afterwards. Yet it is a great struggle to sacrifice one's feelings to principle! Were I by your side, I might possibly convince you that I am not writing to you as one who, though *an old maid*, has been ignorant of such struggles. But dare I whisper one little suspicion? If I am wrong, don't scold me. *I don't think you are in love!* There now! If my suspicion is well-founded, my long letter is unnecessary, and if not, perhaps my letter is in vain."

"Cheer up, old sea-captain!" said Curly. "You and she will both be snug in port yet. But I must be serious. Tell me what you mean to do?"

"I mean, come what may, to trust in God, and to do the right."

"Then as sure as there is a right, it will come right."

"But not, perhaps, as I would wish it to come, yet come it must, as I *ought* to wish it to do."

"It is not easy to act on such a principle, so trying to flesh and blood."

"Yet, Curly, it is, after all, the simplest. For we sailors know, that if we have a good chart, it is safer steering by it in darkness, in spite of all appearances, than trusting to one's own eyes."

"I am to understand, then," says the reader, "that, like all novels, the story now ends with the marriage of Kate and Ned, and that they lived long and happy, &c."

I acknowledge that according to all the rules of novel-writing, Ned should now be married, as the Americans say, "right off," amidst music and sunshine. But the fact was otherwise. Nor need we be surprised at this.

Life is an education, a training up from right beliefs to right habits, and from right habits to right beliefs, and that by discipline administered in manifold wisdom by a living Person, ever varied and re-adjusted by Him to meet the changing circumstances of men, both without and within. And therefore just in proportion to the conscious subjection of any person to this discipline, and his willingness to be taught, may the lesson given him be more trying to flesh and blood, more "mysterious," as the phrase is, than that which is given to another who "sets at nought all the counsel" and "will have none of the reproof," and who consequently is permitted most righteously "to eat of his own ways, and to be filled with his own devices." The fact, therefore, need not seem strange to us, that noble and beautiful characters, whose

personal and family life are so harmonious with the good and true, should often be subjected to trials and sufferings from which the heartless and selfish are exempted. Teaching is vain where there is no disposition to be taught. Gold, not clay, is purified by fire. On the other hand, there are apparent losses, which are real gains; painful amputations which secure health, and a more liberal bestowal of good in a higher form, by the taking away of a good in a lower form. Men crave for happiness from what "happens;" but God promises peace, happen what may, and bestows it often through unhappiness, so that in the midst of sorrowing there is rejoicing. To be made possessors, moreover, of the passive virtues—of patience, meekness, faith, and the like—through the knowledge of a Father, is our most glorious possession, by whatever labour or suffering it can be obtained. Besides, trial becomes the means of making manifest our faith and love for the good of others, as well as of strengthening these graces to bless ourselves. And therefore I do not wonder that Ned and Kate were soon called to endure trial.

Ned received his betrothed as from the grave, and as a gift again bestowed by God. He felt that he required this baptism of fire. His life on the whole had been hitherto one of great evenness. The highest summit of his ambition had, at last, been reached; and the greatest treasure earth could give to him, had been obtained. And now he acknowledged how good it was for him to have been afflicted! If a cloud had covered his sun, it but enabled him the better to look up to the sky. He

was taught the lesson of lessons more deeply, that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth," whatever these things may be; and that his "life," as a true and an eternal life, must necessarily be the knowledge and love of that eternal God of love, who was found to be all-sufficient in the hour of greatest need. His faith having thus been tried, had come forth as gold. But his love for Kate became only more deep and real, because more in harmony with the truth of things. They were both brought nearer to God, and therefore nearer to one another. For this sickness had also produced in Kate's inner life results, if possible, still more marked. It did not lessen her joy, but only changed its character. It cast a sober colouring over all things, and helped to produce a chastened holy feeling, as if she had been out of the world, and returned after having seen heavenly realities. The old forms of thought became instinct with spiritual life; old truths more full of truth, while old duties grew into new privileges. She and Ned had also been made to appreciate more keenly than ever the love that shone in other human hearts, and of which they had received such touching proofs in many self-denying labours, when, during those weeks of intense anxiety, friends and acquaintances so tenderly carried their burden. Without this blessed experience, their own natural love might have ended in subtle selfishness. The wall which shut themselves in as sufficient for each other, might soon have shut their neighbours out. But as it happened, love overturned the wall of self, and never let it be built again; and so during life their greatest riches were gathered by giving even as they had received.

HIGHLAND SCENERY.

With summer sounds the air is filling,
The streams are flashing to the sea,
Far in the blue the lark is thrilling,
O'er honied meadows hums the bee.

The cuckoo echoes in the breeze,
The lambs upon the uplands bleat,
Buried far deep in leafy trees,
A choir of birds each other greet.

In silvery waves the flooding tide
Is beating on the rippled sand,
And far to the horizon wide
A glory spreads o'er sea and land.

Joy, joy is breathed o'er all the world,
Joy, joy is sung by land and sea!
Maker, preserver, loving Lord!
And shall we not rejoice in Thee!

Viewing Highland Scottish scenery, we are struck by several features which appear to us to characterise it. The first of these we notice is its variety.

For example:—In the Southern Highlands we have a lake-scenery of remarkable beauty. We make bold to say that, taken as a whole, it is equal to any lake-scenery in the world, and this we assert having in our mind the scenery of Lakes George and Champlain in North America; that of Killarney and the Lakes of Westmoreland, and of the still more beautiful lakes of Northern

Italy. In none of these have we witnessed greater beauty than in our Highland "lochs." These, when seen in their best lights with their wooded islands, the infinitely varied curves of their shore-line, the precipices streaked with white waterfalls, the wild copse wood, and the mountains piled over all, are unsurpassed. We have, too, singularly picturesque primæval forests of pine, and everywhere the most beautiful clothing of dark copse and birch, and mountain ash, while the mountains present a constant variety of outline, and colours as various as the state of the atmosphere. Some of the mountains are clothed with grass to their summit, others are bare from the *débris* at their base up to their tortuous seams and jagged peaks. Here are broad glens and winding green straths, cheered by cultivated farms and comfortable dwellings, with moorlands rolling far away their dark and dreary waves of moss and peat; and there are streams innumerable in little glens full of crystal pools, and shadowed by ferns and primroses and drooping moss; streams, too, strong and full-flooded like the Tay, the Dee, the Don, the Spey, the Findhorn, and the Lochy, all alive with trout and salmon, and with their banks clothed with surpassing glory from foliage and flower. And then there are the sea lochs, some of them like sea rivers, worming their way into the heart of the hills, with endless bights and bays, pretty headlands, and winding nooks of loveliness; every loch made alive by the ebbing and flowing of the tide, by the curling seas, by shoals of fish, and flocks of screaming birds. There are, again, the great unknown and uninhabited glens pouring down their storm blasts from silent peaks and corries of nameless hills, which

hold converse with the clouds and changeful mists. And what of the mountain tarns? None but those who have explored some portion of the Highlands can realise the number of those bright eyes, shining in beauty, too minute and numerous to be indicated on any map or in any guide-book. What spots there are, too, of unknown beauty, with their framework of lichen-coloured peaks, and their great boulders, gnarled trees, masses of blooming heather, and lakelets with their floating ornaments of water-lilies, spots visited only by the wild deer! Then there is the great sea which contributes so largely to the scenery of the West Highlands, revealing itself in every possible form, sometimes in salt water rivers, sometimes in calm winding highways between the islands, but most grandly when it spreads its vastness to the horizon, everywhere modifying and connecting the landscape of the earth with the scenery of cloudland and sky above.

And what shall we say of the variety of the coast scenery, whether of precipice or of promontory, or of endless diversity of rocky form in the islands that surround the coast? Some islands are bare and uninhabited, with the remains of an old chapel and its stone crosses and primitive churchyard: others are epitomes of the Highlands, with cultivated lands, extensive sheep walks or deer forests, and lochs and tarns in abundance. Some are low and flat as in the Outer Hebrides; others have mountains, like Arran, whose serrated ridges seem as if cut out by the lightning that has flashed and thundered amid their summits. One, Iona, "the Isle of Saints," is alone in its memories; another, Staffa, is alone in its glory.

To fully realise this vast variety of scenery, we have only to climb some central mountain in the West Highlands. We must ascend the green slopes, pass along the sides of the burns, thread the copse or pine wood, and front the precipices and "sevidans," till from the windy summit we scan the inland lakes and tarns, and gaze on the vast extent of hills, and on the ocean far away, and on the scattered islands, in order to see how great is the variety of our Scottish Highland scenery.

Another and perhaps still more characteristic feature of Highland scenery, and especially of that of the West, is its *sombre sadness.* This feature is less soothing and tender, and infinitely more dreary than the "pastoral melancholy" of the hills and glens of the Scottish Lowlands. One source of this impression is the unpeopled state of the country—the few signs in it of human activities and enjoyments. In this respect the scenery of the Highlands presents a remarkable contrast to that of more favoured climes possessing a more genial soil.

Those who have travelled along the Cornice or the Riviera in Italy, or from Catania to Messina in Sicily —or, more beautiful than all, the coast from Salerno to Amalfi, will fully understand the kind of influence exercised upon the mind by what we may term the *inhabitedness* of the landscape. They will remember that everywhere human habitations are visible—picturesque villages, with their white walls and spires of churches, occupying elevated plateaus high on the mountain sides, or clustering round sheltered bays;

while mediæval towers, gigantic ruins, stately monasteries, or less obtrusive but still well-marked places of pilgrimage, dot the sides and crown the summits of the hills. Industry adds to these homes of men the rich products of a southern clime. The forests of grey olives or green mulberry; the far-spread leafy vines sometimes hanging in luxuriant and graceful festoons; the shady groves of orange and lemon scenting the air with fragrance or hanging with golden fruit,—these are not only beautiful in themselves, but necessarily suggest a people rich in all the means of physical enjoyment.

It is quite otherwise with the Highlands. Notwithstanding the beauty they possess in the forms and colours of the landscape, yet this absence of the cheering liveliness of human beings tends of itself to impart a sombre aspect, as of the withdrawal from a body of its living spirit. Even where human habitations do appear among the hills they seldom attract the eye, as the true Highland hut is, like a nook or knoll of heather, absorbed in the general aspect and colouring. As to the sea-side villages—almost the only groups of buildings to be seen—they are generally poor-looking and ugly in the extreme. And then there are districts where the traveller, if sufficiently venturesome, may journey through vast tracts, along almost endless glens, with other glens branching off from them in every direction, and along the shores of the inland seas and fresh-water lakes; or he may look all round from a mountain ridge; and may neither see a human being nor trace the hand of human industry. In some green strath, or on some upland breadth of soil, deposited by the rain-fall from the neighbouring hills, he may indeed, not infrequently,

come upon scattered ruins of houses, where once dwelt numerous and peaceful families. The solitary gables are prudently left standing by the generous landlord, for fear of injuring the grass, and nature kindly conceals and adorns the ruins with fern and heather. Moreover, the keeps which crown the stormy headland, or guard the once important pass, have long been in ruins, and now seem to fall back into the arms of the rocks and hills for sympathy. Few baronial halls of feudal chiefs are left to represent them now, or to link the landscape with the past by any sign of life or power. All is dead!

As contributing to this sombre sadness, we must also add the general colouring of the landscape, and the ordinary state of the atmosphere. There is, generally, in the south, an elasticity in the dry atmosphere, which so favourably influences the spirits as to prepare the mind the better to perceive and enjoy the beauty around. There is at the same time luminousness and all-pervading brilliancy of light in the air, together with a blueness in the sky, which is reflected back from the warm coloured hills and luxuriant vegetation, and gives intensity to their tints. Even in Switzerland the landscape is cheerful when compared with that of the Highlands, and this in spite of the desolateness of its inaccessible peaks, its unfathomable gulphs, and its mighty fields of ice. The intense greenness of its "Alpen" plateaus, with their picturesque *châlets* and white villages, the purity and brightness of the ice-fields above, and the alabaster sheen of the mountain summits, incased in the dome of sunny blue,—all inspire a sense of beauty, brightness, and joyousness, which is not quenched, but only sobered and sublimated by the awful grandeur of the moun-

tains. The very tinkling of the bells from lowing herds, and from flocks of goats, and the joyous *jödeln* of the herdsman taken up by the echoing rocks, add to the happiness of the scene. So it is in Italy and Greece. Light is everywhere in all its power and brilliancy. The blue waves laugh in it, the church bells ring to it, the marble temples of the past repeat it, the village dance and the cadence of its music are in fullest harmony with it. But there is nothing like this in the north, with its clouds and mists. In spite of rare days, which bring out unsurpassed lights and shadows, with every tint of colour from sea to zenith—in spite of fantastic mists, and sunsets than which, when in earnest, none can be more glorious, yet in spite of all, the grave and sad aspect of the country remains the same. It is like an old ruined house, sad in spite of the sunlight on its walls. The heather is sombre, except when it is in blossom; the moss without the heather is more sombre still; the rocks of which the hills are built, the slates and traps, are often dark as night, and never look bright, indeed, except at those rare seasons when setting suns fling round them their robes of gold; for, alas! during most part of the year they are seen under a dull sky, or under a shadow of clouds, so that the colouring is generally sombre, certainly sober, and is not relieved, but rather intensified, by the indefinite outlines of the hills and their vast distances.

In no other country, for example, do mountains rise from an expanse so utterly dreary. Where, save in the North, is there any scene like the Moor of Rannoch, with its bleakness, emptiness, and utter waste of bog and morass—with its bleached boulders, too, and deep

cuts in its surface, as if through its flesh into its bone, and its solitary death-like Loch Sydog—all filling up a space of twenty miles, bounded by shadowy hills? The rolling yellow sands of the desert are nothing to it; the Campagna of Rome is perhaps more sad and oppressive to the spirit, but this feeling is produced not so much by its mere appearance, for it is fertile in grass, and not wanting in many signs of human life, as by the contrast which it suggests to the life and activity of a great city so near it, and most of all to the Rome that was and is no more!

But there are other characteristic features of Highland scenery which tend to deepen, and sometimes to relieve and modify these sombre associations: these are produced by the lights and colouring of the landscape.

The task of exhibiting the effects of these as specially characteristic of Highland scenery is too difficult for us, demanding, as it does, a nicer discrimination, and a more minute acquaintance with the phenomena of clouds and light than we possess. The difference is great, indeed, between the colouring of the Highlands and that of southern climes. The cloudless sky of the east gives a statuesque sharpness and hardness to the outlines of every mountain and rock. The atmosphere is not softened and subdued by moisture, but is generally as transparent as glass. In the Greek Archipelago there is a rich glow at sunset which steeps island and ocean in glory; but, as a rule, the sense of glare and of unvarying definiteness produces a different effect from that exercised by the atmosphere in Highland scenery. The sunsets

of Russia, as seen from Vasali Ostroff near St. Petersburg, perhaps excel all others for *duration* as well as richness of colour. But then the colours are confined solely to the clouds. The splendours of these northern evenings, which fill the whole heavens with unsurpassed and inconceivable effulgence, although they linger on until their last faint gleams almost usher in the dawn, have yet no landscape to reflect them. Again, the lights and colours of Italian scenery are no doubt wonderful in their beauty from morn till even. Nothing can surpass the delicate tints and varying hues upon sea and mountain, or the subdued yet brilliant glow of the atmosphere at sunset. It is the very luxury and wealth of colour; and every hill, every villa and ancient ruin, every pine tree and every nook rejoices in it. In Greece, too, gazing from the Acropolis, we have seen, after a shower, the effects of light over Egina and westwards to the Acropolis of Corinth. In blues and purples, and soft shadings and vanishings from tint to tint, with the fitful play of every hue, as the clouds and mists rose in flowery wreaths and the sun poured its rays through the moist atmosphere over all, there could be nothing richer. The picture presented was the very perfection of light and shade and exquisite colouring. And what shall we say of the effects of cloud among the Alps? Gathering over the lofty summits, or streaming like an awful banner across the sky from the airy peaks, the clouds seem to make a new world in that wild confusion, in which sometimes there is nothing but cloud; except when the snow summits, like great white thrones, appear above, and the untrodden ice-world of glacier and precipice gleams in the sudden openings of mist, reflect-

ing the sunbeams from the crystal masses. Then again, at sunset there spreads over the awful summits of the Alps that burnished gold which shines but for a moment, as if it were too great a glory for human eye to gaze upon, and then suddenly vanishes. Can imagination conceive any finer effects of light than those witnessed on a "perfect day," sailing down the Lake of Lucerne? As we recall such scenes we feel it the more difficult to say in what respects the Highlands can be compared with them.

We have no intention of instituting such comparisons. We can do no more than appeal to all who have journeyed through the Highlands whether they have not been as much possessed by a sense of beauty and of wonder from the effects of light and cloud in the Highlands, as in any other country they have visited?

There are periods, alas! neither brief nor infrequent, when there is no other scenery visible in the Highlands, save that of cloud and mist, mingling in a drifting mass of drenching vapour or furious rain. At such times the country is not only sad and sombre, but extremely miserable to every one, except to the fisher in loch or stream, who may rejoice in what promises him sport.

And yet there is some cheerfulness in the thought, that but for such liberal contributions from our seas, the old hills that arrest the rain-clouds as they are borne along by southern or westerly winds, and condense their treasures, would very soon be unable—so thin is their soil—to produce the green pastures which hide their barrenness, or the scattered copse which adorns their

sides. Were it not for these dripping mists and heavy torrents, our scenery would be wanting in much that contributes to its beauty. We should miss our exquisite mosses and ferns, our waterfalls and cascades, and that world of beauty which is visible along the course of every tiny mountain rivulet, and in every crevice of the huge boulders scattered at the base of the mountains. Then again, the beginning and ending of these days of rain and cloud and grey mist, so memorable in what they conceal from the traveller, are the precise times in which marvellous effects of light may be witnessed. How transparent is the atmosphere charged with moisture, before that moisture is condensed so as to produce the "rainy-day." How distances diminish,—the opposite shores of the loch and the distant mountain being brought nigh, and every cleft and rocky precipice and bare scaur revealed with vivid clearness. The sun strikes through wild glens, and lights up the bare wet rocky sides with a silver sheen; and distant promontories and islands come into view, and the line where sky and ocean meet is so clearly seen surrounding both, yet so far away. And then, what a sight it is, when the rain has spent itself, and the clouds which have emptied themselves are rolling up like a scroll, and every hill-side is streaked with foaming streams, while the green pastures revive, and the trees, gleaming with diamond drops, "clap their hands with joy!" What can surpass the effects of the thin mist which veils the precipices or wreathes itself around them, or vanishes in light eddying vapour from their summits, until lost in the intense and infinite depths of azure. Every cottage that sends up its tiny wreath of blue smoke, every white

sail that dots the sea, every boat which breaks its glassy surface with its oars, adds beauty to the scene. Can anything surpass the exquisite blues and purples of the hills at such times, their indescribable softness of outline, and that impalpable film of misty light which is cast over sea and land? And who that has seen it can forget the effect produced on the northern landscape when the air is dry and bracing, and the clouds group themselves in towering masses, while far above light fleecy streaks break the expanse of the summer sky, and a light fresh breeze is blowing? As we recall such days we again see flocks of curling sea-mews and white birds screaming in groups as they flutter over the swarming shoals of fish; the infinite variety of form brought out by the light and shade on the hills; the motion of the broad shadows cast by the clouds as they "rake the mountain summits," and fly across the green hillsides; the glorious vistas among the mountains, as range after range discloses itself, until lost in distant peaks "that mingle with the sky."

Off to the hills! Oh what a walk I had yesterday! Never will I forget the green—the deep green grassy top of the range of precipices. A vessel or two lay like boys' boats on the water far below me, as I sat on the edge of the precipice watching the waves breaking on the rocks. A white sail or two was seen far to the north on the edge of the horizon, like a sea-gull. I never felt more in my life the stillness of the air, broken only by the bleat of the sheep or the croak of the raven. The majesty of the prospect, the solitude of the place,

filled me with inexpressible delight. The truth was, I had started with depressed feelings, from having been very forgetful of God; and upon the top of a mountain I have always felt myself subdued to silent meditation and prayer. On the present occasion I poured out my soul in humble confession and adoration, and words cannot tell the comfort which I felt, partly, perhaps, the result of the strong feeling I was under, but much of it truly substantial. Thrice did I sing the hundredth Psalm, and at the second verse, "Know that the Lord is God indeed, without our aid He did us make," I was quite overpowered, and felt as if I spoke for the material universe and dumb creatures around me. The giant Storr, with its huge isolated peak, seemed to point to heaven in acknowledgment of the truth.

I felt as if I had one of those

> "Visitations from the living God,
> In which the soul was filled with light,
> With glory, with magnificence."

At midnight.—Loveliness and beauty! The stars twinkling in the deep blue sky like the most brilliant diamonds, the hills dark and misty in the distance! The rivers, inaudible by daylight, blending their notes with the loud streams, and along the north a magnificent aurora borealis, an object which ever fills me with intensest pleasure. It makes me feel how much man's nature is capable of feeling, and how the soul may be elevated or overpowered through the external senses.

You never beheld a more peaceful, lovely evening. Oh, it is heavenly! The large pear tree is bursting into

blossom, the willows are richly yellow in the woods, and the birds are busy with their nests,

"Singing of summer with full-throated ease."

Everything is so calm, so peaceful, why is not man's throbbing heart equally calm? Why do we not always sing with the birds, and shine with the sun, and laugh with the streams, and play with the breeze? It is, I suppose, because much sorrow must belong to man ere he can receive much joy. Yet when the true life is in us, there is always a sweet undersong of joy in the heart. But it is sometimes unheard amidst the strong hurricane.

After studying to-day and yesterday, I have had an evening stroll. The *aurora* was bright and lovely—now forming an arch along the sky, now shooting up like an archangel's sword over the world, or forming streaming rays of light, which the soul of mortal might deem a seraph's crown. How strange are the glimpses which we sometimes have of something beyond the sense—a strange feeling, flitting as the *aurora*, but as bright, of a spiritual world, with which our souls seem longing to mingle; and, like a bird which, from infancy reared in a cage, has an instinctive love for scenes more congenial to its habits, and flutters about when it sees green woods and a summer sky, and droops its head when it feels they are seen through the bars of its prison! But the door shall yet be opened, and the songs it has learnt in confinement shall yet be heard in the sunny sky; and it shall be joined by a thousand other birds, and a harmonious song will rise on high!

Oh, if we could but keep the purity of the soul! but sense is the giant which fetters us, and gains the victory. We have dim perceptions of the pure and elevated spiritual world. We truly walk by sight, and not by faith.

I set off on a cruise to discover a glen about which there are some vague traditions at Shandon. It was called Glen Fruin, which in ancient Celtic was the Glen of Weeping. The bodies of the dead used to be carried through this glen, from some place to some other place —hence weeping. Behold me, stiff in the limbs, my feet as if they were "clay and iron"—hard, unbending, yet weak, but the head of gold, pure, pure gold; though now, like Bardolph's, unfortunately uncoinable. Behold me, puffing, blowing, passing through the upper park. Bathed ere I reached the birch wood, and soon reclined near my burn, with Shakespeare as my only companion. But even he began to be too stiff and prosy. The ferns and water and cuckoo beat him hollow; so I cast him aside, and began creeping up the burn, seeking for deeper solitude, like a wild beast. I was otter-like, indeed, in everything save my size, shape, and clothes, and having Shakespeare in my pocket. Then I began to gather ferns, and found beautiful specimens. Then I studied the beautiful little scene around me, and was so glad, that I dreamt, on and on, listening to that sweet inland murmur.

The power of the hills is o'er me! Away for Glen Fruin, two miles up hill! Hard work! Alas, alas! that I should come to this! Try it! Be off! So off I went

—and on and on. Green braes—there march-dykes—there withered heather—there mossy. Very near the first ridge which bounds the horizon. Puff, puff! on, on! "am I a bullet?" On—at last—I must lie down!

This will never do! Get up—get up! I do think that, on principle, I should stop! Go ahead—what's that? "Cock, cock, ock, whiz-z-z-z."—Grouse! That's cheering. What's that! "Wheadleoo, wheadleoo!"—a curlew! Hurrah, we are going ahead! Another pull! The loch out of sight. Something looming in the far distance. Arran Hills! Go ahead, my boy—limbs better, steam up—the spirit of the hills getting strong—the ghosts of my fathers and my mothers beckoning me onwards. The moors getting boggy—soft—more bogs—first-rate! Ladies don't walk here. This is unknown to dandies. Another hill, and then—up I am! Now, is not this glorious? Before me, pure Loch Gare—and beyond the most sublime view I almost ever saw. Terraces, apparently, of sea and land—the sea a mirror. Vessels everywhere—the setting sun tingeing the high peaks of Arran, kissing them and the hills of Tarbet with the same glow, laying the one asleep with a parting kiss, and with another waking up her Eastern children. There's poetry for you!

The great hills of Arran, "like great men," as Jean Paul says, "the first to catch, the last to lose the light." Was not all this glorious? not to speak of the sea, the ships, the solitude. Do you know I never think at such times. I am in a state of unconscious reception, and of conscious deep joy. No more.

The first view of the Nile here was to me singularly enjoyable. Indeed, the first view of a great historical river is always most interesting. It is one of those features of a country which is as unchangeable as the mountains, and is always associated with its history as the permanent highway of all generations, requiring no repair and incapable of decay. And here was the Nile! It is one of the locks of snowy hair on the old head of the world. Reminiscences began to crowd upon the mind, from Moses to Captain Speke, and one ever and anon wished to convince himself of the fact that this was really the ancient river of history. Yet all the objects which met the eye and filled in the view were appropriate. There were picturesque boats and palm-trees on the further shore, and over them were the grey Pyramids rearing their heads a few miles off. What more could we ask to make up a real Egyptian landscape in harmony with one's ideal?

After crossing the ferry and traversing a flat plain on the western shore with villages and groves of palm-trees, we reached at last an open space with nothing between us and the Pyramids. The first thing that strikes one is, not their size, for that cannot be measured by the eye, but the high platform on which they stand. It is about one hundred and thirty feet above the level of the green

flat of the delta, and in the midst of a pure sandy desert. "I never thought they were among the sand or so high up; did you?" "I thought they would have looked far larger, did not you?" "Where in the world is the Sphinx?" "There she is." "What! that little round ball rising above the sand?" These are the sort of questions or replies which one hears, if anything be spoken at all, as he moves towards those venerable mounds.

We found the strip of land which separates the Pyramids from the green valley to be much broader than it at first seemed. It was thus well on in the day when we reached our destination, and the heat was consequently greater than we had anticipated. First came the Sphinx, and we circled her round and round. She appeared like a huge boulder rising out of the sand. I endeavoured with all my power to realise the calm majesty, the dignity, serenity, &c., of that strange creature's expression, but I gave it up in despair. She seemed to me to be an Egyptian Mrs. Conrady, whom no power could invest with beauty. I envy those who can enjoy her smiles. She may have been a theological Venus in the days of the patriarchs, but a most gigantic small-pox from the battering-rams of Cambyses, or the fierce anger of some invader, has destroyed the smoothness of her skin. I regret my insensibility to her charms, but I can't help it. She is still a riddle to me.

The nearer we approached the great Pyramid, the more it rose upon us as a revelation of majesty and power. When it was proposed to me to ascend I agreed as a matter of course, and when one of our party kindly hinted at the difficulty, I looked up to the artificial mole

hill, and swaggering about my exploits on Highland and Swiss mountains, I expanded my chest, drew myself upright, and pitied the scepticism of my fellow-traveller. The offer of the Arabs to help me I rejected with a smile of quiet assurance and contempt. Walking along the base of the structure, which seemed interminable, we got upon the first ledge, and began the ascent.

Half-a-dozen bare-armed, lightly-clad, dark-complexioned, white-teethed, children of the desert surrounded me —measuring me with their eyes, and jabbering irreverently in Arabic about my size, I believe, but they ended by volunteering their assistance. Their speech was interlarded with the one word which constantly occurs and forms an important portion of the language of modern Egypt and Canaan—*backsheesh.* I begged them courteously to leave me, and with an elasticity remarkable to no one but myself, I mounted the first step. Having done so, I felt entitled to pause and breathe, for this first step seemed to be a five feet wall of limestone. To my amazement I found another before me, and another and another, each of which I climbed, with the assistance, I confess, of the Arabs—two before and three behind—but with a constantly diminishing sense of strength, and an increasing anxiety to know when I should reach those short, easy steps which I had been gazing at from below. I was told that the steps to the summit were all like those I had passed, but I was also told not to be discouraged thereby, as by hard work, I should be a good way up in half-an-hour, and once at the top I could rest so as to be able for the descent, which after all was the real difficulty. I gazed up to a series of about two hundred stone walls which, after reaching to an elevation

of 120 feet higher than the ball of St. Paul's, were lost at last in the blue sky, and I looked down half dizzy to the base beneath me.

The next wall above me was somewhere about my chest or chin. So, meditating upon the vanity of human wishes, upon the loss to my parish (so argued the flesh) by a vacancy, upon the inherent excellence of humility, the folly of pride and simple ambition, in a subdued but firm tone I declared that no arguments with which I was then acquainted would induce me to go a yard higher. I pleaded principle, but strengthened my convictions by pointing to the burning sun and the absence of a ladder. Bidding, therefore, farewell to my companions, who ascended those giant stairs, I begged my clamorous guides, who clung around, to leave me until they returned. The obvious terror of the Arabs was that they would lose their pay, but I mustered breath enough to say in the blandest manner, "Beloved friends and fellow-labourers! sons of the desert, followers of the false prophet, leave me, go round the corner. I wish to meditate upon the past; depart." And then I emphatically added, "*Backsheesh, backsheesh, backsheesh!* Yes." They seemed to understand the latter part of my address, held up their fingers and responded, "*Backsheesh?* yes!" I bowed. "Good," they replied, "we are satisfied," and vanished.

And so they left me some twenty steps up the Pyramid and looking towards Ethiopia and the sources of the Nile. I was thankful for the repose. One had time to take in the scene in quiet, and to get a whiff from the inexhaustible past in that wondrous spot. The Arabs away, everything was calm as the grave, excepting the howls of

a wandering jackal that, like a speck, was trotting away over the tawny sand beneath me.

As to what one's thoughts are in such a place, I believe they are very different from those one would anticipate, or which are suggested by memory in seclusion afterwards. Instead of receiving present impressions, we possibly try to call up emotions deemed suitable to the occasion. We gaze upon the mountain of stone around us, on the Sphinx at our feet, and on the green valley of the Nile; we recall early readings about the wonders of the world, of travels in Egypt, and stories of the big Pyramid, and we ask, "Are we really here? Are these the things which stirred our hearts long ago?" and then, trying possibly to gauge the depths of time since these pyramids were erected, we place historical milestones a few centuries apart, putting the first down at the period of the Reformation, then jogging up to the Crusades, the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, the Old Testament times, those of Joseph and his brethren, until we reach Abraham. We then look at the big stones about us and say, "These were placed here long before Abraham." Then we begin to ask, "Who built them? What were they built for? and who on earth was Cheops?" And then possibly some shells in the limestone attract the eye, and we ask, "When were the occupants of these alive?" and we thus get past Adam and Eve into the infinite cycles of geologists, until at last the chances are that one gets bewildered and dreamy, and mutters with Byron:—

> "Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
> Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops."

Yet confessedly, few can escape in such circumstances an awed feeling of vast and unknown antiquity, or fail to

hear faint echoes from the tide of human life that chafed against these immortal walls before history began. I doubt not a great part of the charm which fascinates us in such scenes arises from the consciousness of human brotherhood which all historical countries suggest, of the existence long since of beings like ourselves, men who planned and laboured, lived and died thousands of years ago, but are yet alive somewhere, and with whom, could they only start into life now, we would be able to sympathise. After all, *persons* are the life of this world, and a personal God the life of the universe.

While leaving the Pyramid, the famous passage from dear old Sir Thomas Browne's "Chapter on Mummies" came to my memory:—"Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant—and sitteth on a sphinx, and looketh unto Memphis and old Thebes; while his sister Oblivion reclineth semi-somnous on a Pyramid, gloriously triumphing, making puzzles of Titanian erections, and turning old glories into dreams. History sinketh beneath her cloud. The traveller as he passeth amazedly through those deserts asketh of her, who built them? And she mumbleth something, but what it is he knoweth not!"

And how did the Holy Land look? Was it picturesque? Had it that romantic beauty of hill and dale, that look of a second Paradise, which one has sometimes heard in descriptions of it from the pulpit? Well, it did not give me this impression. But what then?

What if it is not to be compared with a thousand spots in our own island—which by the way includes within its rocky shores more scenes of varied beauty than any

other portion of the earth;—what if Westmoreland and Wales, not to speak of the Scotch Highlands, contain landscapes far more lovely than are to be found in Palestine?

Still Palestine stands alone;—alone in its boundaries of seas and sandy deserts and snow-clad mountains; and alone in the variety of its soil, climate, and productions. I do not claim for it either beauty or grandeur—which may be found in almost every region of the globe—but I claim for it peculiarities and contrasts to which no other region can afford a parallel. Grant its present poor condition, its streams dried up, its tillage neglected, its statuesque scenery unsubdued by the mellowed and softening influences of a moist atmosphere, its roads rough, its hills bare, and its limestone rocks unprotected by soil, its villages wretched hovels, its towns extinct, its peasantry slaves or robbers. What then?

Is there no poetry in this desolation which, if it does not represent the past, is yet the picture which flashed before the spiritual eye of the mourning prophets? Is there no poetry, either, in the harmony between the rocky sternness of the land and the men of moral thews and sinews which it produced; or in the contrast between its nothingness as a land of physical greatness and glory, and the greatness and glory of the persons and events which were cradled in its little wadies and on its small rocky eminences?

Is there no poetry, nothing affecting to the imagination, in the physical structure of a country which is without a parallel on earth? For within a space so small that the eye can take it in from more than one point, there are heights, like Hermon, covered with eternal snow, and

depths, like the Jordan valley, with a heat exceeding that of the tropics; there is on one side the sea, and on the other a lake whose surface is 1300 feet lower down, with soundings as deep again.

Where is there such a river as the Jordan, whose turbulent waters never gladdened a human habitation, nor ever irrigated a green field,—which pursues its continuous course for 200 miles within a space easily visible, and ends at last in the sea of death never to reappear? Where on earth is there such a variety of vegetation, from the palm on the sultry plain to the lichen beside the glacier?—where such howling wildernesses, such dreary and utterly desolate wastes, with such luxuriant plains, fertile valleys, pasture lands, vineyards, and corn-fields? —where such a climate varying through every degree of temperature and of moisture?

Of a truth the beautiful is not necessarily associated with what stirs the human mind to wonder and admiration. Who thinks of the beautiful when visiting a churchyard, where the great and good lie interred; or a battlefield, where courage and self-sacrifice have won the liberties of the world; or a spot like the bare rough rock of the Areopagus, on which stood the lowly, unknown, despised Jew revealing truths to Athens such as Plato the spiritual and Socrates the God-fearing had never discovered? Or who thinks of the beautiful in thinking about Paul himself, "whose bodily presence was weak," although he was the greatest man, as a teacher, that ever lived?

Not for one moment then did I feel disappointed with Palestine. It was the greatest poem I ever read, full of tragic grandeur and sweetest hymns. I did not look for

beauty, and therefore was not surprised at its absence; but I did look for the battle-scenes—for the Marathon and Thermopylæ—of the world's civilisation, and for the earthly stage on which real men of flesh and blood, but full of the spirit of the living God, played out their grand parts, and sung their immortal songs, which have revolutionised the world, and I found it no other than I looked for, to my ceaseless joy and thanksgiving.

I spent the last Sunday in Jerusalem on the Mount of Olives. It was a day never to be forgotten; one of those heavenly days which cannot die, but become part of one's life. Alone, with no companion but my Bible, I went along the Via Dolorosa, passed out by St. Stephen's Gate, descended to Gethsemane, and from thence pursued the old road already described, which leads to Bethany and Jericho, by the western slope of Olivet overlooking the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

At the summit of the short ascent a few ledges of limestone rock, carpeted with greensward, crop out beside the path, and afford a natural resting-place, of which I availed myself. The old wall and the well-known corner of the Haram Area were immediately opposite me, and so visibly near in the pure transparent atmosphere that the stones could be counted, and the green tufts of the plants among them.

The day was of course cloudless and hot, but it was not oppressive, for the air was stirred by a gentle breeze with a mountain freshness in it. Though the city was so near, with most of its people pursuing their usual avocations both within and without the walls, yet no sound disturbed

the intense repose except, strange to say, the crowing of cocks, as if at early morn, and the shouts of a solitary peasant who was urging his plough across the once busy, but now deserted slopes of Ophel. I gazed on Jerusalem until it seemed to be a dream—a white ghostly city in the silent air. My thoughts took no fixed shape, but were lost in the presence of some undefined source of awe, wonder, and sorrow. I was recalled, however, to what was very near when I opened my Bible, and read these words: *As He went out of the Temple*—probably by the Double Gate in the south wall I have already described, with the great stones all around,—one of His disciples saith unto Him, Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings are here! And Jesus answering saith unto them, Seest thou these great buildings? There shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down. And as *He sat upon the Mount of Olives over against the Temple*, Peter and James and John and Andrew asked Him privately, "Tell us, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign when all these things shall be fulfilled?" And if Jesus on His way to Bethany "sat upon the Mount of Olives *over against the Temple*," there is certainly no place I could discover which was so likely to be the very spot as the one which I occupied.

Here, in this holy place untouched by the hand of man, unnoticed, and apparently unknown, I read the prophecies, parables, and exhortations of our Lord uttered in the hearing of His holy Apostles, and recorded for all time in the 24th and 25th chapters of St. Matthew. They include, among others, the prophecies of His first coming at the destruction of Jerusalem, then in her glory, now so desolate—with His second coming at the end of the world;

the parables of the ten virgins and of the ten talents, and the trial of love at the last judgment—all ending in the touching announcement, "Ye know that after two days is the feast of the passover, and the Son of Man is betrayed to be crucified!" "All these sayings" I read undisturbed while sitting over against the old wall within which the Temple once rose in its strength and glory, but not one stone of which is now left upon another.

While pondering over the words of Christ, I was struck by seeing near me a fig-tree, with its branches putting forth leaves, and in some places young figs. The unexpected illustration of the words I had just read, as here first uttered, "When the fig-tree putteth forth leaves, ye know summer is nigh," brought to my mind that surely these were spoken at the same season of the year as that in which I read them, and I was at once reminded that the day was Palm Sunday, the anniversary of the very time when our Lord had wept here over Jerusalem, and had also delivered those discourses.

When in Palestine I felt that there were times in which the past seemed so present, Christ and His word so living and real, that had any one suddenly appeared and said, "I saw Him and heard Him," I should not have been surprised: and this day was one of them.

From this spot I went to that other, very near, where our Lord wept over Jerusalem.

Before I returned to Jerusalem I wandered among the solitudes of Olivet—hardly knowing where. I sat and read my Bible under one tree, and then under another; descended some glen, or unknown and solitary nook, feeling only that this was Olivet, and that the whole hill was consecrated of old by the bodily presence of the

Saviour. Most thankful, however, was I to know that the *Person*, not the place, was holy—that His love was not local but universal; and that not only among the silent hills of Palestine, in Jerusalem, Nazareth, or Tiberias, but in our crowded cities, common-place villages, and in every house, in every room, nook and corner of the world Jesus may be known, loved, obeyed, and glorified. With thanksgiving I repeated, on Olivet:—

> "There are in this loud stunning tide
> Of human care and crime,
> With whom the melodies abide
> Of th' everlasting chime,
> Who carry music in their heart
> Through dusty lane and wrangling mart,
> Plying their busy task with busier feet,
> Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

One of the most difficult practical problems which a traveller has to solve is the choice of companions. His comfort, the whole atmosphere of the journey, the enjoyment from it at the time and from its memory afterwards, depend in a great degree on those who accompany him. Let him beware of his espousals. A divorce may be impossible for months, and his sufferings in the meantime great. Accept therefore of no man who for any reason whatever can get sulky or who is thin-skinned, who cannot understand a joke or appreciate a bad pun, who has a squeaking voice which he is for ever pestering the echoes to admire and repeat; who refuses to share the pain of his party by paying when cheated, who cannot "rough it" and suffer in silence; who has long legs, with knees that reach across a carriage, or who snores

loudly. Avoid such a man. Flee from him, if necessary, unless he reform. What is needed above all is geniality, frank and free cordial companionship, with the power of sympathising not only with his party but with the spirit of the scenes and people among whom he moves. The feeling with which a man gazes for the first time on some famous spot, like Jerusalem or Tiberias, colours the whole afterthought of it. Let one of the party at such a time strike and keep up a false note, the whole music is changed into discord, and so echoes for ever in the ear of memory.

For a few days we felt the perfect repose and benefit of a voyage. To one who, like myself, never suffers from nausea even, it is the most perfect rest. The busy world, we know, is getting on very well without us, and so we determine to get on without it. The postman's knock belongs to another sphere of existence, and we hear it no more, except as in a feverish dream. A mighty gulph of deep water separates us from the world of letters, business, calls, meetings, appointments, committees, visits, and all like disturbers of selfish ease.

We assume, being ourselves in robust health, that all our friends are in a like condition, and are pleased to think that they lament our absence, hope to hear from us by the next mail, and will be glad to have us home again; while sometimes we cannot but regret, with a feeling which alarms our conscience, that we do not sufficiently respond to their anxieties.

On ship-board, pleasure and necessity are one. We cannot help being idle. We may possibly exert ourselves

to play draughts or backgammon, but not chess—that requires thought. To read anything is an act of condescension, and no one thinks that his duty. In fact, the word "duty" seems confined to the officers and crew, including the steward. Those portions, too, of our life which on land are made subordinate to more important things, such as our meals and sleep, at sea are made the leading events of the day. We retire at any hour to our cabin, sleep, read, meditate, as we please, and as long as we please. The brain and memory empty themselves so completely of all that has troubled or occupied them during previous periods of existence, that we seem to begin life again as children, and to be amused with the most passing trifles.

Sensible men who, a few weeks or even days before, were occupied with national affairs, become interested in the cow on board, feel her horns, scratch the back of her ears; and beg for some crumbs of bread to feed the chickens. A dog on board becomes an institution. A sea-bird attracts every eye; while a ship looming on the horizon makes all who can stand come on deck and watch the approaching wonder, as the Ancient Mariner watched the mysterious sail.

Who, on shore, ever thinks of the longitude or latitude of his house? Not one in fifty believes that it has either one or other: but at sea our position is known every day at twelve o'clock; and the spot upon the globe's surface which we at that moment occupy becomes a matter of serious speculation until dinner-time.

We beseech over-wrought men never to visit Paris, to be baked on the Boulevards, weary of the Rue Rivoli, have their digestion destroyed by mushrooms and cockscombs

at the Trois Frères; not to be pestered by guides, ropes, ladders, mules, or alpenstocks, in walking across slippery glaciers, or down savage ravines in Switzerland; nor to be distracted by "Murray" in wandering from gallery to gallery, or from church to church in Italy;—but to launch upon the deep, get out of sight of land, and have their brains thoroughly invigorated by fresh air and salt water.

I had expected very little from Alexandria, and thought of it only as a place of merchandise, notorious for donkeys, donkey-boys, and Pompey's Pillar. But as soon as I landed, I realised at once the presence of a totally different world of human beings from any I had seen before. The charm and fascination consisted in the total difference in every respect between East and West.

Passing through the utter chaos, dilapidation, and confusion of the custom-house, and clambering over, as we best could, the innumerable bales of cotton, under the protection of the blue cloudless heavens—winding our way among goods of every description, and between barrels and hampers, amid the cries and noise of the mixed multitude who crowded the wharves, filled the boats, and offered themselves as porters, guides, and whatever else could command a *backsheesh*, we reached the outskirts of the custom-house, passed the officers, entered the bazaar, and had time to look around.

The first impression made upon a European, is, as I have said, that he has never seen anything at all like it. The shops, with various kinds of goods displayed behind

a man who is seated cross-legged, willing to sell them apparently as a favour, hardly attract the eye any more than open cupboards would do. But the persons who crowd along the narrow lane! Only look at them! They are manifestly from all parts of the earth—Greeks, Turks, Jews, Armenians, Hindoos, Copts, Arabs, Nubians, Albanians, drunken Jack Tars, English officers on the way to or from India. With the exception of the Europeans, each man appears in his own distinct individuality of face and raiment.

In America there is a Yankee type everywhere visible, with lips, nose, cheeks, and hair by no means romantic, though business-like; in Russia there is a Muscovite type, which admits of little variety; and everywhere, from the Mississippi to the Volga, there is a certain uniformity of face, or at all events of dress; coats and trousers with buttons, long tails or short tails, hats or caps—a sort of Caucasian respectability.

But here, each face seems to stand alone. There are eyes and foreheads, noses and beards, colours of skin, peculiarities of expression—the sly, the dignified, the rascally, the ignorant, the savage, the refined, the contented, the miserable—giving each face its own distinct place in the globe. And there is, if possible, a greater variety in costume.

Every man seems to have studied his own taste, or his own whim, or, possibly, his own religion, in the shape, colour, and number of his garments. The jackets, the pelisses or dressing-gowns, the waistcoats, the petticoats, the inexpressibles, the sashes, the turbans, the headgear, each and all are different in colour and in details of arrangement.

The arms, whether dirk or dagger, single pistols, or half-a-dozen, modern, or as old as the invention of gunpowder, sword, gun, or spear—each has its own peculiar form and arrangement, so that every Eastern has to a Western a novelty and picturesqueness which are indescribable.

And the motley crowd presses along: fat, contented, oily Greek merchants, or majestic Turks, on fine horses splendidly caparisoned, or on aristocratic donkeys, that would despise to acknowledge as of the same race the miserable creatures which bray in our coal-carts; bare-legged donkey-boys, driving their more plebeian animals before them; Arabs from the desert, with long guns and gipsy-like coverings, stalking on in silence; beggars, such as one sees in the pictures of the old masters—verily "poor and needy, blind and naked;" insane persons, with idiotic look, and a few rags covering their bronzed bodies, seeking alms; Greek priests, Coptic priests, and Latin priests; doctors of divinity and dervishes; little dumpy women with their peculiar waddling gait, wrapt in white muslin sheets, their eyes only visible; and towering over all this strange throng are strings of camels, lank and lean, so patient-looking and submissive, pacing on under their loads of cotton, with bent heads and sleepy eyes, their odd-looking drivers mounted high above, rocking with that peculiar motion which the camel's pace produces—all this, and infinitely more, forms a scene that looks like a fancy-fair got up for the amusement of strangers.

How few Mahometans observe the orthodox number

of times for devotion (five a day) I do not know; nor yet what proportion the devotional class bears to the indifferent. The fact, however, is patent to every one who travels in the East, that prayer is offered up in every place—not in the mosque only, but in the field, on the ship's deck, in the shop, and amidst the confusion and bustle of the railway station. When one sees for the first time a man in a public place or in the middle of a field suddenly drop down to the ground, one is apt to think that he has been seized with a fit, until the fact dawns, from the regularity of his motions, that he is performing some duty. The worshipper goes about it in the most methodical manner. He spreads his carpet on the ground, if he has one, and then, as sailors would say, takes the bearings of Mecca, towards which he prays. The adjustment of his body, not to speak of his soul, is sometimes not easy, especially on shipboard, when the vessel's course is constantly changing. In such cases he consults his fellow-believers, who will often gather round him, and suggest what in their opinion is the right point of the compass to which to direct his eyes. This being determined, he first of all, whether on land or on shore, stands upright with eyes open; then, after meditating for a moment, puts a thumb close to each ear, erects his fingers fan-like, and prays in silence. It is unnecessary to record all his subsequent acts, the bending down and touching the ground with his nose and forehead, the rising up and crossing his hands over his girdle, the kneeling, the sitting upon his heels, the rising up again, and so on. Scrupulous care is taken as to the relationship of one foot to another, of the right hand to the left, as to the exact spot for the forehead and nose

to touch the earth, with their distance from the soles of the feet; and many other "bodily exercises." The prayers, we were given to understand, are all of a stereotyped form, and consist of confessions, and short sentences acknowledging the greatness and attributes of Deity, with episodes regarding the authority of Mahomet. What strikes one is the serious, abstracted countenance of the worshipper, which seems to be unaffected by anything taking place around him any more than if he were alone in the desert. It is reckoned a great sin to disturb a man at his devotions.

One of the most reverential worshippers we saw, whose very beard seemed to be an Eastern religion embodied in hair, was an old man on the deck of an Austrian steamer. It was some weeks later in our tour, but we may do honour to the respected devotee now. One of our companions, always full of the "charity which believeth all things," directed my attention to the reverence of the man. Then began, as often happens in such cases, a discussion regarding the different outward circumstances in which a real life of piety may exist and manifest itself, like light in the midst of darkness, or like a plant growing under a stone, which ended with sundry speculations as to the mysterious connection between devoteeism and devilry—mere forms of religion without religion itself. We all agreed however that this person seemed to be of the true sort, sincere and honest, though ignorant. So when he rose from his knees we were disposed to be very civil to him, and lent him a binocular glass to study the landscape, with which he was greatly delighted. But the good old man stole the glass, and it was only recovered after a search by the steward in his

travelling bundle, where it was wrapped up in an old sheepskin. He seemed quite aware of the theft, and skulked off, not without fear of subsequent punishment, which, however, was not inflicted. He was a thorough type of formalism.

Arrived at Cairo, we went of course to Shepherd's Hotel. To get clear of the railway terminus, however, was by no means easy. The crush of donkey-boys, omnibuses, carriages, and camels, with the crowd of nondescript characters, raised such a storm of sound and such clouds of dust and of doubt, as made the "situation" for a moment bewildering. But once in the hotel we are again in Europe.

The verandah in Shepherd's had its own story to tell, and any man could read it. It is the Isthmus of Suez on a small scale—a traveller's link between India and Europe, with the addition of a few square yards which serve as a platform to connect the invalid houses of the cold north with the heating breath of the genial south. Here one meets young lads who have passed their examinations at Addiscombe dressed up *à la mode*, from canvas shoes to cambric-covered hats. They are, upon the whole, nice, clean-looking fellows, with a gentlemanly bearing about them, and an innocent puppyism, pipe included, which ceases in the eye of charity to be offensive on the verge of the real difficulties in life, which one knows they are about to encounter.

Who would refuse a pipe or a snuff to a man before his going into battle? But what care these boys for leaving home? "Ain't it jolly?" No, my boys, I know better;

it ain't jolly, but, as you would say, "seedy." In spite of all your pluck, I know you have just written to your fathers or mothers with a tear which you would be ashamed to confess, hating to be thought "muffs." You have forced yourselves to declare, for their sakes, "how happy you are;" yet you would give worlds to be back again for an hour even at home, and would hug the old dog and almost kiss the old butler. I'll wager that that merry lad, with blue eyes and fair hair, has written to his sister Charlotte, who is watching for the mail, telling her to keep up her heart, for he will be able very soon to return on leave. And he has sent a single line to Jack, telling him that he may have the use of all his bats and guns and fishing-rods, and whatever he has left behind him, for though he had his little tiffs with Jack at home, Jack, in spite of his this or that, seems now perfection in his brother's memory. And the lad begs also to be remembered, in a quiet, confidential way, to a certain young lady whom he is ashamed to name, but whom he verily believes will never marry another, but wait his return from India. God bless the boys, and bring them out of fever and gunshot wounds to the old folks at home.

Meeting these fresh boys from the west are worn-out, sallow-complexioned veterans returning from the East. Among them are men whose fame is associated only with the dangers of sport with tigers and wild boars, or with the gaieties of the station. But just as likely among those quiet-looking gentlemen may be more than one who has governed a province as large as England, and been a king in the East, and been almost worshipped by wild tribes whom he has judged in righteousness and ruled with clemency. And they are returning to a country

where old friends, who parted from them full of life and hope, are long ago buried, and they will visit "the old home" no more, for it is in the hands of strangers, while such of them as are bachelors will henceforth be frequenters of Oriental clubs, and be known as "old Indians," who are supposed to be peculiar and crotchety. There are few nobler gentlemen on earth, after all, than these same "old Indians." Look at these two fine specimens with pith hats, brown faces, and long grey moustaches. They are very silent, and look sometimes as if they were sulky, but their hearts are sound, though their livers are the reverse, and I respect even their growls, that seem to me like harmless thunder, without lightning, after a long sultry day.

We were informed one evening during our visit to Bombay that there were jugglers anxious to exhibit before the great and mighty *sahibs*. They had been squatting for a long time, waiting with that silent patience peculiar to Orientals. It is to them as if time was not, and as if it mattered little whether their serene course across the trackless ocean of existence was marked by minutes or by months. After landing in India, some persons would perhaps deprecate an intrusion so soon of such low characters as jugglers. But I must confess it was quite otherwise with me, having been always glad when a boy to witness their feats. In this strange life of ours honest men and cheats are mingled, and genuine workers are mixed up with professional jugglers of all sorts, who with sleight of hand and "cunning craftiness lie in wait to deceive." This is true of every country, and alas! of all classes;

why, then, should we avoid those who do not pretend to do anything else than deceive us—if they can?

The troop which waited upon us certainly succeeded in doing this, in so far, at least, as I was concerned; and I will tell how it happened. As I have little capacity for solving riddles, unravelling charades, or detecting tricks, I resolved on this occasion to gather up and concentrate into a focus all that was left of my brains after the exposure to the heat, in the desperate labour of getting "accurate information." So I sat within a few yards of the jugglers. The men themselves were full of interest to me. In gazing on them I felt that we belonged to different worlds; for what thoughts had we in common? One fellow beat the tom-tom with his fingers, in that hard muscular telling form, which elicits a hard and loud reply; another played on a sort of flageolet, and another—but why enter into details? There they were squatted, four or five of them, a cobra spreading out his head in a basket, and a large rock snake twisting about. The chief performer had a face which might have concealed a character fit for anything bad. All indeed seemed types of that gipsy race which is so much beyond the circle of our common sympathies, as if for centuries it had been camped in space amongst the *débris* of old worlds.

Through one of my friends I asked for the well-known Mango trick. I am told that many intelligent young men profess to know how it is done. When inquiry is made on this point, however, I have hitherto found, to my regret, that at the moment of expectancy they always forget it.

While the tom-tom was beating and the pipe playing,

the juggler, singing all the time in low accents, smoothed a place in the gravel, three or four yards before us. Having thus prepared a bed for the plant to grow in, he took a basket and placed it over the prepared place, covering it with a thin blanket. The man himself did not wear a thread of clothing, except a strip round the loins. The time seemed now to have come for the detective's eye! so, just as he was becoming more earnest in his song, and while the tom-tom beat and the pipe thrilled more loudly, I stepped forward with becoming dignity, and begged him to bring the basket and its cover to me. He cheerfully obeyed, and I carefully examined the basket, which was made of open wicker-work. I then examined the cloth covering, which was thin, almost transparent, and certainly had nothing concealed in it. I then fixed my eyes on his strip of clothing with such intentness that it was not possible it could have been touched without discovery, and bade him go on, feeling sure that the trick could not succeed. Sitting down, he stretched his naked arms under the basket, singing and smiling as he did so; then lifted the basket off the ground, and behold a green plant, about a foot high!

Satisfied with our applause, he went on with his incantations. After having sat a little, to give his plant time to grow, he again lifted the basket, and the plant was now two feet high. He asked us to wait a little longer, that we might taste the fruit! But on being assured by those who had seen the trick performed before, that this result would be attained, I expressed myself "done," without the slightest notion of the how. I examined the ground, and found it was smooth and unturned.

Apparently delighted with my surprise, the juggler stood up laughing, when one of his companions chucked a pebble to him, which he put into his mouth. Immediately the same companion, walking backwards, drew forth a cord of silk, twenty yards or so in length; after which the juggler, with his hands behind his back, threw forth from his mouth, two decanter stoppers, two shells, a spinning top, a stone, and several other things, followed by a long jet of fire. If the wise reader regrets so much space being occupied by such a story, let him pass it on to the children, as foolish as myself, who will be glad to read it.

Another part of the bungalow was occupied by Major G—— and his sweet English wife. They kindly sent us their cards; and in their society we spent a portion of the evening most agreeably. This was our first experience of the kind of life lived by our civilians in India, a class for whom I entertain the highest respect and admiration. Think of these gentlemen often for months together dwelling in tents, and in places which are even unknown to the inhabitants of the country a few miles off; moving about from this place ending in "pore" or "lore," to that other ending in "dooze" or "fooze"—administering justice, collecting revenue, reconciling families and villages in bitter hostility about this field or that claim, exercising such influence over thousands as casts into the shade that of a lord-lieutenant or a high-sheriff, and their word of honour more trusted than the seal of Peishwa or Nizam ever was! To me this is a picture which powerfully affects the imagination, and

gives a slight idea of a class of which our country should be proud.

I shall no doubt return to the subject again in illustrating English life in India. In the meantime I will only say that Tom or Dick who takes a wife to India to share this life with him, should be kind to a degree which in England and by selfish bachelors might be termed "spoony." He should give her as much of his time as possible, try to interest her in his work, and endeavour to get her to do what she can in the way of opening up the hearts of Hindoo families to British sympathy and Christian civilisation. He should soothe her if she is despairing; make her pillows comfortable on the couch if she is wearied; and chaff her gently and lovingly, with a kiss on the forehead, if she is "nervous." Let him never blame her, nor she him, for being "irritable," when every nerve is tingling; but, believing that climate changes people, and invests most Europeans in India with a more sensitive brain and a thinner skin than are known in Europe, they should live in faith of that healthier region north of Suez, where both will one day, in their English or Scotch home, wonder at their peevish past, and mutually confessing their shortcomings, cordially maintain that there never was a more loving or a happier couple on earth—never, dearest!

And then the wife must never say to Tom that he ought not to have married her, but some other, or have remained a bachelor, because she was never fit to be his wife. None of that flirtation please, madam, so long as there are any tears in the eyes! Rather let her confess that *she is* "very foolish," and "nervous," and "out of sorts," and "silly;" but that she is sure Tom loves her,

and is the best of husbands, and will bear with her and treat her like a spoiled child. But, oh, beware of calling in a third party, whether the chaplain or the major's wife, or all peace is over! No! no! Believe in each other, and, what is best of all, believe in One who knows and loves you, and can unite your hearts and give you such love as our friends in the bungalow were blessed with. So endeth my lesson!

OLD OFFICERS.

Dost thou remember, soldier, old and hoary,
The days we fought and conquered side by side,
On fields of battle famous now in story,
Where Britons triumphed, and where Britons died?
Dost thou remember all our old campaigning,
O'er many a field in Portugal and Spain?
Of our old comrades few are now remaining—
How many sleep upon the bloody plain!

Dost thou remember all those marches weary,
From gathering foes, to reach Corunna's shore?
Who can forget that midnight, sad and dreary,
When in his grave we laid the noble Moore!
But ere he died our General heard us cheering,
And saw us charge with vict'ry's flag unfurled;
And then he slept, without his ever fearing
For British soldiers conquering o'er the world.

Rememb'rest thou the bloody Albuera!
The deadly breach in Badajoz's walls!
Vittoria! Salamanca! Talavera!
Till Roncesvalles echoed to our balls!
Ha! how we drove the Frenchmen all before us,
As foam is driven before the stormy breeze!
We fought right on, with conquering banners o'er us,
From Torres Vedras to the Pyrenees.

Dost thou remember to the war returning,
—Long will our enemies remember too!—
We fought again, our hearts for glory burning,
At Quatre Bras and awful Waterloo!

We thought of home upon that Sabbath morning
When Cameron's pibroch roused our Highland corps,
Then proudly marched, the mighty Emperor scorning,
And vowed to die or conquer as of yore!

Rememb'rest thou the old familiar faces
Of warriors nursed in many a stormy fight,
Whose lonely graves, which now the stranger traces,
Mark every spot they held from morn till night?
In vain did Cuirassiers in clouds surround them,
With cannon thundering as the tempest raves;
They left our squares, oh! just as they had found them,
Firm as the rocks amidst the ocean's waves!

Those days are past, my soldier, old and hoary,
But still the scars are on thy manly brow;
We both have shared the danger and the glory,
Come, let us share the peace and comfort now.
Come to my home, for thou hast not another,
And dry those tears, for thou shalt beg no more;
There, take this hand, and let us march together
Down to the grave, where life's campaign is o'er!

I have an instinctive admiration for old officers of both services. There are, no doubt, "old salts" and "old roughs" among them, as there are in all professions individuals who, by their lives, contradict the spirit of their professions; yet, as a class, they are *gentlemen* in the true sense of the word, considerate and courteous, with a quiet, dignified self-respect. They look as if consciously representing a great body which have done noble deeds, and gained renown by sacrifices for the good of the country and of the world. I have observed, too, that old officers have a great sense of justice, not in its broad and palpable applications only, but when these require the nice discernment of cultivated minds. I

would sooner trust my life and honour to a jury of old officers, if they were able thoroughly to comprehend the facts of the case, than to one selected from any other body of "professionals" on earth.

There is also something more or less attractive to the fancy in those who have survived the "great wars." Dreams of the past hover around them. Look at that "Navy-man!" How much has he seen from the time he joined his ship at Plymouth or Portsmouth, long before the parents of most of us were married, until he left on half-pay! What seas he has sailed over; what days and nights of heat and cold, of gale and hurricane, he has experienced; what watchings, anxieties, expeditions, and adventures he has shared in; what strange characters he has met; what odd, out-of-the-way scenes and places he has visited; and what a halo of romance invests his engagements, "affairs," chases, cuttings-out, and great sea-fights, in ships that have been like the watchful genii of our grand old nation, and whose names are historical! Who can look at his weather-beaten face, shining with good-nature, his large hands, steady eye, and strong, active build, so hale and hearty, adorned with blue coat and brass buttons, without feeling irresistibly drawn towards him? Brave old fellow! with thy few shillings a day, how I honour thee above a score of mere money-makers with a thousand pounds for every button on that blue dress-coat, now getting tight for thee!

Look, too, at his worthy brother, the old soldier; with more ceremony and manner than "Jack;" less of the "stand at ease," and more of the "'tention!" "eyes right!" but most reliable in those emergencies of life

where tact, judgment, and quiet undemonstrative friendship are required; and equally reliable for formal parties, marriages, baptisms, and funerals. The old soldier is clean, erect, tidy; a delightful Captain Shandy or Corporal Trim promoted. He, too, is full of rousing memories of the past, of marches, bivouacs, skirmishes, and "hard pounding" in Spain and Portugal, culminating in the memorable Waterloo.

Alas! "the old guard" by sea and land are vanishing from our sight like dreams; but may we and our children's children never forget what we owe to them, and to their comrades who have been long asleep on many a lonely battle-field, or lie buried "full many a fathom deep" in the hidden caves of the old ocean.

While thus expressing my feelings of admiration for old officers, I am reminded of the fact, not a little remarkable, that every officer of the Roman army alluded to in the New Testament, is spoken of with respect. There was the Centurion, whose servant was sick, of whom the Lord said, "I have not found such great faith, no, not in Israel;" the Centurion who stood by the cross, and who made the noble confession of Christ's Divinity; "Cornelius the centurion, a devout man, and one who feared God with all his house, who gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God alway," and who had "a devout soldier who waited on him continually;" the two centurions who conducted Paul to Cæsarea; and Julius the centurion, "who courteously entreated Paul."

And surely there are few finer specimens of manly, devoted Christians to be found than among those officers who have learned to "endure hardness" as "good soldiers

of Jesus Christ." The discipline which, as men, they have been subjected to: the temptations which they are compelled to resist and to overcome; the confession which they must bear in trying circumstances, all combine to make them strong in faith, and able to "quit themselves like men." We know few pictures more beautiful and purely heroic than that of Parry instructing his men in the love of God, amidst the constant dangers and utter desolation of the "howling North;" or of Franklin in the last letter ever received from him, asking the prayers of his friend Parry, "that the Almighty Power may guide and support us, and the teaching of His Holy Spirit rest upon us;" or of Havelock at his peaceful devotions, never once omitted during that terrible march to Cawnpore, when every morning which heard his voice of prayer heard also the roar of battle; Havelock saying to his heroic friend Outram, ere he died, "I have for forty years so ruled my life, that when death comes I may face it without fear."

AN OLD SEAPORT.

The old seaport and burgh of B——, in which the Captain was anchored for life, seemed cut off from the whole world. It had no communication with any town on earth by the land side nearer than by sixty miles of such roads as never received the impression of a more aristocratic vehicle than the mail-gig. There was no steam traffic in the days I speak of. A weekly packet kept up the only intercourse, whether friendly or commercial, which subsisted between this secluded Tarsus and the rest of the busy world. But its inhabitants never seemed to weary of each other. Its society was not large; it prided itself on being what was called "select." It was made up of the colonel, long in India; the "black major," though only of the militia, yet intensely military; the "white major," who had been twenty years expecting his company in "the regulars," and had fought during the American War; with other "half-pays" more or less distinguished. There was also the excellent old Sheriff with his top-boots and queue; and Mr. White, the chamberlain of "the Marquis," with his fine sons and daughters; and Mr. Thomson, writer, and Mr. Walker, banker; and the doctor; and Miss Matty and Peggy Cochrane, with their bachelor brother William, who somehow were linked to the aristocracy; and their mother, who was an Englishwoman, with

several other families known as "the Hendersons," "the Wrights," "the Macindoes," and, though last, not least, the clergy. To these were sometimes added, to the great delight of the young ladies, the officers of the brigs of war which often frequented the harbour.

As regards the social intercourse and amusements of the worthy burgh, these were simple, and, on the whole, harmless. Dinner parties were rare, but "tea and supper" ones occurred weekly during winter. I need not say that the company did not vary much, nor was the entertainment very sumptuous. When the houses were built no one could tell; but their small windows, low roofs, screw passages and stairs, spoke of a primitive age. Some of the most respectable were up wide "closes," and within courts, and up flights of wooden stairs, with large balustrades, not unlike the houses now seen in Germany, so that I suspect Dutch smugglers had something to do with their construction. They were possessed by the same families as far back as the records of the burgh extended. Persons like the colonel or the major, who had been long absent from home, returned, as soon as possible, to the old nest in which they had been hatched and reared, there to fledge and rear a progeny of their own. The large black knocker on Miss Peggy Henderson's door had an oval brass plate over it, which once bore the name of her father; but nothing could be deciphered now but the beginning of a capital H, whose larger half, with all the name, was half a century ago scoured into polished brass. These houses seemed temples to the worthy people who possessed them, and the handsomest mansion, I am sure, would have failed to attract them out of those little rooms

made dear and sacred by memories of old, and of ancestors who had lived there, and of friends who gave to life all its charms.

But I am forgetting the tea and supper. Well, these dining-rooms and drawing-rooms could not hold a London rout, but they held, nevertheless, a goodly number; and matters were so contrived that the young folks were able to have a dance in one room, while, in a small ante-room, some of the "old people" had a hand at whist. The gambling was not deep! Though a mere boy then, I never can lose the impression made by those grave, serious faces round the whist-table. I believe, indeed, they only played for an exchange of counters, and nothing was lost on either side but—yes, I must confess it—occasionally Miss Peggy Henderson's temper; yet, oh! call it not a loss but a failing of temper, light and trivial when compared with what thou hast often seen among clergy and people. Miss Peggy's momentary aberration was a mere feeling of righteous anger against the Sheriff's want of judgment—

> "Like the snow-flake on the river,
> A moment white, then gone for ever!",

The inhabitants of the burgh had also a peculiar stamp of character. There were in it no manufactories, properly so called. Most families had a small garden, at a cheap rate, near the town, and often a pasture for a cow. The wheel hummed at many a fireside. The habits of the people were temperate, and such a thing as a drunken woman was utterly unknown. There was an ample supply of peat in the moorlands not far off, and of fish at their door, besides the herring, which was the

principal source of trade in the place. Some larger craft, belonging to several wealthy small shopkeepers, traded with America in timber, and with other foreign ports. Of beggars there were not a few; of "fools" or half-witted characters a sufficiently large number. How many bore names in addition to their Christian one it would be hard to say. Yet these were the very pets and choice companions of the place:—"Daft Jock" and "Peter Humphy," with "Kate the Queen" and "Waterloo Jean," and a host of others, were the *Punch* and *Illustrated News* of the burgh. All public beggars were made welcome to the "bite and the sup" each Saturday. The inhabitants thus voluntarily taxed themselves for their support; each paying his own share in a handful of meal, a few potatoes, or a bowl of hot broth, with words of kindness or fun; and in return their families got the news of the country, or a display of the peculiar drolleries or character of the well-known beggar. So it was that none ever wanted, and all seemed cheerful and contented. But these beggars were great protectionists, and never permitted any free-trader from afar to share their privileges.

The Captain had his circle of pensioners, who received a weekly allowance, and an annual grant of his old clothes. Mrs. Fleming was the principal visitor.

'Tis an old story. The burgh is all changed now. Doctor and Mr. Cruickshanks, and Mr. Purdie, sleep among almost all who then lived as their flock, and few know their graves. Tall brick chimneys now send wreaths of smoke over the town. Rows of marine cottages, like railway station-houses, line the shores of the harbour. Steamers roar at the quay. Politicians like

mosquitoes buzz and bite in the town-hall. Beggars and fools are incarcerated in workhouses. Several more churches have been built. But with all this, religion itself does not seem to flourish more. Neighbours are not more kind; nor business men more honest; nor the people more pure, sober or happy; while the clergy have too great a love for their respective "principles" to risk them in the doubtful experiment of loving their neighbour as themselves.

Suppose several years, shall we say ten? or thereabouts, to have passed away since we last met those heroes so unknown to the great and busy world. Ten years! What changes does even this short period mark in the outer and inner history of every man! What a passing away of old things, and what a coming in of new! But I will not moralise in my story unless when it must be done by an inevitable "moral necessity," as the phrase goes. I will say nothing, therefore, about honeymoons that may have come and gone during any ten years he may fix upon; nor of the morning-stars which have succeeded those honeymoons, and have grown into smart boys, with satchels, or into chubby girls, with music lessons—such morning-stars giving considerable anxiety, and costing considerable money to enable them to shine—bless them, nevertheless! nor of the lads and lasses who have passed out of their teens, to the great comfort of their relations;—nor of people who were "nowhere" when the ten years began, and are now "everywhere;"—nor of the "everybody-knows-their-people" who have, during this period, sunk into the

"what's-become-of-them?" 'Ten years! why, it is a period long enough to change everything, within and without, in each man's individual history! Ten years ago, ay, and ten years hence! I can smile no more as I solemnly think of all that we or others were, or must become within ten years.

Ten years have altered the old burgh in many respects. Some of the old scholars have gone to their graves, and some to the ends of the earth. The old schoolmaster, Mr. Mair, has also passed away, and the cross-coat is seen no more, though there is a tradition that it remained for several years after his death, as a scarecrow and terror to young birds in his successor's garden.

Mr. Mair was succeeded by a good-looking, smirking, thin, little man, with black hair, which rose erect, like stubble, from his forehead. Mr. Crosby "developed," as he said, "the commercial, and sunk the classical departments." He was full of theories on education—gave lectures, in the town-hall, on its methods, in an ambitious English accent—was great in elocution, and in showing off his pupils on examination-days as tragic actors, who could, without the book, take each their part in "sensation" extracts from the poets. The parents of the pupils, especially the mothers, were thus charmed by the dramatic exhibitions of their children. This was a thing they could understand—which made its merits doubtful—and they wondered how they could have put up so long with the dry teaching and hard exercises of old Mr. Mair. These ten years produced, therefore, a crop of young lads who were assumed to be far in advance of the old stock. Young Bunkum wrote beautiful essays, and sometimes poems on such subjects

as "Liberty," "The Death of Wallace," the "Grave," and so on. Bunkum rejoiced in debating societies, had a decided opinion on every subject under the sun; was superior to his father, wiser than his mother, despised all that was past, and cared only for what was present. Bunkum has at last become rich; reigns in the town-hall; is sublime in local committees; awful in reforms, and whirls about as the wheel within a wheel, moving always fast, and in a small circle. Some are ignorant enough to maintain that Bunkum would not have been the worse of the tawse—which never of course was in *his* school—as that long leathery-fingered instrument was once administered by the arm of flesh which inhabited, with singular vivacity, the right sleeve of the old cross-coat.

The Reform Bill has also inaugurated several changes in the old town as elsewhere. It elevated men into importance who were formerly unknown to the aristocratic portion of society in the burgh. When the Colonel and the Factor actually heard a draper and shoemaker make speeches, and presume to take part in public affairs, giving forth their opinions in the town-hall, as to what King, Lords, and Commons might have done, or ought to have done, with reference to our foreign or domestic policy, and when, at the election of an M.P., or part of one, they discovered that the old leaders of opinion and men of power were now in an insignificant minority,—then did those two worthies resolve to retire from public life, and weep together over the grave of their dead country. This they did generally over their walnuts and port wine, before joining the ladies in the drawing-room.

"The fact is," the Colonel would say, with a growly voice, "Radicals may argue as they please, but there must be a governing class who are born to govern, educated to govern, and who have in them by nature the blood, the peculiar blood, sir, to govern. We who have been in India know that. Bless you, sir, caste is founded in nature! It is the greatest mistake to suppose that it is a religion, or a sort of thing which a man can put on or take off as he pleases. No, sir, it is birth and blood, and therefore talent and power. Your Pariah fellows, whether at home or abroad, your impudent shoemakers, smirking haberdashers, sugar-scented grocers, or white-faced bakers, can no more get it, than a jackass can become a blood-horse. Why do we white faces govern India?—because we are the higher caste, that's all, sir, that's all!" And the Colonel would spread out his arms from the elbows, open his eyes and elevate his eyebrows, as his grandfather, who, by the way, was of the tailor caste, would have done when criticising the fit of a new coat.

"I quite agree with you, Colonel," the Factor would reply, taking a large snuff, and spreading out his brown silk handkerchief on his knee, while his gallant host helped him to another glass of high-caste port;—"as his Lordship remarked to me one day lately, when I was dining with him at the Castle (though I can assure you, Colonel, he could not produce wine with a finer bouquet than this), 'Scott,' said he, 'no man knows the country better than you do, and mark my words, mark them well, before ten years are over, Scott, we shall have a revolution, and these lands of mine will be,'"—here the Factor snapped his fingers like his Lordship.

"Of course," said the Colonel, "there's not a doubt of it—not a doubt of it—none whatever, sir, none."

"'When beggars get on horseback, we know where they will ride to, Scott.' He often said that to me, did his Lordship."

But long before ten years had passed, his Lordship's eldest son stood for the Liberal interest in the burgh, and submitted to be cross-questioned upon his political views by little M'Kim, the shoemaker, and gave pledges to Patterson, the baker, promising to reform everything in the nation—leaving the price of leather and the price of wheat as open questions—and the Colonel and Factor supported the young Liberal, protesting, however, that they did so only "for the sake of his worthy father." What changes do ten years produce in man and beast!

Next day Ned, with strange and almost awkward feelings, encountered the gaze of the inhabitants of the burgh as he walked up the "main street" to pay his first visit to the school.

He could not account for the change which seemed to have taken place in the town. The streets seemed narrower and shorter, the houses lower, and the church steeple did not reach the sky as it used to do. Nor had he any idea that so many people knew him, for never in his life had he received so many smiles and nods, or shaken so many hands. But nothing made him realise more the length of that dream of his, than his reception in the school. He entered it with a flutter about the heart, but with the bold determination to ask a boon

which was associated in his own memory with the joys of an earthly paradise, and that was "The Play!" or a holiday for the boys. He had often seen the stern, but, on the whole, kind old dominie, Mair, grant this favour when asked by old scholars, and Ned was willing to run the risk of a refusal in the hope of obtaining his request. When he entered and saw so many of the well-known faces gleaming with joy, and heard the cheers, and beheld the real, yet subdued pleasure of the master, and received his hearty shake, with even "the cross-coat" on, as a certain grey school-garment, like a dressing-gown, was named; and then, after humbly and respectfully asking a holiday, heard the old familiar rap on the desk, and the old familiar cry of "Si-lence—or-der, bo-oys!" followed by kindest words about himself, and the permission to dismiss for the day, but "with order, and to come well prepared to-morrow;" and then, again, when he was carried out in the stream of the rejoicing school amidst dust, and cries, and rapid packing away of books!—oh, that was a reward for the most dangerous voyage! Then followed such gatherings round him in the yard, such exciting proposals for various ways of enjoying the holiday—football, cricket, and all the resources of boy life, with Ned himself to take part in them all. And little Cocky, who was there, made a flying leap over Ned's back, and, as some alleged, kissed his cheek; but all gave him a welcome that made his heart so soft, that he found it difficult to conceal his emotion. Salmond and M'Killop, with all his recent life, seemed a vision, and his present one the unbroken reality. There was not a phrase or expression connected with the various games that did not seem to breathe

poetry and spring. After satisfying, as far as possible, all the demands which were made upon him, as, for example, to look at the mark "Peggy Walker" had cut on a branch in the big tree, higher than ever Ned had reached; only to see the splendid set of wickets and new bats "Maxy Mason" had got in a present; just to hear the famous story about "Big Rowan" and the master, &c.;—there was a general rush to the green, where the football was once more kicked by Ned high into the breezy air, amid the shouts of his old companions.

Oh, how enduring are such memories: and how those school-boy days mould our after years! These old familiar faces to us never die, with their sweet, kind voices, their free, frank, and joyous life! No outward changes in the after life of our old playmates change them to us. Whatever they become as men, in whatever else they may differ from us, in wealth, in rank, or in party, yet the remembrance of all they were to us in the days of "auld lang syne," still survives, and ever must survive. Masters and teachers! if you but knew the immortality of your smiles or frowns, of your acts of justice or injustice toward those to whom ye are for a time as very gods! Your true and generous words will echo endlessly when a thousand weightier words spoken by others are lost in the eternal silence. When the wrong done by far greater men may affect us little, a single act of injustice on your part will have become a lasting revelation of wrong that will cast a life-long shadow over us. Companions on the play-ground! you little know what histories you too are writing every day on your comrades' hearts. Oh! be just and generous,

pure and true, and then the days of boyhood will be as a light in after life, and in old age even, when other lights are departed, these rays of early morn will flash like the aurora with gleams of glory across the wintry gloom.

A HIGHLAND MANSE.

The manse and glebe of the Highland parish were a colony which ever preached sermons, on week days as well as Sundays, of industry and frugality, of courteous hospitality and bountiful charity, and of the domestic peace, contentment and cheerfulness of a holy Christian home.

Several cottages were built by the minister in sheltered nooks near his dwelling. One or two were inhabited by labourers and shepherds; another by the weaver, who made all the carpets, blankets, plaids, and finer webs of linen and woollen cloths required for the household; and another by old Jenny, the henwife, herself an old hen, waddling about and *chucking* among her numerous family of poultry. Old Rory, with his wife and family, was located near the shore, to attend at spare hours to fishing, as well as to be ready with the boat for the use of the minister in his pastoral work. Two or three cottages besides were inhabited by objects of charity, whose claims upon the family it was difficult to trace. An old sailor—Seòras nan Long, "George of the Ships," was his sole designation—had settled down in one, but no person could tell anything about him, except that he had been born in Skye, had served in the navy, had fought at the Nile, had no end of stories for winter evenings, and span yarns about the wars and "foreign

parts." He had come long ago in distress to the manse, from whence he had passed after a time into the cottage, and there lived—very much as a dependent on the family—until he died twenty years afterwards. A poor decayed gentlewoman, connected with one of the old families of the county, and a tenth cousin of the minister's wife, had also cast herself in her utter loneliness on the glebe. She had only intended to remain a few days—she did not like to be troublesome—but she knew she could rely on a blood-relation, and she found it hard to leave, for whither could she go? And those who had taken her in, never thought of bidding this sister "depart in peace, saying, Be ye clothed;" and so she became a neighbour to the sailor, and was always called "Mrs." Stewart, and was treated with the utmost delicacy and respect, being fed, clothed, and warmed in her cottage with the best which the manse could afford. And when she died she was dressed in a shroud fit for a lady, while tall candles made for the occasion according to the old custom, were kept lighted round her body. Her funeral was becoming the gentle blood that flowed in her veins; and no one was glad in their heart when she departed, but all sincerely wept, and thanked God she had lived in plenty and died in peace.

Within the manse the large family of sons and daughters managed, somehow or other, to find accommodation not only for themselves, but also for a tutor and governess. And such a thing as turning any one away for want of room was never dreamt of. When hospitality demanded such a small sacrifice, the boys would all go to the barn, and the girls to the chairs and sofas of

parlour and dining-room, with fun and laughter, joke and song, rather than not make the friend or stranger welcome. And seldom was the house without either. The "kitchen end" or lower house, with all its indoor crannies of closets and lofts, and outdoor additions of cottages, barns, and stables, was a little world of its own, to which wandering pipers, parish fools, and beggars, with all sorts of odd-and-end characters came, and where they ate, drank, and rested. As a matter of course, the "upper house" had its own set of guests to attend to. The traveller by sea, whom adverse winds and tides drove into the harbour for refuge, or the traveller by land; or any minister passing that way, or friends on a visit; or, lastly and but rarely, some foreign "Sassenach" from the Lowlands of Scotland or England, who dared then to explore the unknown and remote Highlands as one now does Montenegro or the Ural Mountains—all these found a hearty reception.

One of the most welcome visitors was the packman. His arrival was eagerly longed for by all, except the minister, who trembled for his small purse in presence of the prolific pack. For this same pack often required a horse for its conveyance. It contained a choice selection of everything which a family was likely to require from the lowland shops. The haberdasher and linen-draper, the watchmaker and jeweller, the cutler and hairdresser, with sundry other crafts in the useful and fancy line, were all fully represented in the endless repositories of the pack. What a solemn affair was the opening up of that peripatetic warehouse! It took a few days to gratify the inhabitants of manse and glebe, and to enable them to decide how their money should

be invested. The boys held sundry councils about knives, and the men about razors, silk handkerchiefs, or, it may be, about the final choice of a silver watch. The female servants were in nervous agitation about some bit of dress. Ribbons, like rainbows, were unrolled; prints held up in graceful folds before the light; cheap shawls were displayed on the back of some handsome lass, who served as a model. There never were seen such new fashions or such cheap bargains! And then how "dear papa" was coaxed by mamma; and mamma again by her daughters. Each thing was so beautiful, so tempting, and was discovered to be so necessary! All this time the packman was treated as a friend. He almost always carried pipe or violin, with which he set the youngsters a-dancing, and was generally of the stamp of him whom Wordsworth has made illustrious. The news gathered on his travels was as welcome to the minister as his goods were to the minister's family. No one in the upper house was so vulgar as to screw him down, but felt it due to his respectability to give him his own price, which, in justice to those worthy old merchants, I should state was generally reasonable.

The manse was the grand centre to which all the inhabitants of the parish gravitated for help and comfort. Medicines for the sick were weighed out from the chest yearly replenished in Edinburgh or Glasgow. They were not given in homœopathic doses, for Highlanders, accustomed to things on a large scale, would have had no faith in globules, and faith was half their cure. Common sense and common medicines were found helpful to health. The poor, as a matter of course, visited the

manse, not for an order on public charity, but for aid from private charity, and it was never refused in *kind*, such as meal, wool, or potatoes. There being no lawyers in the parish, lawsuits were adjusted in the manse; and so were marriages not a few. The distressed came there for comfort, and the perplexed for advice; and there was always something material as well as spiritual to share with them all. No one went away empty in body or soul. Yet the barrel of meal failed not, nor did the cruse of oil waste. A "wise" neighbour once remarked, "That minister with his large family will ruin himself, and if he dies they will be beggars." Yet there has never been a beggar among them to the fourth generation. No saying was more common in the mouth of this servant than the saying of his Master, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

If ever "muscular Christianity" was taught to the rising generation, the Highland manse of those days was its gymnasium. After school hours, and on "play-days" and Saturdays, there was no want of employment calculated to develop physical energy. The glebe and farm made a constant demand for labour which it was joy to the boys to contribute. Every season brought its own appropriate and interesting work. But sheep-shearing, the reaping and ingathering of the crops, with now and then the extra glory of a country market for the purchase and sale of cattle, with tents, games, gingerbread, horse-jockeys, and English cattle-dealers,—these were their great annual feasts.

The grander branches of education were fishing, sail-

ing, shooting—game-laws being then unknown—and also what was called "hunting." The fishing I speak of was not with line and fly on river or lake, or the spearing of salmon in the pools, though both these kinds of sport were in abundance; but sea-fishing, with rod and white fly, for "seath" and mackerel in their season. It was delightful towards evening to pull for miles to the fishing-ground in company with other boats. A race was sure to be kept up both going and returning, while songs rose from all hands and from every boat, intensifying the energy of the rowers. Then there was the excitement of getting among a great play of fish, which made the water foam for half-a-mile round, and attracted flocks of screaming birds which seemed mad with gluttony, while six or seven rods had all their lines tight, and their ends bent to cracking with the sport, keeping every fisher hard at work pulling in the fine lithe creatures, until the bottom of the boat was filled with scores. Sometimes the sport was so good as to induce a number of boats' crews to remain all night on a distant island, which had only a few sheep, and a tiny spring of water. The boats were made fast on the lee side, and their crews landed to wait for daybreak. Then began the fun and frolic!—"sky-larking," as the sailors call it, among the rocks—pelting one another, amid shouts of laughter, with clods and wrack, or any harmless substance which could be collected for the battle, until they were wearied, and lay down to sleep in a sheltered nook, and all was silent but the beating wave, the "eerie" cries of birds, and the splash of some sea-monster in pursuit of its prey. What glorious reminiscences have I, too, of those scenes, and especially of early morn, as watched from those green

islands! It seems to me as if I had never beheld a true sunrise since; yet how many have I witnessed! I left the sleeping crews, and ascended the top of the rock, immediately before daybreak, and what a sight it was, to behold the golden crowns which the sun placed on the brows of the mountain-monarchs who first did him homage; what heavenly dawnings of light on peak and scaur, contrasted with the darkness of the lower valleys; what gems of glory in the eastern sky, changing the cold, grey clouds of early morning into bars of gold and radiant gems of beauty; and what a flood of light suddenly burst upon the dancing waves, as the sun rose above the horizon, and revealed the silent sails of passing ships; and what delight to see and hear the first break of the fish on the waters! With what pleasure I descended, and gave the cheer which made all the sleepers awake, and scramble to the boats, and in a few minutes resume the work of hauling in our dozens! Then home with a will for breakfast—each striving to be first on the sandy shore!

A WORD FOR POOR JACK.

It has been reported in the newspapers that on the night of the Census (1861) upwards of 90,000 British sailors were at sea.

I have read that more than 1000 shipwrecks occur each year on the coast of Great Britain alone, with an average loss of 1000 lives.

On the night on which the *Royal Charter* was lost (1859) there were 195 shipwrecks on our coasts, and 685 persons drowned. In ten days (from 29th October to 9th November) there were 326 shipwrecks and 784 lives lost.

Did you ever, most comfortable reader, meditate upon and inwardly digest such facts as these? It is true we all repeat or sing with enthusiasm about Britannia, that

> "Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
> Her home is on the deep;"

And we remember with pride how

> "On breakers roaring to the gales,
> We spread a thousand thousand sails."

But what think we of poor Jack himself, whose home is on the deep? What of the living man "whose march is o'er the mountain wave"? but not as Britannia with a shield and trident looking so calm and dignified; nor as a fancy sketch of a dashing sailor illustrating the last

new novel on the sea, but as an honest-hearted tar of flesh and blood and nerves; wet to the skin in spite of his glazed coat; blinded with rain, wind, and salt water, that batter on his "hard-a-weather" face; hauling thick, wet, or frozen ropes through his cracked hands; holding on for his life by a swinging yard as he tries to reef a sail that shakes and flaps as if possessed by a demon of angry passion; and who, hardly able to hear the voice of his officer roaring through the speaking trumpet in the gale, yet replies cheerily, "Ay, ay, sir." What are our thoughts of him, good reader? Do we ever think of him who is thus in the midst of "the breakers roaring to the gale," or who, day and night, is at the risk of his life, "spreading the thousand sails" which waft our goods or our friends in safety to the desired haven? When the wintry storm roars, with angry thud and sough over your dwelling, shaking doors and windows, and screaming down the chimney as it sweeps onwards to join battle with the midnight sea against those lonely homes upon the deep—what do we care for poor Jack? "Wild night, only hear how it blows!" we perhaps mutter, if roused to a sense of danger; "hope that the shutters are all fast." But if your own brave boy is at sea, you are both, I take it, rather sleepless, and your eyes are staring into the darkness, and your thoughts troubled like the sea by the storm, and if ever you prayed you do so then for the sailor-boy; finding peace in the hope that the cry of pure hearts ascends far above the region where "stormy tempests blow." So would it some time be with us all, I think, if we cared for poor Jack as a brother.

Philanthropy in our day, while very real, has become to some almost a fashion, an excitement, a kind of "rational amusement." Every class of the suffering community has its sympathisers and liberal patrons. Now the more ladies and gentlemen who have the blessed gifts of time and money to spare, and who, with the graces of good sense and loving hearts, devote themselves to good works, the better for themselves and society. But think you, has poor Jack had his fair share of this considerate kindness? Has this "nice little, tight little island," which owes so much to him, done him justice, or cared sufficiently for his well-being? If our army is sent on foreign service, the public are informed through the correspondents of the press all about the soldier's wants from his knapsack to his shoe, and about his sufferings from friends or from foes, from climate or from commissariat. But how little we know or hear about Jack, from the time his vessel swells her canvas and bends her mast to the whistling breeze, rounds the distant headland, and drops like a sea-bird beyond the distant horizon? Jack out of sight is too often Jack out of mind. "Vessels cleared out," "vessels spoken," "vessels lost;"—these are, generally, the fullest record of his history.

Yet, nevertheless, Jack's life, whether afloat or ashore, is a trying one. It is one of constant change. He changes his ship, his destination, his messmates, almost every voyage. In such circumstances, anything like friendship or wholesome general influence from society is impossible. Afloat, he is alone amid a crowd of strangers in his ocean home, without an anchor for his heart, and with little to occupy any part of his being,

except his feet and hands. His voyage is generally dreary and monotonous, and, but for occasional storms and the art of being always busy, would be intolerable, deprived as he generally is of books, amusements, or recreation of any kind, and too often without the education which would enable him to enjoy books if he possessed them. On shore it is worse with him. He lands, perhaps, on a pestilential coast; on the banks of some river steaming with disease; among a heathen, savage, or strange people, whose language he cannot understand, and whose morals are by no means improving; or if he lands in a so-called Christian country, just think of the population that gathers round him, or of the circumstances in which he finds himself when he steps on shore! His life for months previously, combined with his mental and moral training, are calculated to produce a violent reaction. Wind and tide carry him towards the rocks, and he is furnished with very little power to resist the impetus. Without a friend to meet or to welcome him,—without an object he has ever read of to give him rational interest or innocent amusement, he is let loose among strangers with idle hours to spend, and an idle purse to empty, and is at once surrounded by the basest of the population, and dragged (alas! not unwillingly) to the vilest dens of dissipation, there to be robbed and ruined.

Many people, accordingly, have come to think that he is doomed as a "ne'er-do-weel," and that for him a sober, righteous, godly life was never intended, and is but a dream of sanguine philanthropists, as if there was a peculiar gospel and special heaven for sailors! It was but the other day I heard a highly respectable Christian,

who would have been alarmed if his boy had not given him all the heads of a long sermon on a Sunday evening, remark coolly, and with a smile of complacency, as some sailors with bronzed faces staggered past him, while one lay helpless and miserable, cut and bleeding on the pavement, "What a set of blackguards! but what else can we expect from sailors?" As if poor Jack had not a God to judge him, or a soul to be saved or lost, as well as Bishops or Presbyters!

I well remember, many years ago, entering into conversation on shipboard with a sailor who had, as he said, "been foundered at last, and was fast breaking up." He was one of several who were being taken to England as prisoners, on account of a mutiny in which they had been engaged in a merchant ship, commanded by a brutal captain. These men seemed so solitary, so cut off from all human sympathy, so sad and apathetic, until roused by a little kindness, that it was impossible not to pity them.

"Where were you born, my man?" I asked.

"Don't know, sir," he replied, with a careless air.

"Where did your parents belong to?"

"I s'pose had parents—never saw or he-ard of them."

"But when did you go to sea?"

"Don't know, sir; the longest memory I have was on board a ship up the Straits, off Gib."

"And have you been at sea ever since?"

"Ever since."

"And where have you been sailing to?"

"To all parts, and a bit beyond," he answered, with a smile.

"And have you no friends or relations?"

"Friends or relations!" he exclaimed, with a bitter laugh, looking at his rough hands and bending his head; "what's a fellow like me to do with friends and relations! None, sir, none; except," he added with a nod, and looking at his disconsolate fellow-prisoners, "except them chaps are among them."

Poor fellows! Heaven have mercy on them, and on all such, for they find little mercy or help from us!

I do not forget, but thankfully remember how much has been done by noble shipowners for their seamen since the days of the *John*. Seamen's "Homes," "Seamen's Friends' Societies" have also proved immense blessings; while very many "reforms," effected by Act of Parliament, have all tended to protect the sailor, and, above all, to elevate the character and education of the officers in command. But very much yet remains to be accomplished to improve the social condition of the men, which private companies, however philanthropic and generous, cannot accomplish. Can nothing be done to unite sailors *as a body*?—to lessen their sense of isolation, and to elevate them as members of a corporation? Is it impossible to localise them more, and give them a pecuniary interest in the ship, and in the success of the voyage? Anything, in short, to alter the ever-changing, unsettled, roving character of their life, which is so incompatible with all real progress.

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

MR. JOSEPH WALKER.

There was nothing very remarkable in Mr. Walker's outward appearance. His hair was short and sandy, his eyes keen and restless, his lips dry and thin, his body lithe and active. When in his Sunday clothes, he might have passed for an ex-bailie, a physician in good practice, or a retired clergyman with a coloured neck-cloth.

And yet there must have been something amiss with Mr. Walker, for he was recognised by all beyond the Walker interest as a sort of stumbling-block in their road —an odd figure which lessened the sum total of their enjoyment—a ghost at their feasts of charity.

Was he, then, a bad man? I have already said that the world pronounced him a highly "respectable" man, and the world was so far right, for Joseph was never guilty of any crime or vice. He was, for example, as incapable of being the "worse for liquor" as the east wind is when driest and sharpest. I don't believe he ever cheated any man, or was ever guilty of an act of dishonesty in his accounts; and that same fact in these days, or in any days since shekels were weighed or bills discounted, is something to say for a man, and forms no small guarantee for his respectability.

Or was he false? To do him justice, it must be admitted that Mr. Walker reached the mark of the

world's standard of truth. I don't think he ever proposed to himself to tell a falsehood, or ever imagined that he could tell a falsehood, or put a "yes" where a "no" should be. But that he was an out-and-out truthful, transparent man, who could not do a very sneaking mean thing, I will not be so bold as to affirm.

Nor was Joseph a passionate, bad-tempered man, as these infirmities are generally understood. I don't think he ever so far forgot himself as to be in a passion. The flint strikes fire, and straight is cold again; but Joseph, though a good deal of a flint, did not strike fire, from some damp or clay of selfish prudence which adhered to his surface. He was not a man who would, in the heyday of duelling, have ventured to send a challenge to even a hen, or who would ever have laid himself open to the nervous pain of being called out. Whatever anger was in his heart growled far back in its den, or paced noiselessly there with green eyes flashing in the darkness, but never flew up against the bars of his cage with a thud and a roar. Joseph, therefore, could never have struck a man; but I am inclined to think he would have given a vicious pinch to his neighbour, especially if he were asleep.

Joseph Walker was not even a bore. I never knew a bore who had not more than ordinary confidence in his fellow-men, for he not only craves their sympathy for himself and his schemes—(and what bore is there without a scheme of some kind?)—but relies on their sympathy with a confidence which often creates sympathy. There is also, I think, generally a large amount of kindness and amiability in a genuine bore. If society will only submit to be bored, he will repay society by a

large amount of fair value in return. Besides, a bore has often a great deal of generosity in him, and can laugh with others who may even laugh at his hobby. Joseph Walker was too silent, too mysterious, too self-conscious to be a bore.

Were we to classify him according to his skin, we would say at once that he was decidedly not pachydermatous, or thick-skinned. His skin was of the finest texture; it was almost transparent: hence his extreme touchiness. He often shrank back from a brother's approach as from a red-hot iron.

Mr. Walker was very quiet, circumspect, cautious, calculating, prudent. His smile was always arrested and snubbed long before it approached the rash outburst of joyous laughter. I don't believe he ever enjoyed a hearty laugh in his life. When a child he could have been pleased with a rattle, but for him to have been tickled with a straw I think was impossible. Joseph was calm, solid, serious, as became "a highly respectable man."

It was Joseph's secret opinion that a man ought to form a fair and just estimate of himself—of his own talents, influence, position in society, or of what was due to him as an exactor of customs from his neighbour. All he wanted was fair play. If he got that, he himself being judge of its amount, he accepted it as his right. If he got less, he complained. If he got more than his due—which, he said, very rarely happened—he was grateful, and smiled. I may just state, in passing, that Joseph was often at variance with society upon this point, his own worth and importance; and that there were great difficulties in adjusting their respective claims. He and

society met like cross tides, and created a jumble. The law could not take the matter up, and arbitration was impossible, for Joseph insisted on his wife being one of the arbiters, which no one else would agree to. There was, therefore, great difficulty in adjusting the difference.

Mr. Walker included within his immediate personality not merely such things as his proposals and his resolutions, but all his plans and schemes, and whatever belonged to his household—everything, in short, having his "mark." He protected them all, demanded homage for them all. The enemies of anything marked with his "MY" he considered as his own enemies. Any want of attention to his dog even, with J. W. on its collar, would have been considered personal; and any dislike which your supposed or real neglect might have engendered in him towards yourself, was not confined to you, but extended to your whole family. And thus he suffered from a vast number of imaginary grievances, supposed hits against himself—neglects, or forgets, with reference to his dues.

But, after all, I question if Mr. Walker *was* so very unhappy on account of these cruelties of society, and its general conspiracy against him. Our friend did not always like to be disabused of his prejudices and dislikes; there was, if he would confess it, a secret comfort in them which could not be relinquished without consideration—his grievances having their consolations, as shipwrecks have their salvages. For Joseph often contemplated himself as a martyr to human ignorance, envy, or spite, and sympathised with himself accordingly. To ponder upon the annoyances of the day was with him a favourite evening exercise. Ah! there are few forms of worship

so constant, so established, so free from dissent, so sincere and unmixed, as self-worship!

A special feature of Mr. Walker's character was his remarkable talent for diplomacy. He had no idea of going straight towards his object, but worked his way up to it by zig-zag parallels, as engineers do against a fortress. Nor was he ever seen by the enemy. You could detect his presence only by carefully watching the earth and dust, which, like the mole, he occasionally raised as he peeped up with half-shut eyes, to disappear again as rapidly. He was therefore a chief man at every species of election, from that of a beadle to a bailie, from that of a minister to a member of Parliament. In such circumstances, indeed, he became great. His silence was as remarkable as his speech; his caution was sublime; his wisdom unfathomable.

Behold him slowly pacing down the street, arm-in-arm with a confidential friend, whom he is indoctrinating with some idea, their heads close together, his stick or umbrella moving in emphatic unison with the sagacious counsel he is breathing into the listening ear of his friend.

"Observe now," he says: "if Mr. A. gets this situation, the one which he vacates might be filled by Mr. B., and this would enable us to put C. into office instead of B., which would be the very thing, don't you see?"

Equally sagacious were his methods of getting at a voter. If Joseph wished to get his hand into the house that Jack built, it was quite probable that he could not

attain his end directly through the influence of the cat, or the rat that ate the malt. But, thinking over the matter, he would remember most fortunately that he knew the "priest all shaven and shorn;" and for certain reasons he believed the priest, who was obliging, could be easily got at. The said priest was well acquainted with the "maiden all forlorn," for she was one of his own flock, and he had married her to the man "all tattered and torn;" and there was, therefore, no difficulty of influencing through her the "cow with the crumpled horn," which she herself milked. The cow would arrange everything with the dog, in spite of his tossing; and then the dog knew the cat, who was certain of getting sooner or later at the rat, and then at the malt, and thus at last into the house that Jack built!

But, on the other hand, tramp on Joseph's toe—ruffle his skin—refuse to give him the big fiddle—only offend his vanity or his self-esteem, and let him become your enemy: then, depend upon it that, by shakes of the head, shrugs of the shoulder, and small plots, Mr. Joseph will thwart you, traduce you, throw out hints against you, and, as far as in him lies, demolish you and your prospects; and all this he will accomplish in a highly respectable way. He will express the most kindly hopes that he may have been misinformed and mistaken in what he has heard of you, but he fears, alas! that his information is correct. He is truly sorry (dear kind Joseph!) that he is obliged to conclude that you are not the man—that you will never do. He has no wish to enter into details, but he has the best reasons for saying, that it will be decidedly better for yourself even, not to get this appointment. Honest Joseph!

Joseph, you see, never forgot himself. He was not a man who had anything open, true, or generous in his disposition; but one who, Sunday and Saturday, saw himself the centre of the universe. He was "highly respectable" in the courts of the temple, yet who would compare him with the poor and miserable publican who stood afar off and smote upon his breast?

T. T. FITZROY, ESQ.

"Don't you think that Fitz should be sent to some school?" said old Fitzroy one evening, to his wife, as they sat alone, at the drawing-room fire.

"To school!" exclaimed Mrs. Fitzroy with astonishment. "For what purpose? He does not, you know, with his expectations, require education, as if he had to go to the bar, the Church, or do something to gain his bread."

"Very true," said Mr. Fitzroy, "but you know it is rather the right *thing* to do—to send a boy to one of our public schools, and afterwards to a university."

Mrs. Fitzroy, however, could not think of sending her son where strong boys might hurt his fine body, or rude boys injure his fine feelings, or diligent boys put his indolence to shame. Fitz was not made for that sort of life; besides, it was wholly unnecessary, considering his "expectations."

Mr. Fitzroy, who was beginning to feel his son rather troublesome, and in the way, at last suggested a "genteel" private school, where he would "pay a handsome, a *very* handsome board, and where the master would act in accordance with Mrs. Fitzroy's views of education." Fitz passed a great portion of his second decade at some such school, with an accommodating teacher, and when he left it, the strongest conviction retained by his

mind was that its lessons were a dreadful "bore." He carried away the nicknames of the master; a vivid impression of the fun he had enjoyed, the tricks he had played, the money he had spent, and the "wild fellows" among the boarders, with whom he had become acquainted.

This decade of Fitz's life at last culminated in the production of "a young fellow." What an epoch that was for his family, for the world, and above all for himself! His demands upon creation were amazingly increased, and now required a number of acres to furnish the harvest, which would fill his barns. The clothes for that body—now nearly six feet high—were necessarily varied, select, and in all respects fitting. It required also much time and trouble on the part of various artisans to produce that grand result which walked along the fashionable promenade at the fashionable hour. During the year, the sum total expended from that toe to that crown for morning suits, walking suits, and evening suits; for riding, driving, hunting; for the hands, for the head, for the feet, in varied texture and shape, was incalculable. The body, too, demanded and received a horse to carry it, a barouche to wheel it; a servant to dress it, and go messages for it, and other attendants to minister indirectly to it. And it required also, within itself—being what in Scotland is termed "a self-contained house"—the choicest viands to support it and to cheer it, at breakfast, at luncheon, at dinner, and a little before going to bed. Dancing was arranged to exercise it in an easy way; and agreeable society, to please it and admire it; and music, to solace its large ears; and whatever was gay and brilliant to delight its large eyes. The only great law was, that

nothing was to presume to "bore" it. The universe was ordained to pour its treasures at the feet of this body, and to minister to all its craving appetites. Other young fellows were, of course, summoned to gratify its humours and its vanities, by their smiles, conversation, ready sympathy, and congenial tastes. In slang language, T. T. Fitzroy was "a fast young man." He cultivated ignorance of everything but what a whipper-in could comprehend, a horse-jockey sympathise with, or a groom descant upon. He trained himself to wonder at nothing; to be apparently uninterested in everything that did not enter into the remarkably narrow world of "a young fellow." By-and-by, his mother became, of course, "the Maternity;" his father "the Governor;" every clergyman "a parson;" books, "novels and a cigar." As for religion, it was a sort of mysterious institution, the existence of which was recognised like that of a poor relation, but not admitted to familiar intercourse; though a distant nod might be given to it, on rare occasions, when it could not be cut dead. Beyond this it was, "of course, a sort of thing which a young fellow had nothing to do with;" while the inward conviction was strong enough to convey the faint impression, that, besides having some connection, he knew not how, with catechisms and long sermons, it prescribed vulgar rules of life, which, "of course, a young fellow could not comply with."

Mr. Fitzroy had, even at this stage, cost a great deal more than poor Jim the convict, and teased no oakum as he did, to defray even a small portion of his expense. I am not sure but the convict was unfairly treated, supposing that T. T. Fitzroy and he lived under the same laws. Poor M'Sweeney's early habits were much the

same as Mr. Fitzroy's, but were indulged at far less expense. M'Sweeney's clothes were indeed chiefly for summer wear, if one might judge from the free access which the breeze had to every part of them, and their consequent coolness. Nor did his boots fit so well, not being Parisian, but home-made, and second or third hand. His operas were not so well got up; nor were his balls so select; while his sport was, from the injustice of keepers, enjoyed more by night than by day; his cards, too, were blacker, and his gambling debts less heavy. But it was not poor M'Sweeney's fault that his tastes were not gratified to a larger extent. It is true that he became a criminal, having appropriated, without the consent of the owner, a pocket-handkerchief belonging to a respectable grocer, who had several. On a raw and gusty day too, when very hungry, he rather rashly rushed off with three herrings and a few potatoes from a shop-door, in breach of all the rules of fair dealing, which are never transgressed by gentlemen, except for aristocratic sums that destroy banks and railways or ruin shareholders. This was, no doubt, very wicked of Jim, and one would be horrified by such a breach of the most ordinary ideas of good manners, as to associate that polished, good-looking, well-got-up young fellow, Fitzroy, with such a snub-nosed, large-mouthed, underbred, ragged, ignorant, and utterly neglected being as M'Sweeney. But were there no black marks against Mr. Fitzroy? Nothing that would be criminal in him were he judged by a higher tribunal? No blasphemies ascending to heaven from his lips? No pouring into the ear of vile temptations and of viler successes? No robberies and murders of human souls dear to God? No corruption in thought,

in language, or in purpose? No sewers of iniquity moving, still and fœtid, beneath that flowery outside, as beneath a bed of gay flowers, that feed and grow strong on corruption? The police knew nothing about him, but the angels and One higher knew something about him!

What said his companions regarding him? They maintained that "a thoroughly good fellow was Taddy Fitzroy." "A little wild, of course, but they liked him extremely." "He was so good-hearted," was "lucky too from having lots of money," and "much to be envied, as he had nothing to do on earth but to amuse himself." So thought the select few who had the honour of basking in the sunshine of young Fitzroy, and who were always ready to return his rays with corresponding beams of greater or less intensity.

"Who *is* that young man?" asked Mrs. Dallas, as she and Jane peered from their glasses from the corner of a ball-room. "Oh, that is young Fitzroy, who has bought Broomley," replied Jane. So Mr. Fitzroy was introduced to the *élite* of the *haut ton* in the provincial town; and not a few of its members were pleased at making his acquaintance; and numerous coteries discussed his "expectations," and descanted on his "possessions;" and numerous hopes were expressed that they might have the pleasure of meeting him *very* soon again, and of paying their respects to him. All this was natural and kind, and a homage which was most pleasing to Mr. Fitzroy. So he waltzed and galoped and wheeled about the room with his chin up, a star of the first magnitude, while planets, more or less brilliant, accompanied him in his orbit. It is too bad to associate such a constellation as

this with that dull, vulgar wick lamp—poor M'Sweeney, at his penny ball. Yet, Fitzroy "cost a good deal more" than even "that chap."

This decade was ended and another begun on a memorable day at Broomley, the day when Mr. Fitzroy attained his majority. What a gathering of tenants on horseback and on foot, with white favours and flags, the town band the while vigorously playing "See the Conquering Hero comes!" Never were decades entered upon with more promise. "He had," as was eloquently remarked, "the ball at his foot," and was fairly established as a county man. One likes to contemplate such harmonious pauses in life. "Well," we say, "here is a fresh start. Let us hope that these twenty years have laid up a store of something to be expended in doing good during future years." We are disposed, if we could venture on such a liberty, to take young Fitz by the hand and whisper such a very sober piece of advice as, "Be a man, and a useful one;" and to express the wish that he might act worthy of his position in society, possessed as he was of youth, health, money, time, influence, and gifts innumerable.

Mr. Fitzroy has now entered on his third and fourth decades. These two eras in his life we must consider as one. They were characterised by the same features, and therefore do not demand a separate analysis. I may mention that it was during this period that his father and mother departed this life. The wife survived her husband several years. Neither old Mr. Fitzroy's illness nor his death was marked by anything very peculiar. It had been noticed for some months that he was falling away

—then he became ill, but not seriously—then kept his bed—did not rally as was expected—new symptoms—an eminent physician summoned for consultation—better—not so well—worse—the party at the castle put off—expected visits delayed—alarmingly ill—expresses galloping to and fro—Fitzroy sent for, and comes from the shooting, too late to find his father conscious. No hope. "Old Mr. Fitzroy is dead."

Mrs. Fitzroy died, I know not how, but I believe suddenly. She passed away into the unseen, and the place that had known her knew her no more.

What a tragedy is life! Yet from its incongruities how many are its serio-comic aspects! It often looks in such a mingled light that it is doubtful whether we weep or laugh. Our laughter has its irresistible tears, and our tears have smiles mingled with them. Did any person mourn for poor old Mr. Fitzroy or his wife? who were sleepless for them? who woke with a hollow sense in the heart of something having been lost? who had a cloud the size of a man's hand in their sunny sky for them? Some felt disappointed that their deaths marred their party; the inhabitants of the cottages considered how it would affect their fate; Walters, the coachman, got drunk the night of the death, with Tomline, the keeper, because they had had so much to do during the day. The nurse speculated about her mourning, and Mrs. Fitzroy's maid, Trotter, had a quarrel with the housekeeper about the arrangement of my lady's wardrobe.

When poor Tom Lazenby, the poacher, was ill, it was wonderful what good he received from Mr. Jenkins, the Methodist, who tried to bring him to a sense of his sins.

Tom became a very different man, but not until his soul was riddled and dissected with close and truthful examinations. "Now Tom," Mr. Jenkins would say, "speak the truth;" "Answer me, Tom;" "I will just ask you, Tom, whether," &c.; "Tom, don't escape in that way, come to the point." Honest and kind personal dealing produced a remarkable and permanent change in Tom's character. The old rector, Mr. Markham, had also done a world of good to poor Susan Fairfield, in the village. He had visited her often, and was amazed at her ignorance, though she was living in a Christian land and attending Christian ordinances. He said, however, he was determined that she should know her ignorance by being instructed in the truth, and most thankful she was for all his faithful ministrations. A good neighbour even was not rejected, who with rough yet kindly hands endeavoured to save Tom or Susan from the deep waters in which they were sinking. But with poor old Mr. Fitzroy and his wife, at Broomley, it was different! It was difficult, it was alleged, to take such a liberty with them. It was hard to question *their* ignorance, or examine their consciences, or call them to repentance, or hint at the possibility of their lives having been vain, selfish, and ungodly. Would it not have been vulgar, fanatic, methodistical, so odd and unfeeling, to say anything to disturb the serene quiet of that sick-chamber? or to suggest any possible danger to be escaped, any good so be earnestly sought for, or insist on anything so out of the way for them as conversion, repentance, or a new heart? To soothe, comfort, and give "peace at any price" was what was expected. Were there no friends, no true brothers, no one that really loved them

in the deepest sense, who would hazard all to do their souls good? Oh, friends! oh, brothers! poor, miserable, selfish men are we all apt to be! and so in hours of darkness and moral weakness we have been afraid to act out what we say we believe, and we seek rather to save our own little reputation for an hour, than our brother's good for ever!

So Mr. and Mrs. Fitzroy died, were buried, and were marvellously soon forgotten. No doubt young Fitzroy sometimes prefaced stories after dinner, or when walking in the grounds, by saying, "My poor father, or my poor mother, intended to do so and so," or, "They used to make it a rule to do this or that." Their portraits remain in the dining-room, dressed in the height of the fashion, and smiling; the one as a sportsman on a breezy autumnal day, with a telescope in his hand, and the other in full dress, with a fan in her hand. But as for themselves, where are they?

I must now give my undivided attention to T. T. Fitzroy. That era in his life had arrived when we would naturally expect, after this long waiting, to see these expectations realised in a becoming manner, the hope of which was assumed as justifying the large expenditure and labour of so many years. That expenditure, during the last twenty years of his life, remained a very noticeable fact. My brain grows dizzy as I attempt to enumerate, by means of any measure at my command, what that gentleman cost the universe during that long period, and how it was ransacked to feed and clothe him, and to minister to every taste and impulse.

Now, the question must surely press itself upon us more than ever, what was the gain to the universe from his existence? What return did Mr. Fitzroy make for his expenditure of forty years? A thousand rivulets flowed into this sea of his. Was it a dead sea, so far below the level of things as they ought to be that not one stream issued out of it "of its own sweet will" to turn a mill, refresh a cottage home, give drink to a weary pilgrim, or even to wash an orphan's face? What, I ask with anxiety, was the grand result of all that was being done for and given to this one man? You very naturally reply, "He had his tenantry to look after, or his own household to govern, or his duties as a country gentleman to discharge. He had to do a thousand things by which to make himself useful, and to contribute his quota to the good and happiness of society; for society obviously requires the aid of such men as have influence and time at their disposal, and who can do what others without these gifts cannot do so well, or indeed do at all." Mr. Fitzroy would do none of these things, however, because one of his first principles in middle life, as well as in youth, was never to be "bored." In order to be consistent, this involved a daily protest against transacting any business whatever which made the slightest demands upon his time or trouble, or which he could get any other person to do for him. Such was his life upon its negative side. Its positive side was manifested in devotion to one great aim and object, and that—— Let us out with the grand secret. It was *sport!* What care and anxiety this cost him! What calculation—what foresight—what money—what skill! His annual calendar was arranged by sport. His day was divided

by sport. All his plans for life were regulated by the pre-eminent demands of sport. All his expectations in life culminated in sport. There was one period of the year consecrated to shooting ducks in one part of Europe, and to killing salmon in another. One season for bagging grouse, or for deer-stalking in the Highlands; another for shooting pheasants or partridges in more cultivated regions; while fox-hunting or horse-racing filled up the intervals. "And pray, what was wrong in this?" may possibly be asked. "Can any man be blamed for taking recreation?" Certainly not, if his re-creation means the creating anew of his energies for something worth living for. Let it be granted that it is pleasant and invigorating for soul and body to wander, rod in hand, "by the burnie's side, and no think lang," or pace across the grassy heath gun in hand, or tramp through the turnip-field, or beat the leafy cover in a fresh autumnal day in search of game. Most busy and toiled men, with minds exhausted or nerves shattered by too severe labour, would envy those who could enjoy such pleasant recreation. Let it be granted, even, if you will, that a burst across country, for a light weight with a good horse, is a joyous thing; and that a fox, if he were a conscious being, might reasonably make it a natural object of his ambition, and a boast among his more grovelling and thievish companions, that he had induced country gentlemen and members of both houses of Parliament, Her Majesty's Ministers, and diplomatists regulating the affairs of Europe, with renowned officers of both services, to follow his tail and risk their lives to obtain it. Yet is this all the return which is expected from any man for what is given to him? Is this a means only

whereby to attain some end of existence worthy of man, or is it, or amusement in any shape or form, man's chief end? Is it for this that he is born, fed, clothed, tended, and educated? Is it to enable a man to live to himself even in a form free from vice or crime, that creation groans to keep him alive? "And yet," you perhaps exclaim, "it might have been worse." True, but, alas that it was not better! How sad when the prevalence of crime makes us thankful for mere folly! Is the young man who wraps his talent in a napkin to be commended because he is not a burglar? Is he not "a wicked and slothful servant" who does no good even though he is free from vice and crime?

Now, Fitzroy was evidently fit for something more than mere amusement. His information concerning dogs and horses indicated a good memory and an inquiring mind. No man without some grasp could comprehend the intricacies of Tattersall's as he did. Yet he continued to profess ignorance on every other branch of human knowledge. Everything serious was pronounced to be "humbug" or a "bore." The progress of the human race was nothing to him in comparison with the way in which his dog Rollo worked among the turnips, or the retriever in the cover. How Jemmy Scott lost or won the race kindled his energies in a way which the state of the four quarters of the globe could never have done. Now, is he not like the locomotive I spoke of? Look at him after dinner, cracking his walnuts with Colonel Travers! Does he not simmer in his shed with as much steam up as makes a quiet under-song? His brass-plates too are so beautifully polished. His coals and water have been given at

the right time and in the right quantity, and he feels *so* comfortable; especially as he has run along the line in the forenoon, and exercised his wheels to digest the coals. Yet, after all, of what actual use is he? Very true, in spite of himself, and by the very law of selfishness, he is compelled to spend his money, and hundreds reap the benefit of his expenditure. He cannot help this. It is beyond his will, and is due to no self-sacrificing choice, but solely to self-gaining intentions. The locomotive, if it never moved off the truck, or remained inside its shed, or rushed off the rails over a bank, would still indirectly have been the means of giving food to many artisans by its very structure. Its personal merits, however, would not have increased had it been built and supported by a fortune left it by a late broken-down engine, once the glory of the express, but latterly, when it became asthmatic, attached to the goods train.

We now enter upon Mr. Fitzroy's last term of existence, which was rather a long one, and differed considerably from his previous decades.

One morning, in a snug room, within the old posting-house of the "Red Lion," three of the Broomley Hunt were breakfasting. Without, the day was clear and sunny, the ground crisp with a slight frost, the atmosphere bracing, and the sky cloudless. Within, the fire blazed, the urn hummed, and the pure white table was covered with an ample breakfast; and the white-headed waiter, John Collins, attended, as he had done in the same room for nearly half-a-century. Tom Jenkinson stood

near the fire, opening the *Times*, which had just been laid upon the table. Colonel Travers was beginning breakfast, and young Clinton was pouring out the tea, when both were arrested by Jenkinson exclaiming, "Hillo! Fitzroy dead!"

"Dead!" said Clinton, pausing and turning round; while the Colonel laid down his knife and fork. "You don't say so?"

"'Died at Hamburg on the 19th, of a sudden illness caused by exposure, T. T. Fitzroy, Esq., of Broomley Hall, ——shire.'"

"I see how it was," remarked the Colonel; "he went, I know, to shoot ducks on the Elbe. That accounts for it. Poor fellow!"

"Upon my honour," said Clinton, "I am very sorry; I am really."

"I could hardly believe my eyes," said Jenkinson, "but there is no doubt of the fact; here it is. Had we only known sooner, we should not have had our meet to-day so near the house; but we cannot help it now."

"Luckily, there is no one there to mourn for him," said the Colonel.

"Who succeeds?" asked Clinton.

"I have not an idea—I believe it will go to the Temples," said Colonel Travers.

"You envied him his grey mare the other day, Clinton. You can have her now," remarked Jenkinson.

"Well, it is a horrid idea, after all," replied Clinton, "to think of dividing his things already, and he so lately amongst us."

"Such is life," said the Colonel. "It is like auctions

after a battle. He to-day; you and I to-morrow. Such is life, and so on it goes! Collins, some more toast, and a *little* thinner, please."

Yes, such is life, and on it goes!

There was no other symbol of grief within the bounds of that property. By-and-by everything in the house was sealed. The servants were made comfortable, and retired to rest. The night came with its quiet stars, and the house looked white and ghostlike in the moonlight. The vases shone around on the terraces. The leaves of the laurels glittered with specks of gold. Masses of shadow were cast from the great trees in the park. Not a sound was heard, but the ripple of the river that swept round the house, or the cry of the wandering owl, with indistinct noises from afar. And so deep sleep, with the shadow of night, fell over Broomley, while poor Fitzroy slept the deeper sleep in a *Gottesacker*, near Hamburg.

"Take heed, for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

AUNT MARY.

Aunt Mary belonged to that class of female society designated "old maids." My blessings be upon them—if the greater can be blessed by the lesser. They have at least one devoted admirer among the male sex, whose love, if sobered by years, is yet deepened by whatever experience years have left behind them.

But she was an old maid! Her niece Georgiana often remarked this; as if *she* could never earn such an addition to her name. Yet a careful observer might, from sundry indications in her face and disposition, have safely hazarded the conjecture of her being, one day, in this respect at least like her aunt. Her sister, Mrs. Simpson, often remarked, with a certain self-satisfied, yet triumphant manner, as she poured out the tea, "Our Mary, you know, is a confirmed old maid." Nevertheless, Mary, as she quietly surveys Mr. Simpson's unintellectual face, like a purse in which everything interesting or attractive is locked up, as if to keep another leathern purse in countenance, and as she hears Mr. Simpson's apoplectic cough, and listens to his borough-mongering prose, never envies, and is never tempted to envy, her sister Jane's good fortune.

Yes; Mary was an old maid! Every one knew that. Her dozen nephews and nieces knew it well, and seemed to look upon it, somehow, as a matter of course. So

they had found her when they were born; so she had continued to be all their lifetime. But why was Mary never married? Was she ugly?—I mean *plain*, a word which is, at least, smoother, more ambiguous, and less decisive. To me she was always beautiful—in a way; yes, far more so, indeed, than many who are called, and I presume are, beautiful in the estimation of the world. I cannot dissect Mary's features, or determine what was defective in curve, or line, or general cast, whether of chin, nose, cheek, or forehead. All I can say with perfect truth is, that I have seen the beauties of many nations, when presented before the public eye at grand festivities and at royal courts;—when arrayed, trimmed, bejewelled, bedizened, toileted, lustrous, from the top of the adorned crown to the point of the satin shoe; and yet that quiet eye of Aunt Mary's, harvesting into the garner of her heart all that was hopeful and good in other human beings, and rejecting the evil only; those lips around which the lights and shadows of love ever played, and words of kindness ever lurked; that whole countenance, in spite of the small curls, which clustered round it, and the unartistic cap which crowned it, had a beauty to me which I never felt exist in Madonnas on dead canvas, or in living beauties with dead souls. Those old familiar tones of voice, too, which I have heard joyously chiming at marriages, softly tolling at funerals, and ringing curfews to us boys, ere going to rest, with merry peals on holidays, have lingered in memory's ear as a music, whose echoes are grander and more prolonged than those of sublime oratorios! I cannot believe Mary was ever thought plain! Indeed, to do her justice, I never heard any one say so, not even Mrs. Simpson,

whose judgment in matters of taste, by the way, would to me have had little authority, from her studies in that line having been confined too exclusively to Mr. Simpson's face. Nor did I ever hear that Mary "had no admirers," or that she "never was asked in marriage." On the contrary, I remember distinctly an authentic conversation about a love affair of Mary's between my mother and a near relative. It was some forty years ago on a wintry night, at the fireside, when they thought I was asleep on the sofa. The hero was one who was gentle-born, gentle-hearted, and noble-minded, with accomplishments and refined talents which might have been divided over many rich mercantile firms, and yet leave enough to make the giver still rich in his gifts. But he was "but a tutor!" It was alleged by my mother, who had "reason to know," that his love for Mary was like a possession, though he kept it so quiet that few ever guessed its existence; and the other relative had also "reason to know" that this was equally true of Mary's feelings towards the tutor. But why, then, had Mary not been married? Was it his poverty? or Mary's devotion to her father and mother, and to her young brothers and sisters? or what? No one could well tell. But all knew that Mary never breathed his name. It became an understood thing, indeed, long ago, in the family, that no person ever alluded to the tender subject. Her father had, on one occasion, when some person spoke lightly of it, forbade, with a sternness rare in him, that it should ever be mentioned again in his or in her presence; for he loved Mary "as his own soul." He always called her "his own Mary." And thus, as I have said, she found herself enrolled in the corps of female

society called "old maids." Yet she never became discontented or unhappy, but circulated like a star of promise and of hope through the homes of her kindred and friends.

I do not say that all old maids are like Aunt Mary. Some, I know, partake largely of the sins, more or less, clinging to our common humanity, and are stiff, selfish, hard. These, generally speaking, are the best off in the world; have large quantities of old china, with gods sitting cross-legged on a side table; fans, sandalwood boxes, and silver filagree baskets, all brought home from India by some brother, who left his money to them. They have also a spoiled poodle, asthmatic, ostentatious, and uncourteous. They wear black silk mittens in the house, and are rich in boas and muffs in winter. They pay stately visits once a year—generally on the same returning week, taking their servant with them — to aristocratic relations, who have a small property in the country. They are rich in gossip, and rejoice in passing all sorts of crude intelligence about personal and family affairs, along their stiff telegraphic wires; and are flattered by their nephews, who are sorry for their colds, but would not be sorry for their deaths. Let these old maids depart in peace without further notice. They might have been great, indeed, had they only used the great talents of their time, their money, and their influence.

There are other old maids, again, who are what is termed sour and discontented. Is that a sin which no one will cover with a mantle of charity? Methinks a small

handkerchief of charity might suffice! For was it nothing to have to keep the deepest feelings of their nature pent up within them for life? Was it nothing to be fettered, cribbed, chained, held back, held down, merely because of some defect in the contour of the chin, in the modelling of the nose, or in the colour of the eye? Or if with no such defects as these, but, alas, with an incurable defect in the estimation of so many—the want of the god Mammon, and the possession of only his temple, the purse—but empty! Was this no *trial?* But why are there so many old maids who *could* have married, but did not? For reasons, I take it upon me to reply, which if known, would reveal, in many an old maid, a moral heroism that might exalt her name above thousands of those which emblazon the page of history! Self-respect; refined taste; the love of an ideal never realised in the coarse materials with which circumstances brought her into contact; self-sacrifice to duty; the claims of kindred, old or young, on her ministrations; ay, self-sacrifice by the true love "which seeketh not its own," but the good and happiness of its beloved object, and which, accordingly, weighs carefully the whole circumstances of the case, making up the result of what is right and suitable for a woman to do, not only for her own sake, but chiefly for *his.* Oh! how many in the silence of their own heart, in their lonely chamber on their bended knees, or alone beneath the stars, with no eye upon them but that of God, have endured a long struggle and a crisis of great agony, while the knife pierced their heart as they offered up themselves as a sacrifice at the altar of duty, which is ever the sublimest sight on earth, in the eyes of pitying and admiring angels! Such offer-

ings as these are the more solemn and touching, because the more secret and unknown to the world, being made in the holy of holies of a pure and sensitive spirit, beyond whose veil no one can enter, save the one High Priest and Brother-man!

I have unconsciously allowed my feelings to run off with my pen, so far as to betray me into more serious language than I intended to use when wishful to express my respect and sympathy for old maids. But I don't retract a word; for I ask my readers, with perfect confidence as to the reply which the vast majority of them will give, whether among their acquaintances they cannot select from old maids, rich or poor, those who are the most loving, unselfish, considerate, generous, genial, and happy women on earth? Yet these dear ladies are the persons who, forsooth, because they are "old maids," our comfortable matrons often think of so slightingly, while they survey all the blessings of their happy homes, and see themselves continued in their children's children. With countenances oily with comfort and complacency, they talk of "our son John's good fortune," "our dear Eliza's marriage," of "our sweet Flora's engagements," and of the prosperity of their family, and their domestic blessings—among others, not the least, that of having Aunt Mary to help at the weddings, and to save them too much trouble in making the purchases, and to remain with her sister to comfort her when the young couple are gone, and so on. And these dear old maids are the persons who are so pitied by those who have married without one grain of love, and who have sold themselves as truly as ever slaves were sold for so much a year; with pin-money; and with *such* a comfortable house, and *such* a nice draw-

ing-room, and *such* very handsome furniture, damask, and satin, and bronze, and mirrors, and prospects of a footman too, or butler; with a one-horse carriage, to grow into a pair, and a cottage in the country, and a good marriage portion settled all on themselves and "heirs of their body," and then—there was also, to be sure, the husband himself! Poor Aunt Mary! What a pity no one would buy her! Ah! she had too much worth for that sort of market, so she remains poor, with few changes of fashionable raiment; and her nieces quiz her about her neat everlasting grey gowns. Her travelling baggage, the black trunk, does not cover the carriage; but she comes and goes circulating like a domestic sun among the many planets, male and female, of her house.

Every friend and relation knows when Aunt Mary will come. Is there any sickness? Is Eliza confined to a bed of lingering pain? Are the children ill with measles or whooping-cough, scarlatina or gastric fever? If so, the mother is weary, the girls are always in the way, the boys cannot amuse themselves, and the father is troubled. "Had we not better send for Aunt Mary? She is so kind and useful, and she is sure to come. Besides, she has nothing else to do." And Aunt Mary comes. The boys meet her at the coach. There is the old black trunk. She and her luggage are as unchanged as the equinoxes. Aunt Mary is heartily welcomed, and is soon at her work. What a sick-nurse she is! How patient, how composed, how cheerful! She is up to the making of every soothing drink, and suggests every bodily appliance which can ease the patient. She has a

peculiar knack of arranging the pillows and the bed-clothes, and of contriving support for the sick one's shoulders and wearied back; and as she bends over the sufferer, what sunshine and strength are derived from her looks, her words, and cheering promises, mingled with anecdotes and old stories, that make the white face on the pillow smile! She is a thousand times better than all the doctor's drugs, and much more pleasant. And then she never seems to eat or sleep. She creeps about the room with noiseless step, casting a large shadow from the small night-lamp, and she is sure to give the medicine or the nourishment at the right hour. She sleeps on a sofa, or in a small closet off the sick room. At ten o'clock she puts on that old-fashioned cap and peculiar dressing-gown, and is sure to run off and hide herself, with a quiet laugh, when papa comes in to bid good night. She is seldom seen at meals; or if so, is sure to be called off when at her chop, and never appears again. "Anything will do;" "she prefers tea;" "would really rather wait." Dear Aunt Mary!

Is there death? *She* is sure to be there. But no one hears loud sobs from her, or sees any symptoms of hysteria. Yet she feels in her heart of hearts. But the shadows make always a part of her landscape, as well as the lights, and she knows who sends both. In those times of sorrow and bereavement, when other hearts are breaking, Aunt Mary is there to soothe them. One mourner leans her head on her shoulder. She holds another with her loving hand. She it is who alone arranges all about the dead, and tells everything that can comfort, and all that they said ere they died, and how they looked in their last sleep. She connects too

their latter days with all her remembrances of them when they were born, and recalls a thousand happy reminiscences which were either never heard of before or are now forgotten.

And she is with her friends in more joyous times too. Aunt Mary is sure to be sent for at a birth. I think she is then in her glory. What a child! What eyes! What a sweet expression! How like his father and mother, and grandfather and grandmother! What singularly long hair; or, if there be none, what a fine forehead, and was there ever such a strong fine child? Or if delicate, yet so handsome! Or if very weak, she has "seen a smaller vessel reach the land." If comfort is possible, and hope be not extinct, Aunt Mary is sure to afford the one and light up the other.

She is not absent at marriages, though it must be confessed that on the marriage-day she does not occupy so prominent a place as she did during the previous six weeks of preparation. The crowds of ladies with white dresses, and gentlemen with white waistcoats, who stream into the room and form the sweeping circle of colour and grandeur, conceal her rather in the background. Yet she does not mind that, for Aunt Mary is always thinking about others. But during the previous weeks how invaluable has she been! She was an early confidante, and would sit up till two in the morning with Alice, the bed-room fire getting more and more buried in ashes, as Alice told all the endless details of what William did and said, and *how* and *why* he did it and said it, and how nice it was of him, and how unexpected, and was he not a fine fellow? and would Aunt Mary only say candidly what she *really* thought of

him? and did she not think she, Alice, was quite right in all she had done? and in the manner in which she had acted to William, and to his mother, and father, and to her own mother and father? and did not Aunt Mary see clearly how it would never have done to have taken mamma's advice on *that* occasion, and how odd it was in her sister Martha to have thought so? Aunt Mary is very sleepy, but she wishes to make Alice happy, and so she holds her handkerchief between her face and the fire, and listens patiently to all the talk of the girl, which, like a simple melody of love, could be easily sung by her with variations till breakfast time, and Aunt Mary with kind words drops in every bit of wise advice she can give. And then what a preparation for the wedding! If Aunt Mary "would kindly step over to Walpole's shop, and see that he has not forgotten the piece of silk, and just call in passing at the milliner's about that trimming? and then there will be time enough before dinner to settle what is to be done about the cloak and morning bonnet." "Oh, do, Jane," says Mrs. Simpson to her daughter, "go and take a walk; Aunt Mary will manage all that for you."

Where is she not? Is she at the gay parties? Is she at the picnic? Is she at the boating excursion? Is she taken to the concert? Does she make one of the party during the summer tour? "Aunt Mary does not care about these things." Does she not? Who told you? "Herself!" Ah! dear soul, that is so like her! But why do you not interpret with more charity her sensitive heart? and value more that tender soul, which is incapable of any falsehood, except that of asserting that she cares for nothing save for what helps to please other

people? Come! Paterfamilias, don't forget the hour of sickness in your house, but ask Aunt Mary, as a proof of your gratitude, to make one of the party to the Highlands of Scotland, to England, or Ireland, if not farther. Come! good lady wife and mother, see that Aunt Mary is at your best parties, and let her find in her room a new dress, if she needs one. Go and present it with a kiss of love, and warm thanks. Come! Mr. John and Miss Eliza, and all you nephews and nieces, do what you can to make Aunt Mary happy. Love her for her own sake, and use her not merely like a machine for your own convenience. *She* will neither say nor think you have done so. But if you more than suspect that such was your own selfish feeling, repent! Be assured that Aunt Mary values all that you can give of material things, only in so far as they are signs and seals of the unseen love, which is her most precious earthly treasure.

It was a remarkable fact in Aunt Mary's history, and one which may, apart from every other, make her attractive in the eyes of many, viz., that she was rich; that is, according to the definition of riches given by Sir Thomas Browne, who says, that they are rich "who have enough to be charitable." In this sense, Aunt Mary was richer than the apostles, who have contributed not a little to the wealth of the world, yet who were obliged to make this confession, "Silver and gold have we none!" But Aunt Mary had both; for she had an annuity left her by her father of £30 per annum. Besides this she received a crisp, clean, stiff £10 bank-note from her brother William on every Christmas day, with his annual kiss,

crisp a little, and stiff, too, by the way, like a stamp-receipt. Aunt Mary's love had beamed on William like sunlight on snow, brightening his outer life, and softening its hardness, without, however, penetrating into his inner heart, so as to melt and warm it. But, nevertheless, Aunt Mary was rich, richer than some once illustrious mercantile firms and famous banks are now; richer than even some European empires; for she had no debts, but "something over," to give away, with a heart to do so. And she bestowed her gifts so wisely, so liberally, and with such true love and genuine sympathy, that her barrel of meal, always emptying, was never emptied, and her cruse of oil, always burning and shining, was never wanting some light for those in darkness, nor did she ever require to borrow oil. What she gave was somehow so twice blessed, that baskets of fragments were gathered after all seemed spent. Aunt Mary had a large circle of acquaintances in the hamlets which here and there nestled in the neighbourhood of her brother William's house. *He* always complained of the many demands which were made upon him, being under the charitable impression that they were all met, whereas he dismissed them, all and sundry, like a persecuted yet singularly benevolent man. But Aunt Mary got over difficulties with the audacity of thoughtful self-sacrifice. The lions in the way which growled at William, and which made him growl in return, received a portion from Aunt Mary's basket, or were so subdued by her smile, that they slipped off and disappeared.

Was there a marriage in the village? The handkerchief, the small bonnet, the gloves, or the book, which Aunt Mary gave the bride, cost little, but yet were "so

unexpected," and accompanied by such words of sympathy and playful fun, that an impression was left as if a large dowry had been bestowed. "Never expected such a thing, and Sally was *so* proud of it," Mrs. Wilkins would say to her neighbours, as if her daughter had received the stamp of aristocratic approval, and goodly character, from one whom all looked up to and respected. But Mrs. Wilkins need not have supposed that she alone had received these honours, for she was immediately informed of small baby frocks, girls' bonnets, a spade for old Joe, flannels for Widow Hogan, a doll for this child, and a something else for this man or woman, which had left fireside monuments of love in every family;—things of small value in the shops, but of immense value to the human heart. Each was an electric spark that flashed messages and brought replies of kindness along the wire of a common humanity.

The sick and suffering declared they did not know what they could have done without Aunt Mary. Yet, what had she given? Could her good have been measured by the exact quantity, more or less, of the broth or soup which she gave? Or by the length and number of her visits? Many an invalid, weak, nervous, and desponding,—many a lonely widow and orphan,—many an old man and woman tottering in solitude through the dark valley, have received more strength and comfort from the tones of Aunt Mary's voice, from the glance of her eye, her patient manner, the pressure of her hand, ay, even from her very silence, than whole parishes have from the stiff, unbending, hard, iron legal hand of the poor-rates and their magnificent staff of officials! Yet she gave but "what the poor

can give the poor;"—she gave her love, carried another's burden, and so fulfilled the law of Christ, whose saying it was, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

What a marvellous power, also, Aunt Mary exercised over young men who cared very little for the authority of the acknowledged "powers that be!" In a quiet corner of the drawing-room, at the fireside, or in an easy afternoon walk, she took her own way of giving advice to poor Tom before going to India; or to that nice young fellow Plunkett, whom she pities, and who is evidently making a fool of himself with that cunning heartless little flirt Miss Fitzherbert; and she does not despair even of that reckless, dissipated Jim Yates, who has something in him that attracts her, although few else can discover it; and so she helps him in her own way, and that way is utterly indescribable! As well might I attempt to describe the delicate ministrations of light, dew, or warmth to a plant. Those who receive the good she bestows, know not how they have got it. Yet, breaches in families are healed, streams flowing the wrong way are turned into new channels, dead hearts are quickened, and all feel that Aunt Mary had something to do with it. Bold lads have frankly confessed that they cannot stand *her*. They could face a battery, or fight the police, or encounter public opinion; but, as one of her muscular nephews said, "I can't resist Aunt Mary. She turns me round her little finger, and I am cross at myself for being so often made a spoon of by her; but I can't help it." Such is the mystery, yet such the simplicity, of unselfish and watchful love!

Aunt Mary herself, however, must become an invalid, suffer, and die. Strange that no one ever anticipated that event as being even probable. A general impression seemed to prevail that all her friends would die before her, and have the comfort of her presence during their last sickness. Like a gold thread, she had been wrought into the woof of their whole life, and they could hardly imagine the family web being continued without this distinctive feature, which had ever formed so marked a portion of it. Her sick-bed was all sunshine and peace. To the last it was the centre of active benevolence and of tender sympathy for others. She worked, wrote, talked, smiled, listened, advised, comforted, but always as if she herself required nothing save the happiness of giving. She was, except in body, the same as when she was in health and strength. Her bed was a bed of life rather than one of death.

Aunt Mary died. The blank was not fully realised at the time. Her friends had been so accustomed to get that never-failing support when they put forth their hands for long, long years in times of sickness, that it took some time to realise the void when the hand instinctively sought it in the old place, but in vain. She died in her bachelor brother's house, which was chiefly her home. The legacy left by her was immense, and I am glad to think that not a few of the family rejoiced to serve themselves heirs to it. A more gentle lady was never known, nor was there in their tree a more aristocratic name than that of the Lady Mary. She left riches of love, which were divided among her nephews and nieces, without payment of legacy duty. Beyond this she left nothing, save the old trunk with the round lid and the iron handle

on the top, and the tufts of brown hair scattered over its surface, marking like stubble its originally luxuriant skin. Within the trunk were found a few letters from her father and mother. It was believed that there were many others, but they had been consigned to the flames: no eye had seen them, nor could any tongue comment on what Aunt Mary alone could understand. A Bible well thumbed and marked, a few books, some pieces of needlework, and an old embroidered gown, worn by her mother at her marriage, remained with labels attached, to indicate, "with Aunt Mary's tender love," the different nephews and nieces who were to inherit her property. I must not forget to mention, though I feel it to be like a breach of confidence to do so, that round her neck was hung a small brooch, with a lock of jet-black hair. She never told the secret to her brother, or to any human being, but William said, "I think I know what it means; let it alone, and bury it with her."

The funeral was attended by almost every member of her family. All mourned very truly and deeply, though none wept like little Harry, whose face seemed so pale when contrasted with his black cap and clothes. It was most touching to see how he trembled, with nervous sorrow, as he gazed for the first time in his life into that deep, dark, narrow hole, and saw Aunt Mary's coffin stretched along the bottom, a few bits of brass gleaming out in the darkness. He held a cord, and retained it firmly in his grasp, after all the others had been dropped. For he then vividly remembered his long illness, and the stories, songs, hymns, and Bible-readings, with the affectionate kissings and clappings, during the long wintry nights, when all the house was still, and the snow

fell so death-like without, or the storm roared at the chimney-head. As Aunt Mary's coffin lay there, and the earth was thrown upon it with its hollow and never-to-be-forgotten sound, as dust met dust, in the very silence and submission of that body, the voice of her life seemed to say meekly, now as ever, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

Rest in peace, Aunt Mary! There are other Marys —and One best of all who was their friend—who will not be ashamed to welcome thee as their sister to their hearts and Home!

THE END.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

19th Thousand. Crown 8vo. Price 9s.

MEMOIR OF NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

By his Brother, DONALD MACLEOD, D.D., one of Her Majesty's Chaplains. With Portrait and numerous Illustrations.

"A really good book. . . . We would venture earnestly to commend it to the consideration of the English clergy. . . . Brave and tender, manful and simple, profoundly susceptible of enjoyment, but never preferring it to duty; overflowing with love, yet always chivalrous for truth; full of power, full of labour, full of honour, he has died, and has bequeathed to us, for a study which we hope will reach far beyond the bounds of his communion and denomination, the portrait of a great orator and pastor, and a true and noble-hearted man."—*Mr. Gladstone's Gleanings.*

"We once more commend to our readers a work which is a fitting monument, erected with the true self-forgetfulness of a loving brother and a faithful biographer; and which will leave the abiding impression that in Norman Macleod all who knew him mourn a devoted, gallant, and delightful friend, and his Church and country lost a magnificent champion of the good, the noble, and the true."—*Times.*

"Dr. Donald Macleod has done his work of compiling this memoir of his justly celebrated brother with care and good taste. The introductory chapters give an interesting glimpse of a state of life and manners that is now well-nigh forgotten."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"There is in this memoir a sense of vivid reality and of close personal contact which is a rare quality in this branch of literature."—*Saturday Review.*

"A memoir worthy of the subject. It may well do for Scotland what Dr. Stanley's 'Life of Arnold' did for England."—*Spectator.*

"There is throughout this volume a freedom from cant and sentimentality that is rare in the biography of a popular divine."—*Athenæum.*

"This book is a portrait, and it is so well done that it may be taken as an example by writers who have such delicate work in hand. . . . That a man so free in thought, so bold in speech, so broad in charity, should be at the same time so simply devout, full of all the tremblings of the tenderest piety, is a lesson and example to us all."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

"The life of a thorough man; . . . with boundless fun there is always strong sense and real earnestness."—*Westminster Review.*

8th Thousand. Crown 8vo. Price 6s.

THE STARLING. A SCOTCH STORY.

By NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

With Illustrations by W. SMALL and J. WOLF.

"This is a good story in every sense of the word. The author's sympathies are wide and various, and he sees humanity in a thoroughly human light. Of other writers some may be as genial, but it is given to few to display as easy a command of all the nobler sentiments to which this story appeals."—*Daily News.*

"Dr. Macleod's style is admirable. His keen insight and power of analysis enables him to draw real living men and women. In many respects Dr. Macleod reminds us of George Eliot. He has the same gift, if we may so call it, of ventriloquism—of really reporting what people do say. But above his artistic power, we value the spirit of the tale. Such a story as this, with the fine manly character of the Serjeant, ought, in these days of vile sensationalism, to be doubly welcomed. We emphatically commend it to our readers."—*Westminster Review.*

10th Thousand. Crown 8vo. Price 6s.

REMINISCENCES OF A HIGHLAND PARISH.

By NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

"We know not where to find truer or more vivid description of natural scenery, a more poetic eye for the beauties of nature, a passion for them which infects the reader. You have, too, the very life of a noble peasantry. Manly, simple, kindly, susceptible of deep emotion and lofty sentiment, no reader can rise from the perusal of this book without being a better man."

"One of the most refreshing and delightful books which can anywhere be found. These pages are redolent of the events, and sights, and sounds that haunt the West Highlands. As you read you feel the fragrance of the birches and bog-myrtle mingling with the salt breezes from the Atlantic. To most readers Dr. Macleod's book will serve as an introduction to a manner of life very near them, yet to which they are utter strangers. The impression which the book makes is the nearest thing possible to the delight of wandering in fine autumn weather on the braesides that look forth on the islands and the Atlantic."—*Scotsman.*

"A man must be of dull imagination who does not obtain the glimpse of a past Arcadia in this description of a Western Highland parish. The picture is an enchanting one. It is difficult to give an idea of the variety of the book. The account of Rory, so clever as a steerman, the chapters on the fools, the Highland legends, the snow-storm tales, the fairy fiction called the Spirit of Eld, all breathe the very air of the Highlands, and give warmth and life to each picture."—*Saturday Review.*

"Dr. Macleod has gathered and preserved some sprigs of heather from an ancient Highland home, and it is impossible to read this little unpretentious volume without looking back on the progress our much-lauded civilisation has made during the last fifty years, and forward to what it may reasonably be expected to make in the next fifty. Like the puzzled child, we feel inclined to give it up. But, unfortunately, there is no retreat, the gates of the Garden of Eden are closed behind us, and there is nothing for it but to face the inevitable future."—*Spectator.*

New Edition preparing. With 70 Illustrations.

THE FAR EAST.

RECORDS OF A VISIT TO INDIA.

By NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

"It would be difficult to point out in our popular literature a book which, in anything like the same compass, conveys so full or so instructive a knowledge of British India. With the same charm of companionship which won his way to the hearts of every class, he seems to carry us with him, in a delightful round of travel and observation, through Madras and Calcutta to Benares, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra, and Delhi. The history of the past is interwoven with what now meets the traveller's eye in a way that never fatigues while it richly instructs the reader. Dr. Macleod has the gift of insight into character, and in his intercourse both with natives and European residents never fails to establish a kind of freemasonry, and to draw out the material of thought and subsequent reflection. His remarks deserve to be read with the attention due to a mind of rare sagacity and candour, thoroughly versed in the knowledge of mankind, and strengthened by wide experience as well as by systematic and extensive reading. His work has thus an inner depth and a philosophical value beyond that of a mere record of travel."—*Saturday Review.*

"The style is admirable, the statements are full of interest, the description of cities, scenery, and people vivacious and picturesque; and it may be questioned whether any book of the kind hitherto published has so just a claim to popularity as the volume before us. As an author, Dr. Macleod exercises what may be called a personal attraction over his readers. He keeps them *en rapport* with himself, makes them see what he saw and feel what he felt, and, while acting the part of an agreeable companion, is at the same time a trustworthy guide."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Crown 8vo, cloth extra. Price 3s. 6d.

THE OLD LIEUTENANT AND HIS SON.

By NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

With Illustrations by MAHONEY.

"We place 'The Old Lieutenant and his Son' in the very first rank of religious fiction."—*Daily News.*

"Beyond any book that we know, this story will tend to produce manly kindness and manly piety."

Square 8vo, cloth extra. 2s. 6d.

THE GOLD THREAD. A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

By NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

With Illustrations by J. MACWHIRTER, J. D. WATSON, and GOURLAY STEEL.

"*This is one of the very best children's books in the language.*"

27th Thousand. Small Crown 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.

THE EARNEST STUDENT:

MEMORIALS OF JOHN MACKINTOSH.

By NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

"Full of the most instructive materials; no student can peruse it without being quickened by its example of candour, assiduity, and happy self-consecration."—*The late James Hamilton, D.D.*

"It is scarcely possible to speak too strongly of this book. It is an admirable book for all students, and for all young men, and is calculated, with God's blessing, to prove eminently useful."—*Church News.*

"This is one of the most charming pieces of biography we have read for many a day. It is a luxury to the best feelings of the heart from beginning to end."—*The Commonwealth.*

Crown 8vo. Price 6s.

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

By NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

With Six Illustrations.

CONTENTS.

BILLY BUTTONS.
OUR BOB.
AUNT MARY.
T. T. FITZROY, ESQ.
MR. JOSEPH WALKER.
THE HIGHLAND WITCH.
THE OLD GUARD.
THE WATER HORSE.
A TRUE GHOST STORY.
JOB JACOBS AND HIS BOXES.
WEE DAVIE.

"They are sure to be most welcome to all who can appreciate a broad, genial humanity, mingled with much pathos and a keen insight into the deeper workings of the human soul."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"These Sketches are full of vitality, individuality, and interest. Readers will be difficult to please if they do not find much to charm in their cheery and vigorous pages."—*Glasgow Herald.*

55th Thousand. Sewed. 6d.

WEE DAVIE.

By NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

"Fraught with the truest poetry, rich in divine philosophy, unapproachably the chief among productions of its class—this, and more, is the story of 'Wee Davie.' By all means let every family have a copy of Dr. Macleod's inimitable Christian tale, which is as powerful a preacher of the Gospel as we have ever encountered."

Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

PARISH PAPERS.

By NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

"There is nothing narrow in sentiment, tame in thought, or prosy in style in these papers. Each paper is small in compass, but big with noble thoughts. It is just such a book as we should expect from an author whose Christianity is that of the Gospels rather than creeds, whose teaching is that of a Christ-loving man rather than that of a professional preacher, and whose nature is royal and not menial in its faculties and instincts."—*Homilist.*

Medium 8vo, cloth, gilt edges. 10s. 6d. With 70 Illustrations.

EASTWARD! TRAVELS IN EGYPT, PALESTINE, SYRIA.

By NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

Crown 8vo. Price 5s.

THE TEMPTATION OF OUR LORD.

By NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

Foolscap 8vo. Price 2s. 6d.

SIMPLE TRUTHS.

Spoken to Working People. By NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

A few Copies of the following can still be had:—

HOW WE CAN BEST RELIEVE OUR DESERVING POOR.

Sewed. 6d.

CONCLUDING ADDRESS TO THE ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, 1869.

Sewed. 6d.

WAR AND JUDGMENT.

A Sermon preached at Balmoral, and published by command of the Queen. Sewed. 1s.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 05 October, 2018